



DAISY.

Mabel D. Loud.
from her uncle James,
Jan. 1st 1879

PROBATION
J. E. RICHMOND & CO.

Warner, Susan

DAISY.

yes

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"WIDE, WIDE WORLD," "QUEECHY," "WALKS FROM
EDEN," "HOUSE OF ISRAEL," Etc., Etc.

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.

PHILADELPHIA
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.
1878.

955
W28A
doi

78110

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.,

In the Clerk's office of the District Court for the Eastern District of
Pennsylvania.

7 1868
APR 10 1868

RECEIVED
APR 10 1868

PS 3156 955
D3 W 28 4
1878 dai
MAIN MAIN

CONTENTS.

CHAP.	PAGE
I.—MISS PINSHON	5
II.—MY HOME	24
III.—THE MULTIPLICATION TABLE	43
IV.—SEVEN HUNDRED PEOPLE	67
V.—IN THE KITCHEN	97
VI.—WINTER AND SUMMER	121
VII.—SINGLEHANDED	153
VIII.—EGYPTIAN GLASS	170
IX.—SHOPPING	190
X.—SCHOOL	211
XI.—A PLACE IN THE WORLD	233
XII.—FRENCH DRESSES	252
XIII.—GREY COATS	284
XIV.—YANKEES	307
XV.—FORT PUTNAM	332
XVI.—HOPS	351
XVII.—OBEYING ORDERS	370
XVIII.—SOUTH AND NORTH	395
XIX.—ENTERED FOR THE WAR	409

M174960

D A I S Y .



CHAPTER I.

MISS PINSHON.

I WANT an excuse to myself for writing my own life ; an excuse for the indulgence of going it all over again, as I have so often gone over bits. It has not been more remarkable than thousands of others. Yet every life has in it a thread of present truth and possible glory. Let me follow out the truth to the glory.

The first bright years of my childhood I will pass. They were childishly bright. They lasted till my eleventh summer. Then the light of heavenly truth was woven in with the web of my mortal existence ; and whatever the rest of the web has been, those golden threads have always run through it all the rest of the way. Just as I reached my birthday that summer and was ten years old, I became a Christian.

For the rest of that summer I was a glad child. The brightness of those days is a treasure safe locked up in a chamber of my memory. I have known other glad times too in my life ; other times of even higher enjoyment. But among all the dried flowers of my memory, there is not one that keeps a fresher perfume or a stronger scent of its life than this one. Those

were the days without cloud ; before life shadows had begun to cast their blackness over the landscape. And even though such shadows do go as well as come, and leave the intervals as sun-lit as ever ; yet, after that change of the first life shadow is once seen, it is impossible to forget that it may come again and darken the sun. I do not mean that the days of that summer were absolutely without things to trouble me ; I had changes of light and shade ; but on the whole, nothing that did not heighten the light. They were pleasant days I had in Juanita's cottage at the time when my ankle was broken ; there were hours of sweetness with crippled Molly ; and it was simply delight I had all alone with my pony Loupe, driving over the sunny and shady roads, free to do as I liked and go where I liked. And how I enjoyed studying English history with my cousin Preston. It is all stowed away in my heart, as fresh and sweet as at first. I will not pull it out now. The change, and my first real life shadow came, when my father was thrown from his horse and injured his head. Then the doctors decided he must go abroad and travel, and mamma decided it was best that I should go to Magnolia with aunt Gary and have a governess.

There is no pleasure in thinking of those weeks. They went very slowly, and yet very fast ; while I counted every minute and noted every step in the preparations. They were all over at last ; my little world was gone from me ; and I was left alone with aunt Gary.

Her preparations had been made too ; and the day after the steamer sailed we set off on our journey to the south. I do not know much about that journey. For the most part the things by the way were like

objects in a mist to me and no more clearly discerned. Now and then there came a rift in the mist; something woke me up out of my sorrow-dream; and of those points and of what struck my eyes at those minutes I have a most intense and vivid recollection. I can feel yet the still air of one early morning's start, and hear the talk between my aunt and the hotel people about the luggage. My aunt was a great traveller and wanted no one to help her or manage for her. I remember acutely a beggar who spoke to us on the sidewalk at Washington. We staid over a few days in Washington, and then hurried on; for when she was on the road my aunt Gary lost not a minute. We went, I presume, as fast as we could without travelling all night; and our last day's journey added that too.

By that time my head was getting steadied, perhaps, from the grief which had bewildered it; or grief was settling down and taking its proper place at the bottom of my heart, leaving the surface as usual. For twelve hours that day we went by a slow railway train through a country of weary monotony. Endless forests of pine seemed all that was to be seen; scarce ever a village; here and there a miserable clearing and forlorn-looking house; here and there stoppages of a few minutes to let somebody out or take somebody in; once, to my great surprise, a stop of rather more than a few minutes to accommodate a lady who wanted some flowers gathered for her. I was surprised to see flowers wild in the woods at that time of year, and much struck with the politeness of the railway train that was willing to delay for such a reason. We got out of the car for dinner, or for a short rest at dinner-time. My

aunt had brought her lunch in a basket. Then the forests and the rumble of the cars began again. At one time the pine forests were exchanged for oak, I remember; after that, nothing but pine.

It was late in the day, when we left the cars at one of those solitary wayside station houses. I shall never forget the look and feeling of the place. We had been for some miles going through a region of swamp or swampy woods, where sometimes the rails were laid on piles in the water. This little station house was in the midst of such a region. The woods were thick and tangled with vines everywhere beyond the edge of the clearing; the ground was wet beneath them and in places shewed standing water. There was scarcely a clearing; the forest was all round the house; with only the two breaks in it where on one side and on the other the iron rail track ran off into the distance. It was a lonely place; almost nobody was there waiting for the train; one or two forlorn coloured people and a long-lank-looking countryman, were all. Except what at first prevented my seeing anything else; my cousin Preston. He met me just as I was going to get down from the car; lifted me to the platform; and then with his looks and words almost broke up the composure which for several days had been growing upon me. It was not hardened yet to bear attacks. I was like a poor shell-fish, which having lost one coat of armour and defence, craves a place of hiding and shelter for itself until its new coat be grown. While he was begging me to come into the station house and rest, I stood still looking up the long line of railway by which we had come, feeling as if my life lay at the other end of it, out of sight and quite beyond reach.

Yet I asked him not to call me "poor" Daisy. I was very tired and I suppose my nerves not very steady. Preston said we must wait at that place for another train; there was a fork in the road beyond, and this train would not go the right way. It would not take us to Baytown. So he had me into the station house.

It wearied me, and so did all that my eyes lighted upon, strange though it was. The bare room, not clean; the board partition, with swinging doors, behind which, Preston said, were the cook and the baker; the untidy waiting girls that came and went, with scant gowns and coarse shoes and no thread of white collar to relieve the dusky throat and head rising out of the dark gown; and no apron at all. Preston did what he could. He sent away the girls with their trays of eatables; he had a table pulled out from the wall and wiped off; and then he ordered a supper of eggs and johnny cake and all sorts of things. But I could not eat. As soon as supper was over I went out on the platform to watch the long lines of railway running off through the forest, and wait for the coming train. The evening fell while we looked; the train was late; and at last when it came I could only know it in the distance by the red spark of its locomotive gleaming like a firefly.

It was a freight train; there was but one passenger car, and that was full. We got seats with difficulty, and apart from each other. I hardly know whether that, or anything, could have made me more forlorn. I was already stiff and weary with the twelve hours of travelling we had gone through that day; inexpressibly weary in heart. It seemed to me that I could not endure long the rumble and the jar and the closeness

of this last car. The passengers too had habits which made me draw my clothes as tight around me as I could, and shrink away mentally into the smallest compass possible. I had noticed the like to be sure ever since we left Washington; but to-night, in my weary, faint, and tired-out state of mind and body, every unseemly sight or sound struck my nerves with a sense of pain that was hardly endurable. I wondered if the train would go on all night; it went very slowly. And I noticed that nobody seemed impatient or had the air of expecting that it would soon find its journey's end. I felt as if I could not bear it many half hours. My next neighbour was a fat, good-natured old lady, who rather made matters worse by putting her arm round me and hugging me up, and begging me to make a pillow of her and go to sleep. My nerves were twitching with impatience and the desire for relief; when suddenly the thought came to me that I might please the Lord by being patient. I remember what a lull the thought of Him brought; and yet how difficult it was not to be impatient, till I fixed my mind on some Bible words,—they were the words of the twenty-third psalm,—and began to think and pray them over. So good they were, that by and by they rested me. I dropped asleep and forgot my aches and weariness until the train arrived at Baytown.

They took me to a hotel then, and put me to bed, and I did not get up for several days. I must have been feverish; for my fancies wandered incessantly in unknown places with papa, in regions of the old world; and sometimes, I think, took both him and myself to rest and home where wanderings are over. After a few days this passed away. I was able to come down stairs;

and both Preston and his mother did their best to take good care of me. Especially Preston. He brought me books, and fruit and birds to tempt me to eat; and was my kind and constant companion when his mother was out, and indeed when she was in, too. So I got better, by the help of oranges and rice-birds. I could have got better faster, but for my dread of a governess which was hanging over me. I heard nothing about her, and could not bear to ask. One day Preston brought the matter up and asked if Daisy was going to have a schoolmistress?

‘Certainly,’ my aunt Gary said. ‘She must be educated, you know.’

‘I don’t know,’ said Preston; ‘but if they say so, I suppose she must. Who is it to be, mamma?’

‘You do not know anything about it,’ said aunt Gary. ‘If my son was going to marry the greatest heiress in the State—and she is very nearly that; goodness! I did not see you were there, Daisy, my dear; but it makes no difference;—I should think it proper that she should be educated.’

‘I can’t see what her being an heiress should have to do with it,’ said Preston, — ‘except rather to make it unnecessary as well as a bore. Who is it, mamma?’

‘I have recommended Miss Pinshon.’

‘O then it is not fixed yet.’

‘Yes, it is fixed. Miss Pinshon is coming as soon as we get to Magnolia.’

‘I’ll be off before that,’ said Preston. ‘Who is Miss Pinshon?’

‘How should *you* know? She has lived at Jessamine Bank, — educated the Dalzell girls.’

‘What sort of a person, mamma?’

‘What sort of a person?’ said my aunt Gary; ‘why, a governess sort of person. What sort should she be?’

‘Any other sort in the world,’ said Preston, ‘for my money. That is just the sort to worry poor little Daisy out of her life.’

‘You are a foolish boy!’ said aunt Gary. ‘Of course, if you fill Daisy’s head with notions, she will not get them out again. If you have anything of that sort to say, you had better say it where she will not hear.’

‘Daisy has eyes — and a head,’ said Preston.

As soon as I was able for it Preston took me out for short walks; and as I grew stronger he made the walks longer. The city was a strange place to me; very unlike New York; there was much to see and many a story to hear; and Preston and I enjoyed ourselves. Aunt Gary was busy making visits, I think. There was a beautiful walk by the sea which I liked best of all; and when it was not too cold my greatest pleasure was to sit there looking over the dark waters and sending my whole soul across them to that unknown spot where my father and mother were. ‘Home,’ that spot was to me. Preston did not know what I liked the Esplanade for; he sometimes laughed at me for being poetical and meditative; when I was only sending my heart over the water. But he was glad to please me in all that he could; and whenever it was not too cold, our walks always took me there.

One day, sitting there, I remember we had a great argument about studying. Preston began with saying that I must not mind this governess that was coming, nor do anything she bade me unless I liked it.

As I gave him no answer, he repeated what he had said.

‘You know, Daisy, you are not obliged to care what she thinks.’

I said I thought I was.

‘What for?’ said Preston.

‘I have a great deal to learn, you know,’ I said, feeling it very gravely indeed in my little heart.

‘What do you want to know so much?’ said Preston.

I said, everything. I was very ignorant.

‘You are no such thing,’ said Preston. ‘Your head is full this minute. I think you have about as much knowledge as is good for you. I mean to take care that you do not get too much.’

‘O Preston,’ said I, ‘that is very wrong. I have not any knowledge scarcely.’

‘There is no occasion,’ said Preston stoutly. ‘I hate learned women.’

‘Don’t you like to learn things?’

‘That’s another matter,’ said he. ‘A man must know things, or he can’t get along. Women are different.’

‘But I think it is nice to know things too,’ said I. ‘I don’t see how it is different.’

‘Why, a woman need not be a lawyer, or a doctor, or a professor,’ said Preston; ‘all she need do, is to have good sense and dress herself nicely.’

‘Is dressing so important?’ said I, with a new light breaking over me.

‘Certainly. Ribbands of the wrong colour will half kill a woman. And I have heard aunt Randolph say that a particular lady was ruined by her gloves.’

‘Ruined by her gloves!’ said I. ‘Did she buy so many?’

Preston went into such a laugh at that, I had to wait some time before I could go on. I saw I had made some mistake, and I would not renew that subject.

‘Do *you* mean to be anything of that sort?’ I said, with some want of connection.

‘What sort? Ruined by my gloves? Not if I know it.’

‘No, no! I mean, a lawyer or a doctor or a professor?’

‘I should think not!’ said Preston, with a more emphatic denial.

‘Then, what are you studying for?’

‘Because, as I told you, Daisy, a man must know things, or he cannot get on in the world.’

I pondered the matter, and then I said, I should think good sense would make a woman study too. I did not see the difference. ‘Besides, Preston,’ I said, ‘if she didn’t, they would not be equal.’

‘Equal!’ cried Preston. ‘Equal! O Daisy, you ought to have lived in some old times. You are two hundred years old, at least. Now don’t go to studying that, but come home. You have sat here long enough.’

It was my last hour of freedom. Perhaps for that reason I remember every minute so distinctly. On our way home we met a negro funeral. I stopped to look at it. Something, I do not know what, in the long line of dark figures, orderly and even stately in their demeanour, the white dresses of the women, the peculiar faces of men and women both, fascinated my eyes. Preston exclaimed at me again. It was the commonest sight in the world, he said. It was their

pride to have a grand funeral. I asked if *this* was a grand funeral. Preston said 'pretty well; there must be several hundred of them and they were well dressed.' And then he grew impatient and hurried me on. But I was thinking; and before we got to the hotel where we lodged, I asked Preston if there were many coloured people at Magnolia.

'Lots of them,' he said. 'There isn't anything else.'

'Preston,' I said presently, 'I want to buy some candy somewhere.'

Preston was very much pleased, I believe, thinking that my thoughts had quite left the current of sober things. He took me to a famous confectioner's; and there I bought sweet things till my little stock of money was all gone.

'No more funds?' said Preston. 'Never mind, — go on, and I'll help you. Why I never knew you liked sugarplums so much. What next? burnt almonds? *this* is good, Daisy, — this confection of roses. But you must take all this sugar in small doses, or I am afraid it wouldn't be just beneficial.'

'O Preston!' I said, — 'I do not mean to eat all this myself.'

'Are you going to propitiate Miss Pinshon with it? I have a presentiment that sweets wont sweeten her, Daisy.'

'I don't know what "propitiate" means,' I said sighing. 'I will not take the almonds, Preston.'

But he was determined I should; and to the almonds he added a quantity of the delicate confection he spoke of, which I had thought too delicate and costly for the uses I purposed; and after the rose he

ordered candied fruits; till a great package of varieties was made up. Preston paid for them — I could not help it — and desired them sent home; but I was bent on taking the package myself. Preston would not let me do that, so he carried it; which was a much more serious token of kindness, in him, than footing the bill. It was but a little way, however, to the hotel. We were in the hall, and I was just taking my sugars from Preston to carry them upstairs, when I heard aunt Gary call my name from the parlour. Instinctively, I cannot tell how, I knew from her tone what she wanted me for. I put back the package in Preston's hands, and walked in; my play over.

How well I knew my play was over, when I saw my governess. She was sitting by my aunt on the sofa. Quite different from what I had expected, so different that I walked up to her in a maze, and yet seemed to recognize in that first view all that was coming after. Probably that is fancy; but it seems to me now that all I ever knew or felt about Miss Pinshon in the years that followed, was duly begun and betokened in those first five minutes. She was a young-looking lady, younger-looking than she was. She had a dark, rich complexion, and a face that I suppose would have been called handsome; it was never handsome to me. Long black curls on each side of her face, and large black eyes, were the features that first struck one; but I immediately decided that Miss Pinshon was not born a lady. I do not mean that I think blood and breeding are unseverable; or that half a dozen lady ancestors in a direct line secure the character to the seventh in descent; though they *do* often secure the

look of it; nevertheless, ladies are born who never know all their lives how to make a curtsy, and curtseys are made with infinite grace by those who have nothing of a lady beyond the trappings. I never saw Miss Pinshon do a rude or an awkward thing, that I remember; nor one which changed my first mind about her. She was handsomely dressed; but there again I felt the same want. Miss Pinshon's dresses made me think always of the mercer's counter and the dress-maker's shop. My mother's robes always seemed part of her own self; and so in a certain true sense they were.

My aunt introduced me. Miss Pinshon studied me. Her first remark was that I looked very young. My aunt excused that, on the ground of my having been always a delicate child. Miss Pinshon observed further that the way I wore my hair produced part of the effect. My aunt explained *that* to be my father's and mother's fancy; and agreed that she thought cropped heads were always ungraceful. If my hair were allowed to fall in ringlets on my neck, I would look very different. Miss Pinshon next inquired how much I knew? turning her great black eyes from me to aunt Gary. My aunt declared she could not tell; delicate health had also here interfered; and she appealed to me to say what knowledge I was possessed of. I could not answer. I could not say. It seemed to me I had not learned anything. Then Preston spoke for me.

'Modesty is apt to be silent on its own merits,' he said. 'My cousin has learned the usual rudiments; and in addition to those the art of driving.'

‘Of *what*? What did you say?’ inquired my governess.

‘Of driving, ma’am. Daisy is an excellent whip, for her years and strength.’

Miss Pinshon turned to Preston’s mother. My aunt confirmed and enlarged the statement, again throwing the blame on my father and mother. For herself, she always thought it very dangerous for a little girl like me to go about the country in a pony chaise all alone. Miss Pinshon’s eyes could not be said to express anything, but to my fancy they concealed a good deal. She remarked that the roads were easy.

‘O it was not here,’ said my aunt; ‘it was at the North, where the roads are not like our pine forests. However, the roads were not dangerous there, that I know of; not for anybody but a child. But horses and carriages are always dangerous.’

Miss Pinshon next applied herself to me. What did I know? ‘beside this whip accomplishment,’ as she said. I was tongue-tied. It did not seem to me that I knew anything. At last I said so. Preston exclaimed. I looked at him to beg him to be still; and I remember how he smiled at me.

‘You can read, I suppose?’ my governess went on.

‘Yes, ma’am.’

‘And write, I suppose?’

‘I do not think you would say I know how to write,’ I answered. ‘I cannot do it at all well; and it takes me a long time.’

‘Come back to the driving, Daisy,’ said Preston. ‘That is one thing you do know. And English history, I will bear witness.’

‘What have you got there, Preston?’ my aunt asked.

‘Some hoarhound drops, mamma.’

‘You haven’t a sore throat?’ she asked eagerly.

‘No, ma’am — not just now, but I had yesterday; and I thought I would be provided.’

‘You seem provided for a long time —’ Miss Pinshon remarked.

‘Can’t get anything up at Magnolia — except rice,’ said Preston, after making the lady a bow which did not promise good fellowship. ‘You must take with you what you are likely to want there.’

‘You will not want all that,’ said his mother.

‘No, ma’am, I hope not,’ said Preston looking at his package demurely. ‘Old uncle Lot, you know, always has a cough; and I purpose delighting him with some of my purchases. I will go and put them away.’

‘Old uncle Lot!’ my aunt repeated. ‘What uncle Lot? I did not know you had been enough at Magnolia to get the servants’ names. But I don’t remember any uncle Lot.’

Preston turned to leave the room with his candy, and in turning gave me a look of such supreme fun and mischief that at another time I could hardly have helped laughing. But Miss Pinshon was asking me if I understood arithmetic?

‘I think — I know very little about it,’ I said hesitating. ‘I can do a sum.’

‘In what?’

‘On the slate, ma’am.’

‘Yes, but in what?’

‘I don’t know, ma’am — it is adding up the columns.’

‘O, in *addition* then. Do you know the multiplication and division tables?’

‘No, ma’am.’

‘Go and get off your things, and then come back to me; and I will have some more talk with you.’

I remember to this day how heavily my feet went up the stair. I was not very strong yet in body, and now the strength seemed to have gone out of my heart.

‘I declare,’ said Preston, who waited for me on the landing, ‘she falls into position easy! Does she think she is going to take *that* tone with you?’

I made no answer. Preston followed me into my room.

‘I won’t have it, little Daisy. Nobody shall be mistress at Magnolia but you. This woman shall not. See, Daisy — I am going to put these things in my trunk for you, until we get where you want them. That will be safe.’

I thanked him.

‘What are you going to do now?’

‘I am going down stairs, as soon as I am ready.’

‘Do you expect to be under all the commands this High Mightiness may think proper to lay upon you?’

I begged him to be still and leave me.

‘She will turn you into stone!’ he exclaimed. ‘She is a regular Gorgon, with those heavy eyes of hers. I never saw such eyes. I believe she would petrify me if I had to bear them. Don’t you give Medusa one of those sweet almonds, Daisy, — not one, do you hear?’

I heard too well. I faced round upon him and begged him to remember that it was my *mother* I must obey in Miss Pinshon’s orders; and said that he must not talk to me. Whereupon Preston threw down his

candies, and pulled my cloak out of my unsteady hands, and locked his arms about me; kissing me and lamenting over me that it was 'too bad.' I tried to keep my self-command; but the end was a great burst of tears; and I went down to Miss Pinshon with red eyes and at a disadvantage. I think Preston was pleased.

I had need of all my quiet and self-command. My governess stretched out her hand, drew me to her side and kissed me; then with the other hand went on to arrange the ruffle round my neck, stroking it and pulling it into order, and even taking out a little bit of a pin I wore, and putting it in again to suit herself. It annoyed me excessively. I knew all was right about my ruffle and pin; I never left them carelessly arranged; no fingers but mamma's had ever dared to meddle with them before. But Miss Pinshon arranged the ruffle and the pin, and still holding me, looked in my face with those eyes of hers. I began to feel that they were 'heavy.' They did not waver. They did not seem to wink, like other eyes. They bore down upon my face with a steady power, that was not bright but ponderous. Her first question was, whether I was a good girl?

I could not tell how to answer. My aunt answered for me, that she believed Daisy meant to be a good girl, though she liked to have her own way.

Miss Pinshon ordered me to bring up a chair and sit down; and then asked if I knew anything about mathematics; told me it was the science of quantity; remarked to my aunt that it was the very best study for teaching children to think, and that she always

gave them a great deal of it in the first years of their pupillage. 'It puts the mind in order,' the black-eyed lady went on; 'and other things come so easily after it. Daisy, do you know what I mean by "quantity"?'

I knew what *I* meant by quantity; but whether the English language had anything in common for Miss Pinshon and me, I had great doubts. I hesitated.

'I always teach my little girls to answer promptly when they are asked anything. I notice that you do not answer promptly. You can always tell whether you know a thing or whether you do not.'

I was not so sure of that. Miss Pinshon desired me now to repeat the multiplication table. Here at least there was certainty. I had never learned it.

'It appears to me,' said my governess, 'you have done very little with the first ten years of your life. It gives you a great deal to do for the next ten.'

'Health has prevented her applying to her studies,' said my aunt.

'The want of health. Yes, I suppose so. I hope Daisy will be very well now, for we must make up for lost time.'

'I do not suppose so much time need have been lost,' said my aunt; 'but parents are easily alarmed, you know; they think of nothing but one thing.'

So now there was nobody about me who would be easily alarmed. I took the full force of that.

'Of course,' said Miss Pinshon, 'I shall have a careful regard to her health. Nothing can be done without that. I shall take her out regularly to walk with me, and see that she does not expose herself in any way. Study is no hindrance to health; learning has no ma-

levolent effect upon the body. I think people often get sick for want of something to think of.'

How sure I felt, as I went up to bed that night, that no such easy cause of sickness would be mine for long years to come!

CHAPTER II.

MY HOME.

THE next day we were to go to Magnolia. It was a better day than I expected. Preston kept me with him, away from aunt Gary and my governess; who seemed to have a very comfortable time together. Magnolia lay some miles inland, up a small stream or inlet called the Sands river; the banks of which were studded with gentlemen's houses. The houses were at large distances from one another, miles of plantation often lying between. We went by a small steamer which plied up and down the river; it paddled along slowly, made a good many landings, and kept us on board thus a great part of the day.

At last Preston pointed out to me a little wooden pier or jetty ahead, which he said was my landing; and the steamer soon drew up to it. I could see only a broken bank, fifteen feet high, stretching all along the shore. However, a few steps brought us to a receding level bit of ground, where there was a break in the bank; the shore fell in a little, and a wooded dell sloped back from the river. A carriage and servants were waiting here.

Preston and I had arranged that we would walk up and let the ladies ride. But as soon as they had taken their places I heard myself called. We declared our

purpose, Preston and I; but Miss Pinshon said the ground was damp and she preferred I should ride; and ordered me in. I obeyed, bitterly disappointed; so much disappointed that I had the utmost trouble not to let it be seen. For a little while I did not know what we were passing. Then curiosity recovered itself. The carriage was slowly making its way up a rough road. On each side the wooded banks of the dell shut us in; and these banks seemed to slope upward as well as the road, for though we mounted and mounted, the sides of the dell grew no lower. After a little, then, the hollow of the dell began to grow wider, and its sides softly shelving down; and through the trees on our left we could see a house, standing high above us, but on ground which sloped towards the dell, which rose and widened and spread out to meet it. This sloping ground was studded with magnificent live oaks; each holding its place in independent majesty, making no interference with the growth of the rest. Some of these trees had a girth that half a dozen men with their arms outstretched in a circle could not span; they were green in spite of the winter; branching low, and spreading into stately, beautiful heads of verdure, while grey wreaths of moss hung drooping from some of them. The house was seen not very distinctly among these trees; it shewed low, and in a long extent of building. I have never seen a prettier approach to a house than that at Magnolia. My heart was full of the beauty, this first time.

“This is Magnolia, Daisy,” said my aunt. “This is your house.”

‘It appears a fine place,’ said Miss Pinshon.

‘It is one of the finest on the river. This is your property, Daisy.’

‘It is papa’s,’ I answered.

‘Well, — it belongs to your mother, and so you may say it belongs to your father; but it is yours for all that. The arrangement was, as I know,’ my aunt went on, addressing Miss Pinshon, — ‘the arrangement in the marriage settlements was, that the sons should have the father’s property, and the daughters the mother’s. There is one son and one daughter; so they will each have enough.’

‘But it is mamma’s and papa’s,’ I pleaded.

‘O well — it will be yours. That is what I mean. Ransom will have Melbourne and the Virginia estates; and Magnolia is yours. You ought to have a pretty good education.’

I was so astonished at this way of looking at things, that again I lost part of what was before me. The carriage went gently along, passing the house, and coming up gradually to the same level; then making a turn we drove at a better pace back under some of those great evergreen oaks, till we drew up at the house door. This was at a corner of the building, which stretched in a long, low line towards the river. A verandah skirted all that long front. As soon as I was out of the carriage I ran to the furthest end. I found the verandah turned the corner; the lawn too. All along the front, it sloped to the dell; at the end of the house, it sloped more gently and to greater distance down to the banks of the river. I could not see the river itself. The view of the dell at my left hand was lovely. A little stream which ran in the bottom had been coaxed to form a clear pool in an open spot.

where the sunlight fell upon it, surrounded by a soft wilderness of trees and climbers. Sweet branches of jessamine waved there in their season; and a beautiful magnolia had been planted or cherished there, and carefully kept in view of the house windows. But the wide lawns, on one side and on the other, grew nothing but the oaks; the gentle slope was a playground for sunshine and shadow; as I first saw it; for then the shadows of the oaks were lengthening over the grass, and the waving grey wreaths of moss served sometimes as a foil, sometimes as an usher, to the sunbeams. I stood in a trance of joy and sorrow; they were fighting so hard for the mastery; till I knew that my aunt and Miss Pinshon had come up behind me.

‘This is a proud place!’ my governess remarked.

I believe I looked at her. My aunt laughed; said she must not teach me that; and led the way back to the entrance of the house. All along the verandah I noticed that the green blinded long windows made other entrances for whoever chose them.

The door was open for us already, and within was a row of dark faces of men and women, and a show of white teeth that looked like a welcome. I wondered aunt Gary did not say more to answer the welcome; she only dropped a few careless words as she went in, and asked if dinner was ready. I looked from one to another of the strange faces and gleaming rows of teeth. These were my mother’s servants; that was something that came near to my heart. I heard inquiries after ‘Mis’ Felissy’ and ‘Mass’ Randolph,’ and then the question, ‘Mis’ ‘Lizy, is this little missis?’ It was asked by an old, respectable-looking, grey-haired negress. I did not hear my aunt’s answer;

but I stopped and turned to the woman and laid my little hand in her withered palm. I don't know what there was in that minute; only I know that whereas I touched one hand, I touched a great many hearts. Then and there began my good understanding with all the coloured people on my mother's estate of Magnolia. There was a general outburst of satisfaction and welcome. Some of the voices blessed me; more than one remarked that I was 'like Mass' Randolph;' and I went into the parlour with a warm spot in my heart, which had been very cold.

I was oddly at home at once. The room indeed was a room I had never seen before; yet according to the mystery of such things, the inanimate surroundings bore the mark of the tastes and habits I had grown up among all my life. A great splendid fire was blazing in the chimney; a rich carpet was on the floor; the furniture was luxurious though not showy, and there was plenty of it. So there was a plenty of works of art, in home and foreign manufacture. Comfort, elegance, prettiness, all around; and through the clear glass of the long windows the evergreen oaks on the lawn shewed like guardians of the place. I stood at one of them, with the pressure of that joy and sorrow filling my childish heart.

My aunt presently called me from the window, and bade me let Margaret take off my things. I got leave to go up stairs with Margaret and take them off there. So I ran up the low easy flight of stairs — they were wooden and uncarpeted — to a matted gallery lit from the roof, with here and there a window in a recess looking upon the lawn. Many rooms opened into this gallery. I went from one to another. Here were

great wood fires burning too; here were snowy white beds, with light muslin hangings; and dark cabinets and wardrobes; and mats on the floors, with thick carpets and rugs laid down here and there. And on one side and on the other side the windows looked out upon the wide lawn, with its giant oaks hung with grey wreaths of moss. My heart grew sore straitened. It was a hard evening, that first evening at Magnolia; with the loveliness and the brightness, the warm attraction, and the bitter cold sense of loneliness. I longed to throw myself down and cry. What I did, was to stand by one of the windows and fight myself not to let the tears come. If *they* were here, it would be so happy! If they were here — oh, if they were here!

I believe the girl spoke to me without my hearing her. But then came somebody whom I was obliged to hear, shouting ‘Daisy’ along the gallery. I faced him with a great effort. He wanted to know what I was doing, and how I liked it, and where my room was.

‘Not found it yet?’ said Preston. ‘Is this it? Whose room is this, hey? — you somebody?’

‘Maggie, massa,’ said the girl dropping a curtsey.

‘Maggie, where is your mistress’s room?’

‘This is Mis’ ‘Liza’s room, sir.’

‘Nonsense! Mis’ ‘Liza is only here on a visit — *this* is your mistress. Where is her room, hey?’

‘O stop, Preston!’ I begged him. ‘I am not mistress.’

‘Yes, you are. I’ll roast anybody who says you aint. Come along, and you shall choose which room

you will have; and if it isn't ready they will get it ready. Come!'

I made him understand my choice might depend on where other people's rooms were; and sent him off. Then I sent the girl away — she was a pleasant-faced mulatto, very eager to help me — and left to myself I hurriedly turned the key in the lock. I *must* have some minutes to myself, if I was to bear the burden of that afternoon; and I knelt down with as heavy a heart, almost, as I ever knew. In all my life I had never felt so castaway and desolate. When my father and mother first went from me, I was at least among the places where they had been; June was with me still, and I knew not Miss Pinshon. The journey had had its excitements and its interest. Now I was alone; for June had decided, with tears and woful looks, that she would not come to Magnolia; and Preston would be soon on his way back to college. I knew of only one comfort in the world; that wonderful, 'Lo, I am with you.' Does anybody know what that means, who has not made it the single plank bridge over an abyss?

No one found out that anything was the matter with me, except Preston. His caresses were dangerous to my composure. I kept him off; and he eat his dinner with a thundercloud face which foretold war with all governesses. For me, it was hard work enough to maintain my quiet; everything made it hard. Each new room, every arrangement of furniture, every table appointment, though certainly not what I had seen before, yet seemed so like home that I was constantly missing what would have made it home indeed. It was the shell without the kernel. The soup ladle

seemed to be by mistake in the wrong hands ; Preston seemed to have no business with my father's carving knife and fork ; the sense of desolation pressed upon me everywhere.

After dinner the ladies went up stairs to choose their rooms, and Miss Pinshon avowed that she wished to have mine within hers ; it would be proper and convenient, she said. Aunt Gary made no objection ; but there was some difficulty, because all the rooms had independent openings into the gallery. Miss Pinshon hesitated a moment between one of two that opened into each other and another that was pleasanter and larger but would give her less facility for overlooking my affairs. For one moment I drew a breath of hope ; and then my hope was quashed. Miss Pinshon chose one of the two that opened into each other ; and my only comfort was in the fact that my own room had two doors and I was not obliged to go through Miss Pinshon's to get to it. Just as this business was settled, Preston called me out into the gallery and asked me to go for a walk. I questioned with myself a second, whether I should ask leave ; but I had an inward assurance that to ask leave would be not to go. I felt I must go. I ran back to the room where my things lay, and in two minutes I was out of the house.

My first introduction to Magnolia ! How well I remember every minute and every foot of the way. It was delicious, the instant I stepped out among the oaks and into the sunshine. Freedom was there, at all events.

‘ Now Daisy, we'll go to the stables,’ Preston said, ‘ and see if there is anything fit for you. I am afraid

there isn't; though Edwards told me he thought there was.'

'Who is Edwards?' I asked, as we sped joyfully away through the oaks, across shade and sunshine.

'O he is the overseer.'

'What is an overseer?'

'What is an overseer? — why, he is the man that looks after things.'

'What things?' I asked.

'All the things — everything, Daisy; all the affairs of the plantation; the rice-fields and the cotton-fields, and the people, and everything.'

'Where are the stables? and where are we going?'

'Here — just here — a little way off. They are just in a dell over here — the other side of the house, where the quarters are.'

'Quarters'? I repeated.

'Yes. O you don't know anything down here, but you'll learn. The stables and quarters are in this dell we are coming to; nicely out of sight. Magnolia is one of the prettiest places on the river.'

We had passed through the grove of oaks on the further side of the house, and then found the beginning of a dell which, like the one by which we had come up a few hours before, sloped gently down to the river. In its course it widened out to a little low sheltered open ground, where a number of buildings stood.

'So the house is between two dells,' I said.

'Yes; and on that height up there, beyond the quarters, is the cemetery; and from there you can see a great many fields and the river and have a beautiful view. And there are capital rides all about the place, Daisy.'

When we came to the stables, Preston sent a boy in search of 'Darius.' Darius, he told me, was the coachman, and chief in charge of the stable department. Darius came presently. He was a grey-headed, fine-looking, most respectable black man. He had driven my mother and my mother's mother; and being a trusted and important man on the place, and for other reasons, he had a manner and bearing that were a model of dignified propriety. Very grave 'uncle Darry' was; stately and almost courtly in his respectful courtesy; but he gave me a pleasant smile when Preston presented him.

'We's happy to see Miss Daisy at her own home. Hope de Lord bress her.'

My heart warmed at these words like the ice-bound earth in a spring day. They were not carelessly spoken, nor was the welcome. My feet trod the green-sward more firmly. Then all other thoughts were for the moment put to flight by Preston's calling for the pony and asking Darius what he thought of him, and Darry's answer.

'Very far, massa; very far. Him no good for not-ing.'

While I pondered what this judgment might amount to, the pony was brought out. He was larger than Loupe, and had not Loupe's peculiar symmetry of mane and tail; he was a fat dumpy little fellow, sleek and short, dapple grey, with a good long tail and a mild eye. Preston declared he had no shape at all and was a poor concern of a pony; but to my eyes he was beautiful. He took one or two sugarplums from my hand with as much amenity as if we had been old

acquaintances Then a boy was put on him, who rode him up and down with a halter.

‘He’ll do, Darius,’ said Preston.

‘For little missis? Just big enough, massa. Got no tricks at all, only he no like work. Not much spring in him.’

‘Daisy must take the whip then. Come and let us go look at some of the country where you will ride. Are you tired, Daisy?’

‘O no,’ I said. ‘But wait a minute, Preston. Who lives in all those houses?’

‘The people. The hands. They are away in the fields at work now.’

‘Does Darius live there?’

‘Of course. They all live here.’

‘I should like to go nearer, and see the houses.’

‘Daisy, it is nothing on earth to see. They are all just alike; and you see them from here.’

‘I want to look in,’—I said, moving down the slope.

‘Daisy,’ said Preston, ‘you are just as fond of having your own way as —’

‘As what? I do not think I am, Preston.’

‘I suppose nobody thinks he is,’ grumbled Preston, following me, — ‘except the fellows who can’t get it.’

I had by this time almost forgotten Miss Pinshon. I had almost come to think that Magnolia might be a pleasant place. In the intervals when the pony was out of sight, I had improved my knowledge of the old coachman; and every look added to my liking. There was something I could not read that more and more drew me to him. A simplicity in his good manners, a placid expression in his gravity, a staid reserve

in his humility, were all there; and more yet. Also the scene in the dell was charming to me. The ground about the negro cottages was kept neat; they were neatly built of stone and stood round the sides of a quadrangle; while on each side and below the wooded slopes of ground closed in the picture. Sunlight was streaming through and brightening up the cottages and resting on uncle Darry's swart face. Down through the sunlight I went to the cottages. The first door stood open, and I looked in. At the next I was about to knock, but Preston pushed open the door for me; and so he did for a third and a fourth. Nobody was in them. I was a good deal disappointed. They were empty, bare, dirty, and seemed to me very forlorn. What a set of people my mother's hands must be, I thought. Presently I came upon a ring of girls, a little larger than I was, huddled together behind one of the cottages. There was no manners about them. They were giggling and grinning, hopping on one foot, and going into other awkward antics; not the less that most of them had their arms filled with little black babies. I had got enough for that day, and turning about left the dell with Preston.

At the head of the dell, Preston led off in a new direction, along a wide avenue that ran through the woods. Perfectly level and smooth, with the woods closing in on both sides and making long vistas through their boles and under their boughs. By and by we took another path that led off from this one, wide enough for two horses to go abreast. The pine trees were sweet overhead and on each hand, making the light soft and the air fragrant. Preston and I wandered on in delightful roaming; leaving the house

and all that it contained at an unremembered distance. Suddenly we came out upon a cleared field. It was many acres large; in the distance a number of people were at work. We turned back again.

‘Preston,’ I said, after a silence of a few minutes, — ‘there seemed to be no women in those cottages. I did not see any.’

‘I suppose not,’ said Preston; ‘because there were not any to see.’

‘But had all those little babies no mothers?’

‘Yes, of course, Daisy; but they were in the field.’

‘The mothers of those little babies?’

‘Yes. What about it? Look here — are you getting tired?’

I said no; and he put his arm round me fondly, so as to hold me up a little; and we wandered gently on, back to the avenue, then down its smooth course further yet from the house, then off by another wood path through the pines on the other side. This was a narrower path, amidst sweeping pine branches and hanging creepers, some of them prickly, which threw themselves all across the way. It was not easy getting along. I remarked that nobody seemed to come there much.

‘I never came here myself,’ said Preston, ‘but I know it must lead out upon the river somewhere, and that’s what I am after. Hollo! — we are coming to something. There is something white through the trees. I declare, I believe —’

Preston had been out in his reckoning, and a second time had brought me where he did not wish to bring me. We came presently to an open place, or rather a place where the pines stood a little apart; and there

in the midst was a small enclosure. A low brick wall surrounded a square bit of ground, with an iron gate in one side of the square; within, the grassy plot was spotted with the white marble of tombstones. There were large and small. Overhead, the great pine trees stood and waved their long branches gently in the wind. The place was lonely and lovely. We had come, as Preston guessed, to the river; and the shore was here high; so that we looked down upon the dark little stream far below us. The sunlight, getting low by this time, hardly touched it; but streamed through the pine trees and over the grass and gilded the white marble with gold.

‘I did not mean to bring you here,’ said Preston. ‘I did not know I was bringing you here. Come, Daisy—we’ll go and try again.’

‘O stop!’ I said—‘I like it. I want to look at it.’

‘It is the cemetery,’ said Preston. ‘That tall column is the monument of our great—no, of our great, great grandfather; and this brown one is for mamma’s father. Come, Daisy!’—

‘Wait a little,’ I said. ‘Whose is that with the vase on top?’

‘Vase?’ said Preston—‘it’s an urn. It is an urn, Daisy. People do not put vases on tombstones.’

I asked what the difference was.

‘The difference? O Daisy, Daisy! Why vases are to put flowers in; and urns—I’ll tell you, Daisy,—I believe it is because the Romans used to burn the bodies of their friends and gather up the ashes and keep them in a funeral urn. So an urn comes to be appropriate to a tombstone.’

‘I do not see how,’ I said.

‘Why because an urn comes to be an emblem of mortality and all that. Come, Daisy; let us go.’

‘I think a vase of flowers would be a great deal nicer,’ I said. ‘We do not keep the ashes of our friends.’

‘We don’t put signs of joy over their graves either,’ said Preston.

‘I should think we might,’ I said meditatively. ‘When people have gone to Jesus — they must be very glad!’

Preston burst out with an expression of hope that Miss Pinshon would ‘do something’ for me; and again would have led me away; but I was not ready to go. My eye, roving beyond the white marble and the low brick wall, had caught what seemed to be a number of meaner monuments, scattered among the pine trees and spreading down the slope of the ground on the further side, where it fell off towards another dell. In one place a bit of board was set up; further on, a cross; then I saw a great many bits of board and crosses; some more and some less carefully made; and still as my eye roved about over the ground they seemed to start up to view in every direction; too low and too humble and too near the colour of the fallen pine leaves to make much show unless they were looked for. I asked what they all were?’

‘Those? O those are for the people, you know.’

‘The people?’ — I repeated.

‘Yes, the people — the hands.’

‘There are a great many of them!’ I remarked.

‘Of course,’ said Preston. ‘You see, Daisy, there have been I don’t know how many hundreds of hands

here for a great many years, ever since mother's grandfather's time.'

'I should think,' said I, looking at the little board slips and crosses among the pine cones on the ground, — 'I should think they would like to have something nicer to put up over their graves.'

'Nicer? those are good enough,' said Preston. 'Good enough for them.'

'I should think they would like to have something better,' I said. 'Poor people at the North have nicer monuments, I know. I never saw such monuments in my life.'

'Poor people!' cried Preston. 'Why these are the *hands*, Daisy, — the coloured people. What do they want of monuments?'

'Don't they care?' said I wondering.

'Who cares if they care? I don't know whether they care,' said Preston, quite out of patience with me, I thought.

'Only, if they cared, I should think they would have something nicer,' I said. 'Where do they all go to church, Preston?'

'Who?' said Preston.

'These people?'

'What people? The families along the river, do you mean?'

'No, no,' said I; 'I mean *our* people — these people; the hands. You say there are hundreds of them. Where do they go to church?'

I faced Preston now in my eagerness; for the little board crosses and the forlorn look of the whole burying ground on the side of the hill had given me a

strange feeling. 'Where do they go to church, Preston?'

'Nowhere, I reckon.'

I was shocked, and Preston was impatient. How should he know, he said; he did not live at Magnolia. And he carried me off. We went back to the avenue and slowly bent our steps again towards the house; slowly, for I was tired, and we both, I think, were busy with our thoughts. Presently I saw a man, a negro, come into the avenue a little before us with a bundle of tools on his back. He went as slowly as we, with an indescribable, purposeless gait. His figure had the same look too, from his lop-sided old white hat to every fold of his clothing, which seemed to hang about him just as if it would as lieve be off as on. I begged Preston to hail him and ask him the question about church going, which sorely troubled me. Preston was unwilling and resisted.

'What do you want me to do that for, Daisy?'

'Because aunt Gary told Miss Pinshon that we have to drive six miles to go to church. Do ask him where they go!'

'They don't go *anywhere*, Daisy,' said Preston impatiently; 'they don't care a straw about it, either. All the church they care about is when they get together in somebody's house and make a great muss.'

'Make a muss!' said I.

'Yes; a regular muss; shouting and crying and having what they call a good time. That's what some of them do; but I'll wager if I were to ask him about going to church, this fellow here would not know what I mean.'

This did by no means quiet me. I insisted that

Preston should stop the man; and at last he did. The fellow turned and came back towards us, ducking his old white hat. His face was just like the rest of him: there was no expression in it but an expression of limp submissiveness.

‘Sambo, your mistress wants to speak to you.’

‘Yes, massa. I’s George, massa.’

‘George,’ said I, ‘I want to know where you go to church?’

‘Yes, missis. What missis want to know?’

‘Where do you and all the rest go to church?’

‘Reckon don’t go nowhar, missis.’

‘Don’t you ever go to church?’

‘Church for white folks, missis; bery far; long ways to ride.’

‘But you and the rest of the people — don’t you go anywhere to church? to hear preaching?’

‘Reckon not, missis. De preachin’s don’t come dis way, likely.’

‘Can you read the Bible, George?’

‘Dunno read, missis. Never had no larnin’.’

‘Then don’t you know anything about what is in the Bible? don’t you know about Jesus?’

‘Reckon don’t know not’ing, missis.’

‘About Jesus?’ said I again.

‘‘Clar, missis, dis nigger don’t know not’ing, but de rice and de corn. Missis talk to Darry; he most knowin’ nigger on plantation; knows a heap.’

‘There!’ exclaimed Preston — ‘that will do. You go off to your supper, George — and Daisy, you had better come on if you want anything pleasant at home. What on earth have you got now by that? What is the use? Of course they do not know anything; and

why should they? They have no time and no use for it.'

'They have time on Sundays —' I said.

'Time to sleep. That is what they do. That is the only thing a negro cares about, to go to sleep in the sun. It's all nonsense, Daisy.'

'They would care about something else, I dare say,' I answered, 'if they could get it.'

'Well they can't get it. Now Daisy, I want you to let these fellows alone. You have nothing to do with them, and you did not come to Magnolia for such work. You have nothing on earth to do with them.'

I had my own thoughts on the subject, but Preston was not a sympathizing hearer. I said no more. The evergreen oaks about the house came presently in sight; then the low verandah that ran round three sides of it; then we came to the door, and my walk was over.

CHAPTER III.

. THE MULTIPLICATION TABLE.

My life at Magnolia might be said to begin when I came down stairs that evening. My aunt and Miss Pinshon were sitting in the parlour, in the light of a glorious fire of light wood and oak sticks. Miss Pinshon called me to her at once; inquired where I had been; informed me I must not for the future take such diversion without her leave first asked and obtained; and then put me to reading aloud, that she might see how well I could do it. She gave me a philosophical article in a magazine for my proof piece; it was full of long words that I did not know and about matters that I did not understand. I read mechanically, of course; trying with all my might to speak the long words right, that there might be no room for correction; but Miss Pinshon's voice interrupted me again and again. I felt cast away in a foreign land; further and further from the home feeling every minute; and it seemed besides as if the climate had some power of petrification. I could not keep Medusa out of my head. It was a relief at last when the tea was brought in. Miss Pinshon took the magazine out of my hand.

‘She has a good voice, but she wants expression,’ was her remark.

‘I could not understand what she was reading,’ said my aunt Gary.

‘Nor anybody else,’ said Preston. ‘How are you going to give expression, when there is nothing to express?’

‘That is where you feel the difference between a good reader and one who is not trained,’ said my governess. ‘I presume Daisy has never been trained.’

‘No, not in anything,’ said my aunt. ‘I dare say she wants a good deal of it.’

‘We will try —’ said Miss Pinshon.

It all comes back to me as I write, that beginning of my Magnolia life. I remember how dazed and disheartened I sat at the tea-table, yet letting nobody see it; how Preston made violent efforts to change the character of the evening; and did keep up a stir that at another time would have amused me. And when I was dismissed to bed, Preston came after me to the upper gallery and almost broke up my power of keeping quiet. He gathered me in his arms, kissed me and lamented over me, and denounced ferocious threats against ‘Medusa;’ while I in vain tried to stop him. He would not be sent away, till he had come into my room and seen that the fire was burning and the room warm and Margaret ready for me.

With Margaret there was also an old coloured woman, dark and wrinkled, my faithful old friend mammy Theresa; but indeed I could scarcely see her just then, for my eyes were full of big tears when Preston left me; and I had to stand still before the fire for some minutes before I could fight down the fresh tears that were welling up and let those which veiled my eyesight scatter away. I was conscious how silently the

two women waited upon me. I had a sense even then of the sympathy they were giving. I knew they served me with a respect which would have done for an Eastern princess ; but I said nothing hardly, nor they, that night.

If the tears came when I was alone, so did sleep too at last ; and I waked up the next morning a little revived. It was a cool morning ; and my eyes opened to see Margaret on her knees making my fire. Two good oak sticks were on the fire dogs, and a heap of light wood on the floor. I watched her piling and preparing, and then kindling the wood with a splinter of light wood which she lit in the candle. It was all very strange to me. The bare painted and varnished floor ; the rugs laid down here and there ; the old cupboards in the wall ; the unwonted furniture. It did not feel like home. I lay still, until the fire blazed up and Margaret rose to her feet, and seeing my eyes open dropped her curtsey.

‘Please, missis, may I be Miss Daisy’s girl?’

‘I will ask aunt Gary,’ I answered ; a good deal surprised.

‘Miss Daisy is the mistress. We all belong to Miss Daisy. It will be as she say.’

I thought to myself that very little was going to be ‘as I said.’ I got out of bed, feeling terribly slim-hearted, and stood in my nightgown before the fire, trying to let the blaze warm me. Margaret did her duties with a zeal of devotion that reminded me of my old June.

‘I will ask aunt Gary,’ I said ; ‘and I think she will let you build my fire, Margaret.’

‘Thank’e, ma’am. First rate fires, I’ll make, Miss

Daisy. We'se all so glad Miss Daisy come to Magnoly.'

Were they? I thought, and what did she mean by their all 'belonging to me'? I was not accustomed to quite so much deference. However, I improved my opportunity by asking Margaret my question of the day before about church. The girl half laughed.

'Aint any church big enough to hold all de people,' she said. 'Guess we coloured folks has to go widout.'

'But where is the church?' I said.

'Aint none, Miss Daisy. People enough to make a church full all himselvies.'

'And don't you want to go?'

'Reckon it's o' no consequence, missis. It's a right smart chance of a way to Bo'mbroke, where de white folks' church is. Guess they don't have none for poor folks nor niggers in dese parts.'

'But Jesus died for poor people,' I said, turning round upon my attendant. She met me with a gaze I did not understand, and said nothing. Margaret was not like my old June. She was a clear mulatto, with a fresh colour and rather a handsome face; and her eyes, unlike June's little anxious, restless, almond shaped eyes, were liquid and full. She went on carefully with the toilet duties which busied her; and I was puzzled.

'Did you never hear of Jesus?' I said presently. 'Don't you know that he loves poor people?'

'Reckon he loves rich people de best, Miss Daisy,' the girl said in a dry tone.

I faced about to deny this and to explain how the Lord had a special love and care for the poor. I saw

that my hearer did not believe me. 'She had heerd so' — she said.

The dressing-bell sounded long and loud, and I was obliged to let Margaret go on with my dressing; but in the midst of my puzzled state of mind, I felt childishly sure of the power of that truth, of the Lord's love, to break down any hardness and overcome any coldness. Yet, 'how shall they hear without a preacher?' and I had so little chance to speak.

'Then Margaret,' said I at last, 'is there no place where you can go to hear about the things in the Bible?'

'No, missis; I never goes.'

'And does not anybody, except Darry when he goes with the carriage?'

'Can't, Miss Daisy; it's miles and miles; and no place for niggers neither.'

'Can you read the Bible, Margaret?'

'Guess not, missis; we's too stupid; aint good for coloured folks to read.'

'Does *nobody*, among all the people, read the Bible?' said I, once more stopping Margaret in my dismay.

'Uncle Darry — he does,' said the girl; 'and he do 'spoun' some; but I don't make no count of his 'spoundations.'

I did not know quite what she meant; but I had no time for anything more. I let her go, locked my door and kneeled down; with the burden on my heart of this new revelation; that there were hundreds of people under the care of my father and mother, who were living without church and without Bible, in desperate ignorance of everything worth knowing. If

papa had only been at Magnolia with me ! I thought I could have persuaded him to build a church and let somebody come and teach the people. But now — what could I do ? And I asked the Lord, what could I do ? but I did not see the answer.

Feeling the question on my two shoulders, I went down stairs. To my astonishment, I found the family all gathered in solemn order ; the house servants at one end of the room, my aunt, Miss Pinshon and Preston at the other, and before my aunt a little table with books. I got a seat as soon as I could, for it was plain that something was waiting for me. Then my aunt opened the Bible and read a chapter, and followed it with a prayer read out of another book. I was greatly amazed at the whole proceeding. No such ceremony was ever gone through at Melbourne ; and certainly nothing had ever given me the notion that my aunt Gary was any more fond of sacred things than the rest of the family.

‘An excellent plan,’ said Miss Pinshon, when we had risen from our knees and the servants had filed off.

‘Yes,’ my aunt said, somewhat as if it needed an apology ; — ‘it was the custom in my father’s and grandfather’s time ; and we always keep it up. I think old customs always should be kept up.’

‘And do you have the same sort of thing on Sundays, for the out-of-door hands ?’

‘What ?’ said my aunt. It was somewhat more abrupt than polite ; but she probably felt that Miss Pinshon was a governess.

‘There were only the house servants gathered this morning.’

‘Of course ; part of them.’

‘Have you any similar system of teaching for those who are outside? I think you told me they have no church to go to.’

‘I should like to know what “system” you would adopt,’ said my aunt, ‘to reach seven hundred people.’

‘A church and a minister would not be a bad thing.’

‘Or we might all turn missionaries,’ said Preston ; ‘and go among them with bags of Bibles round our necks. We might all turn missionaries.’

‘Colporteurs,’ said Miss Pinshon.

Then I said in my heart, ‘I will be one.’ But I went on eating my breakfast and did not look at anybody ; only I listened with all my might.

‘I don’t know about that,’ said my aunt. ‘I doubt whether a church and a minister would be beneficial.’

‘Then you have a nation of heathen at your doors,’ said Miss Pinshon.

‘I don’t know but they are just as well off,’ said my aunt. ‘I doubt if more light would do them any good. They would not understand it.’

‘They must be very dark, if they could not understand light,’ said my governess.

‘Just as people that are very light cannot understand darkness,’ said Preston.

‘I think so,’ my aunt went on. ‘Our neighbour Col. Joram, down below here at Crofts, will not allow such a thing as preaching or teaching on his plantation. He says it is bad for them. We always allowed it ; but I don’t know.’

‘Colonel Joram is a heathen himself, you know, mother,’ said Preston. ‘Don’t hold *him* up.’

‘I will hold him up for a gentleman, and a very successful planter,’ said Mrs. Gary. ‘No place is better worked or managed than Crofts. If the estate of Magnolia were worked and kept as well, it would be worth half as much again as it ever has been. But there is the difference of the master’s eye. My brother-in-law never could be induced to settle at Magnolia, nor at his own estates either. He likes it better in the cold North.’

Miss Pinshon made no remark whatever in answer to this statement; and the rest of the talk at the breakfast table was about rice.

After breakfast my school life at Magnolia began. It seems as if all the threads of my life there were in a hurry to get into my hand. Ah, I had a handful soon! But this was the fashion of my first day with my governess. All the days were not quite so bad; however it gave the key of them all.

Miss Pinshon bade me come with her to the room she and my aunt had agreed should be the school-room. It was the book room of the house, though it had hardly books enough to be called a library. It had been the study or private room of my grandfather; there was a leather-covered table with an old bronze standish; some plain book-cases; a large escritoire; a terrestrial globe; a thermometer and barometer; and the rest of the furniture was an abundance of chintz-covered chairs and lounges. These were very easy and pleasant for use; and long windows opening on the verandah looked off among the evergreen oaks and their floating grey drapery; the light in the room and

the whole aspect of it was agreeable. If Miss Pinshon had not been there! But she was there, with a terrible air of business; setting one or two chairs in certain positions by a window, and handling one or two books on the table. I stood meek and helpless, expectant.

‘Have you read any history, Daisy?’

I said no; then I said yes, I had; a little.

‘What?’

‘A little of the history of England last summer.’

‘Not of your own country?’

‘No, ma’am.’

‘And no ancient history?’

‘No, ma’am.’

‘You know nothing of the Division of the nations, of course?’

I answered, nothing. I had no idea what she meant; except that England, and America, and France, were different, and of course divided. Of Peleg the son of Eber and the brother of Joktan, I then knew nothing.

‘And arithmetic is something you do not understand,’ pursued Miss Pinshon. ‘Come here and let me see how you can write.’

With trembling, stiff little fingers — I feel them yet — I wrote some lines under my governess’s eye.

‘Very unformed,’ was her comment. ‘And now, Daisy, you may sit down there in the window and study the multiplication table. See how much of it you can get this morning.’

Was it to be a morning’s work? My heart was heavy as lead. At this hour, at Melbourne, my task would have been to get my flat hat and rush out among the beds of flowers; and a little later, to have up Loupe and go driving whither I would, among the

meadows and cornfields. Ah, yes; and there was Molly who might be taught, and Juanita who might be visited; and Dr. Sandford who might come like a pleasant gale of wind into the midst of whatever I was about. I did not stop to think of them now, though a waft of the sunny air through the open window brought a violent rush of such images. I tried to shut them out of my head and gave myself wistfully to 'three times one is three; three times two is six.' Miss Pinshon helped me by closing the window. I thought she might have let so much sweetness as that come into the multiplication table. However I studied its threes and fours steadily for some time dry; then my attention flagged. It was very uninteresting. I had never in all my life till then been obliged to study what gave me no pleasure. My mind wandered, and then my eyes wandered, to where the sunlight lay so golden under the live oaks. The wreaths of grey moss stirred gently with the wind. I longed to be out there. Miss Pinshon's voice startled me.

'Daisy, where are your thoughts?'

I hastily brought my eyes and wits home and answered, 'Out upon the lawn, ma'am.'

'Do you find the multiplication table there?'

It was so needless to answer! I was mute. I would have come to the rash conclusion that nature and mathematics had nothing to do with each other.

'You must learn to command your attention,' my governess went on. 'You must not let it wander. That is the first lesson you have to learn. I shall give you mathematics till you have learnt it. You can do nothing without attention.'

I bent myself to the threes and fours again. But I

was soon weary ; my mind escaped ; and without turning my eyes off my book, it swept over the distance between Magnolia and Melbourne and sat down by Molly Skelton to help her in getting her letters. It was done and I was there. I could hear the hesitating utterances ; I could see the dull finger tracing its way along the lines. And then would come the reading to Molly, and the interested look of waiting attention, and once in a while the strange softening of the poor hard face. From there my mind went off to the people around me at Magnolia ; were there some to be taught here perhaps ? and could I get at them ? and was there no other way — could it be there was no other way but by my weak little voice — through which some of them were ever to learn about my dear Saviour ? I had got very far from mathematics, and my book fell. I heard Miss Pinshon's voice.

‘ Daisy, come here.’

I obeyed and came to the table, where my governess was installed in the leather chair of my grandfather. She always used it.

‘ I should like to know what you are doing.’

‘ I was thinking — ’ I said.

‘ Did I give you thinking to do ? ’

‘ No, ma'am ; not of that kind.’

‘ What kind was it ? ’

‘ I was thinking, and remembering — ’

‘ Pray what were you remembering ? ’

‘ Things at home — and other things.’

‘ Things and things,’ said Miss Pinshon. ‘ That is ~~not~~ a very elegant way of speaking. Let me hear how much you have learned.’

I began. About all of the ‘ threes ’ was on my

tongue; the rest had got mixed up hopelessly with Molly Skelton and teaching Bible reading. Miss Pinshon was not pleased.

‘You must learn attention,’ she said. ‘I can do nothing with you until you have succeeded in that. You *must* attend. Now I shall give you a motive for minding what you are about. Go and sit down again and study this table till you know the threes and the fours and the fives and the sixes, perfectly. Go and sit down.’

I sat down, and the life was all out of me. Tears in the first place had a great mind to come, and would put themselves between me and the figures in the multiplication table. I governed them back after a while. But I could not study to purpose. I was tired and down-spirited; I had not energy left to spring to my task and accomplish it. Over and over again I tried to put the changes of the numbers in my head; it seemed like writing them in sand. My memory would not take hold of them; could not keep them; with all my trying I grew only more and more stupefied and fagged and less capable of doing what I had to do. So dinner came, and Miss Pinshon said I might get myself ready for dinner and after dinner come back again to my lesson. The lesson must be finished before anything else was done.

I had no appetite. Preston was in a fume of vexation, partly roused by my looks, partly by hearing that I was not yet free. He was enraged beyond prudent speaking, but Miss Pinshon never troubled herself about his words; and when the first and second courses were removed, told me I might go to my work. Preston called to me to stay and have some fruit; but

I went on to the study, not caring for fruit or for anything else. I felt very dull and miserable. Then I remembered that my governess probably did care for some fruit and would be delayed a little while; and then I tried what is the best preparation for study or anything else. I got down on my knees, to ask that help which is as willingly given to a child in her troubles as to the general of an army. I prayed that I might be patient and obedient and take disagreeable things pleasantly and do my duty in the multiplication table. And a breath of rest came over my heart, and a sort of perfume of remembered things which I had forgotten; and it quite changed the multiplication table to think that God had given it to me to learn, and so that some good would certainly come of learning it; at least the good of pleasing him. As long as I dared I staid on my knees; then I was strong for the fives and sixes.

But it was not quick work; and though my patience did not flag again nor my attention fail, the afternoon was well on the way before I was dismissed. I had then permission to do what I liked. Miss Pinshon said she would not go to walk that day; I might follow my own pleasure.

I must have been very tired; for it seemed to me there was hardly any pleasure left to follow. I got my flat and went out. The sun was westing; the shadows stretched among the evergreen oaks; the outer air was sweet. I had tried to find Preston first, in the house; but he was not to be found; and all alone I went out into the sunshine. It wooed me on. Sunshine and I were always at home together. Without knowing that I wanted to go anywhere, some secret attraction drew

my steps towards the dell where I had seen Darry. I followed one of several well beaten paths that led towards the quarters through the trees, and presently came out upon the stables again. All along the dell the sunshine poured. The ground was kept like a pleasure ground, it was so neat; the grass was as clean as the grass of a park; the little stone houses scattered away down towards the river, with shade trees among them, and oaks lining the sides of the dell. I thought surely Magnolia was a lovely place! if only my father and mother had been there. But then, seeing the many cottages, my trouble of the morning pressed upon me afresh. So many people, so many homes, and the light of the Bible not on them, nor in them? And, child as I was, and little as I knew, I knew the name of Christ too unspeakably precious, for me to think without a sore heart, that all these people were without what was the jewel of my life. And they my mother's servants! my father's dependents! What could I do?

The dell was alone in the yellow sunlight which poured over the slope from the west; and I went musing on till getting to the corner of the stables I saw Darry just round the corner grooming a black horse. He was working energetically and humming to himself as he worked a refrain which I learned afterwards to know well. All I could make out was, 'I'm going home'—several times repeated. I came near before he saw me, and he started; then bid me good evening and 'hoped I found Magnolia a pleasant place.'

Since I have grown older I have read that wonderful story of Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Tom; he reminded me of Darry then, and now I never think of the one without thinking of the other. But Darry, having served a

different class of people from Uncle Tom's first owners, had a more polished style of manners, which I should almost call courtly; and he was besides a man of higher natural parts, and somewhat more education. But much commerce in the Court which is above all earthly dignities, no doubt had more to do with his peculiarities than any other cause.

I asked him what he was singing about home? and where his home was? He turned his face full on me, letting me see how grave and gentle his eye was, and at the same time there was a wistful expression in it that I felt.

'Home aint nowheres here, missie,' he said. I'm 'spectin' to go by and by.'

'Do you mean home up *there*?' said I, lifting my finger towards the sky. Darry fairly laughed.

'Spect don't want no other home, missie. Heaven good enough.'

I stood watching him as he rubbed down the black horse, feeling surely that he and I would be friends.

'Where is your home here, Darry?'

'I got a place down there, little missie — not fur.'

'When you have done that horse, will you shew me your place? I want to see where you live.'

'Missie want to see Darry's house?' said he, shewing his white teeth. 'Missie shall see what she mind to. I allus keeps Saddler till the last, 'cause he's ontractable.'

The black horse was put in the stable, and I followed my black groom down among the lines of stone huts, to which the working parties had not yet returned. Darry's house was one of the lowest in the dell, out of the quadrangle, and had a glimpse of the river. It stood

alone, in a pretty place, but something about it did not satisfy me. It looked square and bare. The stone walls within were rough as the stone-layer had left them; one little four-paned window, or rather casement, stood open; and the air was sweet; for Darry kept his place scrupulously neat and clean. But there was not much to be kept. A low bedstead; a wooden chest; an odd table made of a piece of board on three legs; a shelf with some kitchen ware; that was all the furniture. On the odd table there lay a Bible, that had, I saw, been turned over many a time.

‘Then you can read, uncle Darry,’ I said, pitching on the only thing that pleased me.

‘De good Lord, he give me dat happiness,’ the man answered gravely.

‘And you love Jesus, Darry,’ I said, feeling that we had better come to an understanding as soon as possible. His answer was an energetic

‘Bress de Lord! Do Miss Daisy love him, den?’

I would have said yes; I did say yes, I believe; but I did not know how or why, at this question there seemed a coming together of gladness and pain which took away my breath. My head dropped on Darry’s little window-sill, and my tears rushed forth, like the head of water behind a broken mill-dam. Darry was startled and greatly concerned. He wanted to know if I was not well — if I would send him for ‘su’thing’ — I could only shake my head and weep. I think Darry was the only creature at Magnolia before whom I would have so broken down. But somehow I felt safe with Darry. The tears cleared away from my voice after a little; and I went on with my inquiries again. It was a good chance.

‘Uncle Darry, does no one else but you read the Bible?’

He looked dark and troubled. ‘Missie sees — de folks for most part got no learnin’. Dey no read, sure.’

‘Do you read the Bible to them, Darry?’

‘Miss Daisy knows, dere aint no great time. Dey’s in de field all day, most days, and dey hab no time for to hear.’

‘But Sundays? —’ I said.

‘Do try,’ — he said, looking graver yet. ‘Me do ’tempt su’tin’. But missie knows, de Sabbat’ be de only day de people hab, and dey tink mostly of oder tings.’

‘And there is no church for you all to go to?’

‘No, missis; no church.’

There was a sad tone in this answer. I did not know how to go on. I turned to something else.

‘Uncle Darry, I don’t think your home looks very comfortable.’

Darry almost laughed at that. He said it was good enough; would last very well a little while longer. I insisted that it was not *comfortable*. It was cold.

‘Sun warm, Miss Daisy. De good Lord, he make his sun warm. And dere be fires enough.’

‘But it is very empty,’ I said. ‘You want something more in it, to make it look nice.’

‘It never empty, Miss Daisy, when de Lord hisself be here. And he not leave his chil’n alone. Miss Daisy know dat?’

I stretched forth my little hand and laid it in Darry’s great black palm. There was an absolute confidence established between us.

‘Uncle Darry’ — I said, ‘I *do* love him — but sometimes, I want to see papa!’ —

And therewith my self-command was almost gone. I stood with full eyes and quivering lips, my hand still in Darry’s, who on his part was speechless with sympathy.

‘De time pass quick, and Miss Daisy see her pa’, — he said at last.

I did not think the time passed quick. I said so.

‘Do little missie ask de Lord for help?’ Darry said, his eyes by this time as watery as mine. ‘Do Miss Daisy know, it nebber lonesome where de Lord be? he so good.’

I could not stand any more. I pulled away my hand and stood still, looking out of the window and seeing nothing, till I could make myself quiet. Then I changed the subject and told Darry I should like to go and see some of the other houses again. I know now, I can see, looking back, how my childish self-control and reserve made some of those impulsive natures around me regard me with something like worshipful reverence. I felt it then, without thinking of it or reasoning about it. From Darry, and from Margaret, and from mammy Theresa, and from several others, I had a loving, tender reverence, which not only felt for me as a sorrowful child, but bowed before me as something of higher and stronger nature than themselves. Darry silently attended me now from house to house of the quarters; introducing and explaining and doing all he could to make my progress interesting and amusing. Interested I was; but most certainly not amused. I did not like the look of things any better than I had done at first. The places were

not 'nice;' there was a coarse, uncared-for air of everything within, although the outside was in such well dressed condition. No litter on the grass, no untidiness of walls or chimneys; and no seeming of comfortable homes when the door was opened. The village, for it amounted to that, was almost deserted at that hour; only a few crooning old women on the sunny side of a wall, and a few half-grown girls, and a quantity of little children, depending for all the care they got upon one or the other of these.

'Haven't all these little babies got mothers?' I asked.

'For sure, Miss Daisy — dey's got modders.'

'Where *are* the mothers of all these babies, Darry?' I asked.

'Dey's in de field, Miss Daisy. Home d'rectly.'

'Are they working like *men*, in the fields?' I asked.

'Dey's all at work,' said Darry.

'Do they do the same work as the men?'

'All alike, Miss Daisy.' Darry's answers were not hearty.

'But don't their little babies want them?' said I, looking at a group of girls in whose hands were some very little babies indeed. I think Darry made me no answer.

'But if the men and women both work out,' I went on, 'papa must give them a great deal of money; I should think they would have things more comfortable, Darry. Why don't they have little carpets, and tables and chairs, and cups and saucers? Hardly anybody has teacups and saucers. Have *you* got any, uncle Darry?'

‘Spect I’se no good woman to brew de tea for her ole man,’ said Darry; but I thought he looked at me very oddly.

‘Couldn’t you make it for yourself, uncle Darry?’

‘Poor folks don’t live just like de rich folks,’ he answered quietly, after a minute’s pause. ‘And I don’t count fur to want no good t’ing, missie.’

I went on with my observations; my questions I thought I would not push any further at that time. I grew more and more dissatisfied, that my father’s work-people should live in no better style and in no better comfort. Even Molly Skelton had a furnished and appointed house, compared with these little bare stone huts; and mothers that would leave their babies for the sake of more wages must, I thought, be very barbarous mothers. This was all because, no doubt, of having no church and no Bible. I grew weary. As we were going up the dell towards the stables, I suddenly remembered my pony; and I asked to see him.

Darry was much relieved, I fancy, to have me come back to a child’s sphere of action. He had out the fat little grey pony and talked it over to me with great zeal. It came into my head to ask for a saddle.

‘Dere be a saddle’ — Darry said doubtfully — ‘Massa Preston he done got a saddle dis very day. Dunno where massa Preston can be.’

I did not heed this. I begged to have the saddle and be allowed to try the pony. Now Preston had laid a plan that nobody but himself should have the pleasure of first mounting me; but I did not know of this plan. Darry hesitated, I saw, but he had not the

power to refuse me. The saddle was brought out, put on, and carefully arranged.

‘Uncle Darry, I want to get on him — may I?’

‘O’ course — Miss Daisy do what she mind to. Him bery good, only some lazy.’

So I was mounted. Preston, Miss Pinshon, the servants’ quarters, the multiplication table, all were forgotten and lost in a misty distance. I was in the saddle for the first time, and delight held me by both hands. My first moment on horseback! If Darry had guessed it he would have been terribly concerned; but, as it happened, I knew how to take my seat; I had watched my mother so often mounting her horse that every detail was familiar to me; and Darry naturally supposed I knew what I was about after I was in my seat. The reins were a little confusing; however, the pony walked off lazily with me to the head of the glen, and I thought he was an improvement upon the old pony chaise. Finding myself coming out upon the avenue, which I did not wish, it became necessary to get at the practical use of my bridle. I was at some pains to do it; finally I managed to turn the pony’s head round, and we walked back in the same sober style we had come up. Darry stood by the stables, smiling and watching me; down among the quarters the children and old people turned out to look after me; I walked down as far as Darry’s house, turned and came back again. Darry stood ready to help me dismount; but it was too pleasant. I went on to the avenue. Just as I turned there, I caught, as it seemed to me, a glimpse of two ladies, coming towards me from the house. Involuntarily I gave a sharper pull at the bridle, and I suppose touched the pony’s shoulder

with the switch Darry had put into my hand. The touch so woke him up, that he shook off his laziness and broke into a short galloping canter to go back to the stables. This was a new experience. I thought for the first minute that I certainly should be thrown off; I seemed to have no hold of anything, and I was tossed up and down on my saddle in a way that boded a landing on the ground every next time.

I was not timid with animals, whatever might be true of me in other relations. My first comfort was finding that I did *not* fall off; then I took heart, and settled myself in the saddle more securely, gave myself to the motion, and began to think I should like it by and by. Nevertheless, for this time I was willing to stop at the stables; but the pony had only just found how good it was to be moving, and he went by at full canter. Down the dell, through the quarters, past the cottages, till I saw Darry's house ahead of me, and began to think how I *should* get round again. At that pace I could not. Could I stop the fellow? I tried, but there was not much strength in my arms; one or two pulls did no good, and one or two pulls more did no good; pony cantered on, and I saw we were making straight for the river. I knew then I *must* stop him; I threw so much good will into the handling of my reins that, to my joy, the pony paused, let himself be turned about placidly, and took up his leisurely walk again. But now I was in a hurry, wanting to be dismounted before anybody should come; and I was a little triumphant, having kept my seat and turned my horse. Moreover, the walk was not good after that stirring canter. I would try it again. But it took a little earnestness now and more

than one touch of my whip before the pony would mind me. Then he obeyed in good style and we cantered quietly up to where Darry was waiting. The thing was done. The pony and I had come to an understanding. I was a rider from that time, without fear or uncertainty. The first gentle pull on the bridle was obeyed and I came to a stop in front of Darry and my cousin Preston.

I have spent a great deal of time to tell of my ride. Yet not more than its place in my life then deserved. It was my last half hour of pleasure for I think many a day. I had cantered up the slope, all fresh in mind and body, excited and glad with my achievement and with the pleasure of brisk motion; I had forgotten everybody and everything disagreeable, or what I did not forget I disregarded; but just before I stopped I saw what sent another thrill than that of pleasure tingling through all my veins. I saw Preston, who had but a moment before reached the stables, I saw him lift his hand with a light riding switch he carried, and draw the switch across Darry's mouth. I shall never forget the coloured man's face, as he stepped back a pace or two. I understood it afterwards; I *felt* it then. There was no resentment; there was no fire of anger, which I should have expected; there was no manly and no stolid disregard of what had been done. There was instead a slight smile, which to this day I cannot bear to recall; it spoke so much of patient and helpless humiliation; as of one wincing at the galling of a sore and trying not to shew he winced. Preston took me off my horse, and began to speak. I turned away from him to Darry, who now held two horses, Preston having just dismounted; and I thanked

him for my pleasure, throwing into my manner all the studied courtesy I could. Then I walked up the dell beside Preston, without looking at him.

Preston scolded. He had prepared a surprise for me, and was excited by his disappointment at my mounting without him. Of course I had not known that; and Darry, who was in the secret, had not known how to refuse me. I gave Preston no answer to his charges and reproaches. At last I said I was tired and I wished he would not talk.

‘Tired! you are something besides tired,’ he said.

‘I suppose I am,’ I answered with great deliberation.

He was eager to know what it was; but then we came out upon the avenue and were met flush by my aunt and Miss Pinshon. My aunt inquired, and Preston, who was by no means cool yet, accused me about the doings of the afternoon. I scarcely heeded one or the other; but I did feel Miss Pinshon’s taking my hand and leading me home all the rest of the way. It was not that I wanted to talk to Preston, for I was not ready to talk to him; but this holding me like a little child was excessively distasteful to my habit of freedom. My governess would not loose her clasp when we got to the house; but kept fast hold and led me up stairs to my own room.

CHAPTER IV.

SEVEN HUNDRED PEOPLE.

‘Do you think that was a proper thing to do, Daisy?’ my governess asked when she released me.

‘What thing, ma’am?’ I asked.

‘To tear about alone on that great grey pony.’

‘Yes, ma’am,’ I said.

‘You think it *was* proper?’ said Miss Pinshon coolly. ‘Whom had you with you?’

‘Nobody was riding with me.’

‘Your cousin was there?’

‘No, ma’am.’

‘Who then?’

‘I had uncle Darry. I was only riding up and down the dell.’

‘The coachman! And were you riding up and down through the quarters all the afternoon?’

‘No, ma’am.’

‘What were you doing the rest of the time?’

‘I was going about—’ I hesitated.

‘About where?’

‘Through the place there.’

‘The quarters? Well, you think it proper amusement for your mother’s daughter? You are not to make companions of the servants, Daisy. You are not to go to the quarters without my permission, and I

shall not give it frequently. Now get yourself ready for tea.'

I did feel as if Preston's prophecy were coming true and I in a way to be gradually petrified ; some slow, chill work of that kind seemed already to be going on. But a little thing soon stirred all the life there was in me. Miss Pinshon stepped to the door which led from her room into mine, unlocked it, took out the key, and put it on her own side of the door. I sprang forward at that, with a word, I do not know what ; and my governess turned her lustrous, unmoved eyes calmly upon me. I remember now how deadening their look was, in their very lustre and moveless calm. I begged however for a reversal of her last proceeding ; I wanted my door locked sometimes, I said.

'You can lock the other door.'

'But I want both locked.'

'I do not. This door remains open, Daisy. I must come in here when I please. Now make haste and get ready.'

I had no time for anything but to obey. I went down stairs, I think, like a machine ; my body obeying certain laws, while my mind and spirit were scarcely present. I suppose I behaved myself as usual ; save that I would have nothing to do with Preston, nor would I receive anything whatever at the table from his hand. This however was known only to him and me. I said nothing ; not the less every word that others said fastened itself in my memory. I was like a person dreaming.

'You have just tired yourself with mounting that wild thing, Daisy,' said my aunt Gary.

‘Wild!’ said Preston. ‘About as wild as a tame sloth.’

‘I always heard that was very wild indeed,’ said Miss Pinshon. ‘The sloth cannot be tamed, can it?’

‘Being stupid already, I suppose not,’ said Preston.

‘Daisy looks pale at any rate,’ said my aunt.

‘A little overdone,’ said Miss Pinshon. ‘She wants regular exercise; but irregular exercise is very trying to any but a strong person. I think Daisy will be stronger in a few weeks.’

‘What sort of exercise do you think will be good for her, ma’am?’ Preston said, with an expression out of all keeping with his words, it was so fierce.

‘I shall try different sorts,’ my governess answered composedly. ‘Exercise of patience is a very good thing, Master Gary. I think gymnastics will be useful for Daisy, too. I shall try them.’

‘That is what I have often said to my sister,’ said aunt Gary. ‘I have no doubt that sort of training would establish Daisy’s strength more than anything in the world. She just wants that, to develop her and bring out the muscles.’

Preston almost groaned; pushed his chair from the table, and I knew sat watching me. I would give him no opportunity, for *my* opportunity I could not have then. I kept quiet till the ladies moved; I moved with them; and sat all the evening abstracted in my own meditations, without paying Preston any attention; feeling indeed very old and grey, as no doubt I looked. When I was ordered to bed, Miss Pinshon desired I would hold no conversation with anybody. Whereupon Preston took my candle and boldly marched out of the room with me. When we were u-

stairs, he tried to make me disobey my orders. He declared I was turning to stone already; he said a great many hard words against my governess; threatened he would write to my father; and when he could not prevail to make me talk, dashed off passionately and left me. I went trembling into my room. But my refuge there was gone. I had fallen upon evil times. My door must not be locked, and Miss Pinshon might come in any minute. I could not pray. I undressed and went to bed; and lay there, waiting, all things in order, till my governess looked in. Then the door was closed, and I heard her steps moving about in her room. I lay and listened. At last the door was softly set open again; and then after a few minutes the sound of regular slow breathing proclaimed that those wide-open black eyes were really closed for the night. I got up, went to my governess's door and listened. She was sleeping profoundly. I laid hold of the handle of the door and drew it towards me; pulled out the key softly, put it in my own side of the lock and shut the door. And after all I was afraid to turn the key. The wicked sound of the lock might enter those sleeping ears. But the door was closed; and I went to my old place, the open window. It was not my window at Melbourne, with balmy summer air, and the dewy scent of the honeysuckle coming up, and the moonlight flooding all the world beneath me. But neither was it in the regions of the North. The night was still and mild, if not balmy; and the stars were brilliant; and the evergreen oaks were masses of dark shadow all over the lawn. I do not think I saw them at first; for my look was up to the sky, where the stars shone down to greet me, and where it was furthest

from all the troubles on the surface of the earth; and with one thought of the Friend up there, who does not forget the troubles of even his little children, the barrier in my heart gave way, my tears gushed forth; my head lay on the windowsill at Magnolia, more hopelessly than in my childish sorrow it had ever lain at Melbourne. I kept my sobs quiet; I must; but they were deep, heart-breaking sobs, for a long time.

Prayer got its chance after a while. I had a great deal to pray for; it seemed to my child's heart now and then as if it could hardly bear its troubles. And very much I felt I wanted patience and wisdom. I thought there was a great deal to do, even for my little hands; and promise of great hindrance and opposition. And the only one pleasant thing I could think of in my new life at Magnolia, was that I might tell of the truth to those poor people who lived in the negro quarters.

Why I did not make myself immediately ill, with my night's vigils and sorrow, I cannot tell; unless it were that great excitement kept off the effects of chill air and damp. However, the excitement had its own effects; and my eyes were sadly heavy when they opened the next morning to look at Margaret lighting my fire.

'Margaret,' I said, 'shut Miss Pinshon's door, will you?'

She obeyed, and then turning to look at me exclaimed that I was not well.

'Did you say you could not read, Margaret?' was my answer.

'Read! no, missis. Guess readin' aint no good for

servants. Seems like Miss Daisy aint lookin' peart, this mornin'.'

'Would you *like* to read?'

'Reckon don't care about it, Miss Daisy. Where'd us get books, most likely?'

I said I would get the books; but Margaret turned to the fire and made me no answer. I heard her mutter some ejaculation.

'Because, Margaret, don't you know,' I said, raising myself on my elbow, 'God would like to have you learn to read, so that you might know the Bible and come to heaven.'

'Reckon folks aint a heap better that knows the Bible,' said the girl. 'Pears as if it don't make no difference. Aint nobody good in *this* place, 'cept uncle Darry.'

In another minute I was out of bed and standing before the fire, my hand on her shoulder. I told her I wanted *her* to be good too, and that Jesus would make her good, if she would let him. Margaret gave me a hasty look and then finished her fire making; but to my great astonishment, a few minutes after, I saw that the tears were running down the girl's face. It astonished me so much that I said no more; and Margaret was as silent; only dressed me with the greatest attention and tenderness.

'Ye want your breakfast bad, Miss Daisy,' she remarked then in a subdued tone; and I suppose my looks justified her words. They created some excitement when I went down stairs. My aunt exclaimed; Miss Pinshon inquired; Preston inveighed, at things in general. He wanted to get me by myself, I knew:

but he had no chance. Immediately after breakfast Miss Pinshon took possession of me.

The day was less weary than the day before, only I think because I was tired beyond impatience or nervous excitement. Not much was done; for though I was very willing I had very little power. But the multiplication table, Miss Pinshon said, was easy work; and at that and reading and writing, the morning crept away. My hand was trembling, my voice was faint; my memory grasped nothing so clearly as Margaret's tears that morning, and Preston's behaviour the preceding day. My cheeks were pale of course. Miss Pinshon said we would begin to set that right with a walk after dinner.

The walk was had; but with my hand clasped in Miss Pinshon's I only wished myself at home all the way. At home again, after a while of lying down to rest, I was tried with a beginning of calisthenics. A trial it was to me. The exercises, directed and overseen by Miss Pinshon, seemed to me simply intolerable; a weariness beyond all other weariness. Even the multiplication table I liked better. Miss Pinshon was tired perhaps herself at last. She let me go.

It was towards the end of the day. With no life left in me for anything, I strolled out into the sunshine; aimlessly at first; then led by a secret inclination I hardly knew or questioned, my steps slowly made their way round by the avenue to the stables. Darry was busy there as I had found him yesterday. He looked hard at me as I came up; and asked me earnestly how I felt that afternoon? I told him I was tired; and then I sat down on a huge log which lay

there and watched him at his work. By turns I watched the sunlight streaming along the turf and lighting the foliage of the trees on the other side of the dell; looking in a kind of dream, as if I were not Daisy nor this Magnolia in any reality. I suddenly started and awoke to realities as Darry began to sing, —

‘My Father’s house is built on high,
‘Far, far above the starry sky;
‘And though like Lazarus sick and poor,
‘My heavenly mansion is secure.

‘I’m going home, —

‘I’m going home, —

‘I’m going home

‘To die no more!

‘To die no more —

‘To die no more —

‘I’m going home

‘To die no more!’

The word ‘home’ at the end of each line was dwelt upon in a prolonged sonorous note. It filled my ear with its melodious, plaintive breath of repose; it rested and soothed me. I was listening in a sort of trance, when another sound at my side both stopped the song and quite broke up the effect. It was Preston’s voice. Now for it. He was all ready for a fight; and I felt miserably battered and shaken and unfit to fight anything.

‘What are you doing here, Daisy?’

‘I am doing nothing,’ I said.

‘It is almost tea-time. Hadn’t you better be walking come, before Medusa comes looking out for you?’

I rose up, and bade uncle Darry good night.

‘Good night, missis!’ he said heartily -- ‘and de morning dat hab no night, for my dear little missis, by’m by.’

I gave him my hand, and walked on.

‘Stuff!’ muttered Preston by my side.

‘You will not think it “stuff” when the time comes,’ I said, no doubt very gravely. Then Preston burst out.

‘I only wish aunt Felicia was here! You will spoil these people, Daisy, that’s one thing; or you would if you were older. As it is, you are spoiling yourself.’

I made no answer. He went on with other angry and excited words, wishing to draw me out perhaps; but I was in no mood to talk to Preston in any tone but one. I went steadily and slowly on, without even turning my head to look at him. I had hardly life enough to talk to him in *that* tone.

‘Will you tell me what is the matter with you?’ he said at last, very impatiently.

‘I am tired, I think.’

‘Think? Medusa is stiffening the life out of you. *Think* you are tired! You are tired to death; but that is not all. What ails you?’

‘I do not think anything ails me.’

‘What ails *me*, then? What is the matter? what makes you act so? Speak, Daisy — you must speak!’

I turned about and faced him, and I know I did not speak then as a child, but with a gravity befitting fifty years.

‘Preston, did you strike uncle Darry yesterday?’

‘Pooh!’ said Preston. But I stood and waited for his answer.

‘Nonsense, Daisy!’ he said again.

‘What is nonsense?’

‘Why, *you*. What are you talking about?’

‘I asked you a question.’

‘A ridiculous question. You are just absurd.’

‘Will you please to answer it?’

‘I don’t know whether I will. What have you to do with it?’

‘In the first place, Preston, Darry is not your servant.’

‘Upon my word!’ said Preston. ‘But yes, he is; for mamma is regent here now. He must do what I order him, anyhow.’

‘And then, Preston, Darry is better than you, and will not defend himself; and somebody ought to defend him; and there is nobody but me.’

‘Defend himself!’ echoed Preston.

‘Yes. You insulted him yesterday.’

‘Insulted him!’

‘You know you did. You know, Preston, some men would not have borne it. If Darry had been like some men, he would have knocked you down.’

‘Knock me down!’ cried Preston. ‘The sneaking old scoundrel! He knows that I would shoot him if he did.’

‘I am speaking seriously, Preston. It is no use to talk that way.’

‘I am speaking very seriously,’ said my cousin. ‘I would shoot him, upon my honour.’

‘Shoot him!’

‘Certainly.’

‘What right have you to shoot a man for doing no worse than you do? I would *rather* somebody would

knock me down, than do what you did yesterday!’ And my heart swelled within me.

‘Come Daisy, be a little sensible!’ said Preston, who was in a fume of impatience. ‘Do you think there is no difference between me and an old nigger?’

‘A great deal of difference,’ I said. ‘He is old and good; and you are young, and I wish you were as good as Darry. And then he can’t help himself without perhaps losing his place, no matter how you insult him. I think it is cowardly.’

‘Insult!’ said Preston. ‘Lose his place! Heavens and earth, Daisy! are you such a simpleton?’

‘You insulted him very badly yesterday. I wondered how he bore it of you; only Darry is a Christian.’

‘A fiddlestick!’ said Preston impatiently. ‘He knows he must bear whatever I choose to give him; and therein he is wiser than you are.’

‘Because he is a Christian,’ said I.

‘I don’t know whether he is a Christian or not; and it is nothing to the purpose. I don’t care what he is.’

‘O Preston! he is a good man — he is a servant of God; he will wear a crown of gold in heaven; — and you have dared to touch him!’ —

‘Why, hoity toity!’ said Preston. ‘What concern of mine is all that! All I know is, that he did not do what I ordered him.’

‘What did you order him?’

‘I ordered him not to shew you the saddle I had got for you, till I was there. I was going to surprise you. I am provoked at him!’

‘I am surprised —’ I said. But feeling how little I prevailed with Preston, and being weak in body as

well as mind, I could not keep back the tears. I began to walk on again, though they blinded me.

‘Daisy, don’t be foolish. If Darry is to wear two crowns in the other world, he is a servant in this, all the same; and he must do his duty.’

‘I asked for the saddle —’ I said.

‘Why Daisy, Daisy!’ Preston exclaimed — ‘don’t be such a child. You know nothing about it. I didn’t touch Darry to hurt him.’

‘It was a sort of hurt that if he had not been a Christian he would have made you sorry for.’

‘He knows I would shoot him if he did,’ said Preston coolly.

‘Preston, don’t speak so!’ I pleaded.

‘It is the simple truth. Why shouldn’t I speak it?’

‘You do not mean that you would do it?’ I said, scarce opening my eyes to the reality of what he said.

‘I give you my word, I do! If one of these black fellows laid a hand on me I would put a bullet through him, as quick as a partridge.’

‘But then you would be a murderer’ — said I. The ground seemed taken away from under my feet. We were standing still now, and facing each other.

‘No, I shouldn’t,’ said Preston. ‘The law takes better care of us than that.’

‘The law would hang you,’ said I.

‘I tell you, Daisy, it is no such thing! Gentlemen have a right to defend themselves against the insolence of these black fellows.’

‘And have not the black fellows a right to defend themselves against the insolence of gentlemen?’ said I.

‘Daisy you are talking the most unspeakable nonsense,’ said Preston, quite put beyond himself now. ‘*Don’t* you know any better than that? These people are our servants — they are our property — we are to do what we like with them; and of course the law must see that we are protected, or the blacks and the whites could not live together.’

‘A man may be your servant, but he cannot be your property,’ I said.

‘Yes, he can! They are our property, just as much as the land is; our goods, to do what we like with. Didn’t you know that?’

‘Property is something that you can buy and sell,’ I answered.

‘And we sell these people, and buy them too, as fast as we like.’

‘*Sell* them!’ I echoed, thinking of Darry.

‘Certainly.’

‘And who would buy them?’

‘Why, all the world; everybody. There has been nobody sold off the Magnolia estate, I believe, in a long time; but nothing is more common, Daisy; everybody is doing it everywhere, when he has got too many servants or when he has got too few.’

‘And do you mean,’ said I, ‘that Darry and Margaret and Theresa and all the rest here, have been *bought*?’

‘No; almost all of them have been born on the place.’

‘Then it is not true of these,’ I said.

‘Yes, it is; for their mothers and fathers were bought. It is the same thing.’

‘Who bought them?’ I asked hastily.

‘Why! our mothers and grandfather and great-grandfather.’

‘*Bought* the fathers and mothers of all these hundreds of people?’ said I, a slow horror creeping into my veins, that yet held childish blood and but half comprehended.

‘Certainly — ages ago,’ said Preston. ‘Why Daisy, I thought you knew all about it.’

‘But who sold them first?’ said I, my mind in its utter rejection of what was told me, seeking every refuge from accepting it. ‘Who sold them at first?’

‘Who first? O the people that brought them over from Africa, I suppose; or the people in their own country that sold them to *them*.’

‘They had no right to sell them,’ I said.

‘Can’t tell about that,’ said Preston. ‘We bought them. I suppose we had a right to do that.’

‘But if the fathers and mothers were bought,’ I insisted, ‘that gives us no right to have their children.’

‘I would like you to ask aunt Felicia or my uncle Randolph such a question,’ said Preston. ‘Just see how they would like the idea of giving up all their property! Why you would be as poor as Job, Daisy.’

‘The land would be here all the same.’

‘Much good the land would do you, without people to work it.’

‘But other people could be hired as well as these,’ I said, ‘if any of these wanted to go away.’

‘No they couldn’t. White people cannot bear the climate nor do the work. The crops cannot be raised without coloured labour.’

‘I do not understand,’ said I, feeling my child’s

head puzzled. 'Maybe none of our people would like to go away?'

'I dare say they wouldn't,' said Preston carelessly. 'They are better off here than on most plantations. Uncle Randolph never forbids his hands to have meat; and some planters do.'

'Forbid them to have meat!' I said in utter bewilderment.

'Yes.'

'Why?'

'They think it makes them fractious, and not so easy to manage. Don't you know, it makes a dog savage to feed him on raw meat? I suppose cooked meat has the same effect on men.'

'But don't they get what they choose to eat?'

'Well, I should think not!' said Preston. 'Fancy their asking to be fed on chickens and pound cake. That is what they would like.'

'But cannot they spend their wages for what they like?'

'Wages!' said Preston.

'Yes,' said I.

'My dear Daisy,' said Preston, 'you are talking of what you just utterly don't understand; and I am a fool for bothering you with it. Come! let us make it up and be friends.'

He stooped to kiss me, but I stepped back.

'Stop,' I said. 'Tell me — can't they do what they like with their wages?'

'I don't think they have wages enough to "do what they like" exactly,' said Preston. 'Why they would "like" to do nothing. These black fellows are the

laziest things living. They would "like" to lie in the sun all day long.'

'What wages does Darry have?' I asked.

'Now Daisy, this is none of your business. Come, let us go into the house and let it alone.'

'I want to know, first,' said I.

'Daisy, I never asked. What have I to do with Darry's wages?'

'I will ask himself,' I said; and I turned about to go to the stables.

'Stop, Daisy,' cried Preston. 'Daisy, Daisy! you are the most obstinate Daisy that ever was, when once you have taken a thing in your head. Daisy, what have you to do with all this. Look here — these people don't want wages.'

'Don't want wages!' I repeated.

'No; they don't want them. What would they do with wages? they have everything they need given them already; their food and their clothing and their houses. They do not want anything more.'

'You said they did not have the food they liked,' I objected.

'Who does?' said Preston. 'I am sure I don't, — not more than one day in seven, on an average.'

'But don't they have any wages at all?' I persisted. 'Our coachman at Melbourne had thirty dollars a month; and Logan had forty dollars, and his house and garden. Why shouldn't Darry have wages too? Don't they have any wages at all, Preston?'

'Why yes! they have plenty of corn bread and bacon, I tell you; and their clothes. Daisy, they *belong* to you, these people do.'

Corn bread and bacon was not much like chickens

and pound cake, I thought; and I remembered our servants at Melbourne were very, very differently dressed from the women I saw about me here; even in the house. I stood bewildered and pondering. Preston tried to get me to go on.

‘Why shouldn’t they have wages?’ I asked at length, with lips which I believe were growing old with my thoughts.

‘Daisy, they are your servants; they *belong* to you. They have no right to wages. Suppose you had to pay all these creatures — seven hundred of them — as you pay people at Melbourne; how much do you suppose you would have left to live upon yourselves? What nonsense it is to talk!’ —

‘But they work for us,’ I said.

‘Certainly. There would not be anything for any of us if they didn’t. Here, at Magnolia, they raise rice crops and corn, as well as cotton; at our place we grow nothing but cotton and corn.’

‘Well, what pays them for working?’

‘I told you! they have their living and clothing and no care; and they are the happiest creatures the sun shines on.’

‘Are they willing to work for only that?’ I asked.

‘Willing!’ said Preston.

‘Yes,’ said I, feeling myself grow sick at heart.

‘I fancy nobody asks them that question. They have to work, I reckon, whether they like it or no.’

‘You said they *like* to lie in the sun. What makes them work?’

‘Makes them!’ said Preston, who was getting irritated as well as impatient. ‘They get a good flogging if they do not work — that is all. They know, if

they don't do their part, the lash will come down ; and it don't come down easy.'

I suppose I must have looked as if it had come down on me. Preston stopped talking and began to take care of me ; putting his arm round me to support my steps homeward. In the verandah my aunt met us. She immediately decided that I was ill, and ordered me to go to bed at once. It was the thing of all others I would have wished to do. It saved me from the exertion of trying to hold myself up and of speaking and moving and answering questions. I went to bed in dull misery, longing to go to sleep and forget all my troubles of mind and body together ; but while the body rested, the mind would not. That kept the consciousness of its burden ; and it was that, more than any physical ail, which took away my power of eating and created instead a wretched sort of half nausea, which made even rest unrefreshing. As for rest in my mind and heart, it seemed at that time as if I should never know it again. Never again ! I was a child — I had but vague ideas respecting even what troubled me ; nevertheless I had been struck, where may few children be struck ! in the very core and quick of my heart's reverence and affection. It had come home to me that papa was somehow doing wrong. My father was in my childish thought and belief, the ideal of chivalrous and high-bred excellence ; — and *papa* was doing wrong. I could not turn my eyes from the truth ; it was before me in too visible a form. It did not arrange itself in words, either ; not at first ; it only pressed upon my heart and brain that seven hundred people on my father's property were injured, and by his will, and for his interests. Dimly the consciousness

came to me ; slowly it found its way and spread out its details before me ; bit by bit one point after another came into my mind to make the whole good ; bit by bit one item after another came in to explain and be explained and to add its quota of testimony ; all making clear and distinct and dazzling before me the truth which at first it was so hard to grasp. And this is not the less true because my childish thought at first took everything vaguely and received it slowly. I was a child and a simple child ; but once getting hold of a clue of truth, my mind never let it go. Step by step, as a child could, I followed it out. And the balance of the golden rule, to which I was accustomed, is an easy one to weigh things in ; and even little hands can manage it.

For an hour after they put me to bed my heart seemed to grow chill from minute to minute ; and my body in curious sympathy, shook as if I had an ague. My aunt and Miss Pinshon came and went and were busy about me ; making me drink negus and putting hot bricks to my feet. Preston stole in to look at me ; but I gathered that neither then nor afterwards did he reveal to any one the matter of our conversation the hour before. ‘Wearied’ — ‘homesick’ — ‘feeble’ — ‘with no sort of strength to bear anything’ — they said I was. All true, no doubt ; and yet I was not without powers of endurance, even bodily, if my mind gave a little help. Now the trouble was, that all such help was wanting. The dark figures of the servants came and went too, with the others ; came and stayed ; Margaret and mammy Theresa took post in my room, and when they could do nothing for me, crouched by the fire and spent their cares and energies in keep-

ing that in full blast. I could hardly bear to see them; but I had no heart to speak even to ask that they might be sent away, or for anything else; and I had a sense besides that it was a gratification to them to be near me; and to gratify any one of the race I would have borne a good deal of pain.

It smites my heart now, to think of those hours. The image of them is sharp and fresh as if the time were but last night. I lay with shut eyes, taking in as it seemed to me, additional loads of trouble with each quarter of an hour; as I thought and thought and put one and another thing together, of things past and present, to help my understanding. A child will carry on that process fast and to far-off results; give her but the key and set her off on the track of truth with a sufficient impetus. My happy childlike ignorance and childlike life was in a measure gone; I had come into the world of vexed questions, of the oppressor and the oppressed, the full and the empty, the rich and the poor. I could make nothing at all of Preston's arguments and reasonings. The logic of expediency and of consequences carried no weight with me, and as little the logic of self-interest. I sometimes think a child's vision is clearer even in worldly matters, than the eyes of those can be who have lived long among the fumes and vapours which rise in these low grounds. Unless the eyes be washed day by day in the spring of truth, and anointed with unearthly ointment. The right and the wrong, were the two things that presented themselves to my view; and oh, my sorrow and heartbreak was, that papa was in the wrong. I could not believe it, and yet I could not get rid of it. There were oppressors and oppressed

in the world ; and *he* was one of the oppressors. There is no sorrow that a child can bear, keener and more gnawingly bitter than this. It has a sting all its own, for which there is neither salve nor remedy ; and it had the aggravation, in my case, of the sense of personal dishonour. The wrong done and the oppression inflicted were not the whole ; there was besides the intolerable sense of living upon other's gains. It was more than my heart could bear.

I could not write as I do, — I could not recall these thoughts and that time, — if I had not another thought to bring to bear upon them ; a thought which at that time I was not able to comprehend. It came to me later with its healing, and I have seen and felt it more clearly as I grew older. I see it very clearly now. I had not been mistaken in my childish notions of the loftiness and generosity of my father's character. He was what I had thought him. Neither was I a whit wrong in my judgment of the things which it grieved me that he did and allowed. But I saw afterwards how he, and others, had grown up and been educated in a system and atmosphere of falsehood, till he failed to perceive that it was false. His eyes had lived in the darkness till it seemed quite comfortably light to him ; while to a fresh vision, accustomed to the sun, it was pure and blank darkness, as thick as night. He followed what others did and his father had done before him, without any suspicion that it was an abnormal and morbid condition of things they were all living in ; more especially without a tinge of misgiving that it might not be a noble, upright and dignified way of life. But I, his little unreasoning child, bringing the golden rule of the gospel only to judge of the do-

ings of hell, shrank back and fell to the ground, in my heart, to find the one I loved best in the world concerned in them.

So when I opened my eyes that night, and looked into the blaze of the firelight, the dark figures that were there before it stung me with pain every time; and every soft word and tender look on their faces — and I had many a one, both words and looks — racked my heart in a way that was strange for a child. The negus put me to sleep at last, or exhaustion did; I think the latter, for it was very late; and the rest of that night wore away.

When I awoke, the two women were there still, just as I had left them when I went to sleep. I do not know if they sat there all night, or if they had slept on the floor by my side; but there they were, and talking softly to one another about something that caught my attention. I bounced out of bed — though I was so weak I remember I reeled as I went from my bed to the fire — and steadied myself by laying my hand on mammy Theresa's shoulder. I demanded of Margaret *what* she had been saying? The women both started, with expressions of surprise, alarm, and tender affection, raised by my ghostly looks, and begged me to get back into bed again. I stood fast, bearing on Theresa's shoulder.

‘What was it?’ I asked.

‘’Twarn’t nothin,’ Miss Daisy, dear!’ said the girl.

‘Hush! don’t tell me that,’ I said. ‘Tell me what it was — tell me what it was. Nobody shall know; you need not be afraid; nobody shall know.’ For I saw a cloud of hesitation in Margaret’s face.

‘’Twarn’t nothin’, Miss Daisy — only about Darry.’

‘What about Darry?’ I said trembling.

‘He done went and had a praise-meetin’,’ said Theresa; ‘and he knowed it war agin the rules; he knowed that. ’Course he did. Rules mus’ be kep’.’

‘Whose rules?’ — I asked.

‘Laws, honey, ’taint ’cording to rules for we coloured folks to hold meetin’s no how. ’Course, we’s ought to ’bey de rules; dat’s clar.’

‘Who made the rules?’

‘Who make ’em? Mass’ Ed’ards — he make de rules on dis plantation. Reckon Mass’ Randolph, he make ’em a heap different.’

‘Does Mr. Edwards make it a rule that you are not to hold prayermeetings?’

‘Can’t spec’ for to have everyt’ing jus’ like de white folks,’ said the old woman. ‘We’s no right to spect it. But uncle Darry, he sot a sight by his praise-meetin’. He’s cur’ous, he is. S’pose Darry’s cur’ous.’

‘And does anybody say that you shall not have prayermeetings?’

‘Laws, honey! what’s we got to do wid praise-meetin’s or any sort o’ meetin’s? We’s got to work. Mass’ Ed’ards, he say dat de meetin’s dey makes coloured folks onsettled; and dey don’t hoe de corn good if dey has too much prayin’ to do.’

‘And does he forbid them then? doesn’t he let you have prayermeetings?’

‘’Taint Mr. Edwards alone, Miss Daisy,’ said Margaret speaking low. ‘It’s agin the law for us to have meetin’s anyhow — ’cept we get leave, and say what house it shall be, and who’s a comin’, and what we’s a comin’ for. And it’s no use ask’ng Mr. Edwards,

'cause he don't see no reason why black folks should have meetin's.'

'Did Darry have a prayermeeting without leave?' I asked.

'Twarn't no count of a meetin'!' said Theresa, a little touch of scorn, or indignation, coming into her voice; — 'and Darry, he war in his own house prayin'. Dere warn't nobody dere, but Pete and ole 'Liza, and Maria cook, and dem two Johns dat come from de lower plantation. Dey couldn't get a strong meetin' into uncle Darry's house; 'taint big enough to hold 'em.'

'And what did the overseer do to Darry?' I asked.

'Laws, Miss Daisy,' said Margaret, with a quick look at the other woman, — 'he didn't do nothin' to hurt Darry; he only want to scare de folks.'

'Dey's done scared —' said Theresa under her breath.

'What is it?' I said, steadying myself by my hold on Theresa's shoulder, and feeling that I must stand till I had finished my enquiry — 'how did he know about the meeting? and what did he do to Darry? — Tell me! I must know. I must know, Margaret.'

'Spect he was goin' through the quarters, and he heard Darry at his prayin',' said Margaret. 'Darry, he don't mind to keep his prayers secret, he don't,' — she added with a half laugh. 'Spect nothin' but they'll bust the walls o' that little house some day.'

'Dey's powerful!' added Theresa. 'But he warn't prayin' no harm; he was just prayin' "Dy will be done, on de eart' as it be in de heaven" — Pete, he tell me. Darry warn't saying not'ing — he just pray "Dy will be done."''

‘Well?’ I said, for Margaret kept silent.

‘And de oberseer, he say — leastways he swore, he did, dat *his* will should be what is done on dis plantation, and he wouldn’t have no such work. He say, dere’s nobody to come togedder after it be dark, if it’s two or t’ree, ’cept dey gets his leave, Mass’ Ed’ards, he say; and dey won’t get it.’

‘But what did he do to Darry?’ I could scarcely hold myself on my feet by this time.

‘He whipped him, I reckon,’ — said Margaret in a low tone, and with a dark shadow crossing her face, very different from its own brown duskiness.

‘He don’t have a light hand, Mass’ Ed’ards,’ went on Theresa; ‘and he got a sharp new whip. De second stripe, — Pete, he tell me, — he tell me dis evenin’ — and it war wet; and it war wet enough before he got through. He war mad, I reckon; certain Mass’ Ed’ards, he war mad.’

‘Wet?’ said I.

‘Laws, Miss Daisy,’ said Margaret, ‘’tain’t nothin’. Them whips, they draws the blood easy. Darry, he don’t mind.’

I have a recollection of the girl’s terrified face, but I heard nothing more. Such a deadly sickness came over me that for a minute I must have been near fainting; happily it took another turn amid the various confused feelings which oppressed me, and I burst into tears. My eyes had not been wet through all the hours of the evening and night; my heartache had been dry. I think I was never very easy to move to tears, even as a child. But now, well for me perhaps, some element of the pain I was suffering found the unguarded point — or broke up the guard. I wept as

I have done very few times in my life. I had thrown myself into mammy Theresa's lap, in the weakness which could not support itself and in an abandonment of grief which was careless of all the outside world; and there I lay, clasped in her arms and sobbing. Grief, horror, tender sympathy, and utter helplessness, striving together; there was nothing for me at that moment but the woman's refuge and the child's remedy of weeping. But the weeping was so bitter, so violent, and so uncontrollable that the women were frightened. I believe they shut the doors, to keep the sound of my sobs from reaching other ears; for when I recovered the use of my senses I saw that they were closed.

The certain strange relief which tears do bring, they gave to me. I cannot tell why. My pain was not changed, my helplessness was not done away; yet at least I had washed my causes of sorrow in a flood of heart drops, and cleansed them so somehow from any personal stain. Rather, I was perfectly exhausted. The women put me to bed, as soon as I would let them; and Margaret whispered an earnest, 'Do, don't, Miss Daisy, don't say nothin' about the prayermeetin'!'—I shook my head; I knew better than to say anything about it.

All the better not to betray them, and myself, I shut my eyes, and tried to let my face grow quiet. I had succeeded, I believe, before my aunt Gary and Miss Pinshon came in. The two stood looking at me; my aunt in some consternation, my governess reserving any expression of what she thought. I fancied she did not trust my honesty. Another time I might have made an effort to right myself in her opinion; but I

was past that and everything now. It was decided by my aunt that I had better keep my bed as long as I felt like doing so.

So I lay there during the long hours of that day. I was glad to be still, to keep out of the way in a corner, to hear little and see nothing of what was going on; my own small world of thoughts was enough to keep me busy. I grew utterly weary at last of thinking, and gave it up, so far as I could; submitting passively, in a state of pain sometimes dull and sometimes acute, to what I had no power to change or remedy. But my father *had*, I thought; and at those times my longing was unspeakable to see him. I was very quiet all that day, I believe, in spite of the rage of wishes and sorrows within me; but it was not to be expected I should gain strength. On the contrary, I think I grew feverish. If I could have laid down my troubles in prayer! but at first, these troubles, I could not. The core and root of them being my father's share in the rest. And I was not alone; and I had a certain consciousness that if I allowed myself to go to my little Bible for help, it would unbar my self-restraint with its sweet and keen words, and I should give way again before Margaret and Theresa; and I did not wish that.

‘What shall we do with her?’ said my aunt Gary when she came to me towards the evening. ‘She looks like a mere shadow. I never saw such a change in a child in four weeks — never!’

‘Try a different regimen to-morrow, I think,’ said my governess, whose lustrous black eyes looked at me sick, exactly as they had looked at me well.

‘I shall send for a doctor, if she isn’t better,’ said my aunt. ‘She’s feverish now.’

‘Keeping her bed all day,’ — said Miss Pinshon.

‘Do you think so?’ said my aunt.

‘I have no doubt of it. It is very weakening.’

‘Then we will let her get up to-morrow, and see how that will do.’

They had been gone half an hour, when Preston stole in and came to the side of my bed, between me and the firelight.

‘Come, Daisy, let us be friends!’ he said. And he was stooping to kiss me; but I put out my hand to keep him back.

‘Not till you have told Darry you are sorry,’ I said.

Preston was angry instantly, and stood upright.

‘Ask pardon of a servant!’ he said. ‘You would have the world upside down directly.’

I thought it was upside down already; but I was too weak and downhearted to say so.

‘Daisy, Daisy!’ said Preston — ‘And there you lie, looking like a poor little wood flower that has hardly strength to hold up its head; and with about as much colour in your cheeks. Come, Daisy, — kiss me, and let us be friends.’

‘If you will do what is right —’ I said.

‘I will — always,’ said Preston; ‘but this would be wrong, you know.’ And he stooped again to kiss me. And again I would not suffer him.

‘Daisy, you are absurd,’ said Preston, vibrating between pity and anger I think, as he looked at me. ‘Darry is a servant, and accustomed to a servant’s

place. What hurt you so much, did not hurt him a bit. He knows where he belongs.'

'You don't,' — said I.

'What?'

'Know anything about it.' I remember I spoke very feebly. I had hardly energy left to speak at all. My words must have come with a curious contrast between the meaning and the manner.

'Know anything, about what, Daisy? You are as oracular and as immoveable as one of Egypt's monuments; only they are very hard, and you are very soft, my dear little Daisy! — and they are very brown, according to all I have heard, and you are as white as a wind-flower. One can almost see through you. What is it I don't know anything about?'

'I am so tired, Preston!' —

'Yes, but what is it I don't know anything about?'

'Darry's place — and yours,' I said.

'His place and mine! His place is a servant's, I take it, belonging to Rudolf Randolph, of Magnolia. I am the unworthy representative of an old Southern family, and a gentleman. What have you to say about that?'

'He is a servant of the Lord of lords,' I said; 'and his Master loves him. And he has a house of glory preparing for him, and a crown of gold, and a white robe, such as the King's children wear. And he will sit on a throne himself by and by. Preston, where will *you* be?'

These words were said without the least heat of manner — almost languidly; but they put Preston in a fume. I could not catch his excitement in the least; but I saw it. He stood up again, hesitated, opened

his mouth to speak and shut it without speaking, turned and walked away and came back to me. I did not wait for him then.

‘You have offended one of the King’s children,’ I said; ‘and the King is offended.’

‘Daisy!’ said Preston in a sort of suppressed fury. ‘one would think you had turned Abolitionist; only you never heard of such a thing.’

‘What is it?’ said I shutting my eyes.

‘It is just the meanest and most impudent shape a Northerner can take; it is the lowest end of creation, an Abolitionist is; and a Yankee is pretty much the same thing.’

‘Dr. Sandford is a Yankee,’ I remarked.

‘Did you get it from *him*?’ Preston asked fiercely.

‘What?’ said I opening my eyes.

‘Your nonsense. Has he taught you to turn Abolitionist!’

‘I have not *turned* at all,’ I said. ‘I wish you would. It is only the people who are in the wrong that ought to turn.’

‘Daisy,’ said Preston, ‘you ought never to be away from aunt Felicia and my uncle. Nobody else can manage you. I don’t know what you will become or what you will do, before they get back.’

I was silent; and Preston I suppose cooled down. He waited awhile, and then again begged that I would kiss and be friends. ‘You see, I am going away to-morrow morning, little Daisy.’

‘I wish you had gone two days ago,’ I said.

And my mind did not change, even when the morning came.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE KITCHEN.

I WAS ill for days. It was not due to one thing, doubtless, nor one sorrow; but the whole together. My aunt sent to Baytown for the old family physician. He came up and looked at me; and decided that I ought to 'play' as much as possible!

'She isn't a child that likes play,' said my aunt.

'Find some play that she does like, then. Where are her father and mother?'

'Just sailed for Europe, a few weeks ago.'

'The best thing would be, for her to sail after them,' said the old doctor. And he went.

'We shall have to let her do just as they did at Melbourne,' said my aunt.

'How was that?' said Miss Pinshon.

'Let her have just her own way.'

'And what was that?'

'O queer,' said my aunt. 'She is not like other children. But anything is better than to have her mope to death.'

'I shall try and not have her mope,' said Miss Pinshon.

But she had little chance to adopt her reforming regimen for some time. It was plain I was not fit for anything but to be let alone; like a weak plant

struggling for its existence. All you can do with it is to put it in the sun; and my aunt and governess tacitly agreed upon the same plan of treatment for me. Now the only thing wanting was sunshine; and it was long before that could be had. After a day or two I left my bed, and crept about the house, and out of the house under the great oaks; where the material sunshine was warm and bright enough, and caught itself in the grey wreaths of moss that waved over my head, and seemed to come bodily to woo me to life and cheer. It lay in the carpet under my feet; it lingered in the leaves of the thick oaks; it wantoned in the wind, as the long draperies of moss swung and moved gently to and fro; but the very sunshine is cold where the ice meets it; I could get no comfort. The thoughts that had so troubled me the evening after my long talk with Preston, were always present with me; they went out and came in with me; I slept with them, and they met me when I woke. The sight of the servants was wearying. I shunned Darry and the stables. I had no heart for my pony. I would have liked to get away from Magnolia. Yet, be I where I might, it would not alter my father's position towards these seven hundred people. And towards how many more? There were his estates in Virginia.

One of the first things I did, as soon as I could command my fingers to do it, was to write to him. Not a remonstrance. I knew better than to touch that. All I ventured, was to implore that the people who desired it might be allowed to hold prayermeetings whenever they liked, and Mr. Edwards be forbidden to interfere. Also I complained that the inside of the cabins was not comfortable; that they were bare and

empty. I pleaded for a little bettering of them. It was not a long letter that I wrote. My sorrow I could not tell, and my love and my longing were equally beyond the region of words. I fancy it would have been thought by Miss Pinshon a very cold little epistle; but Miss Pinshon did not see it. I wrote it with weak trembling fingers, and closed it and sealed it and sent it myself. Then I sank into a helpless, careless, listless state of body and mind, which was very bad for me; and there was no physician who could minister to me. I went wandering about, mostly out of doors, alone with myself and my sorrow. When I seemed a little stronger than usual, Miss Pinshon tried the multiplication table; and I tried; but the spring of my mind was for the time broken. All such trials came to an end in such weakness and weariness, that my governess herself was fain to take the book from my hands and send me out into the sunshine again.

It was Darry at last who found me one day, and distressed at my looks, begged that I would let him bring up my pony. He was so earnest that I yielded. I got leave, and went to ride. Darry saddled another horse for himself and went with me. That first ride did not help me much; but the second time, a little tide of life began to steal into my veins. Darry encouraged and instructed me; and when we came cantering up to the door of the house, my aunt who was watching there, cried out that I had a bit of a tinge in my cheeks; and charged Darry to bring the horses up every day.

With a little bodily vigour a little strength of mind seemed to come; a little more power of bearing up against evils, or of quietly standing under them.

After the third time I went to ride, having come home refreshed, I took my Bible and sat down on the rug before the fire in my room to read. I had not been able to get comfort in my Bible all those days; often I had not liked to try. Right and wrong never met me in more brilliant colours or startling shadows than within the covers of that book. But to-day, soothed somehow, I went along with the familiar words as one listens to old music, with the soothing process going on all along. Right *was* right, and glorious, and would prevail some time; and nothing could hinder it. And then I came to words which I knew, yet which had never taken such hold of me before.

‘Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven.’

‘*That* is what I have to do!’ I thought immediately. ‘That is my part. That is clear. What *I* have to do, is to let my light shine. And if the light shines, perhaps it will fall on something. But what *I* have to do, is to shine. God has given me nothing else.’

It was a very simple, child’s thought; but it brought wonderful comfort with it. Doubtless, I would have liked another part to play. I would have liked — if I could — to have righted all the wrong in the world; to have broken every yoke; to have filled every empty house, and built up a fire on every cold hearth; but that was not what God had given me. All he had given me, that I could see at the minute, was to shine. What a little morsel of a light mine was, to be sure!

It was a good deal of a puzzle to me for days after that, *how* I was to shine. What could I do? I was a little child; my only duties some lessons to learn; not

much of that, seeing I had not strength for it. Certainly I had sorrows to bear; but bearing them well did not seem to me to come within the sphere of *shining*. Who would know that I bore them well? And shining is meant to be seen. I pondered the matter.

‘When’s Christmas, Miss Daisy?’

Margaret asked this question one morning as she was on her knees making my fire. Christmas had been so shadowed a point to me in the distance, I had not looked at it. I stopped to calculate the days.

‘It will be two weeks from Friday, Margaret.’

‘And Friday’s to-morrow?’ she asked.

‘The day after to-morrow. What do you do at Christmas, Margaret? all the people?’

‘There aint no great doings, Miss Daisy. The people gets four days, most of ’em.’

‘Four days — for what?’

‘For what they likes; they don’t do no work, those days.’

‘And is that all?’

‘No, Miss Daisy, ’taint just all; the women comes up to the house — it’s to the overseer’s house now — and every one gets a bowl o’ flour, more or less, ’cordin’ to size of family — and a quart of molasses, and a piece o’ pork.’

‘And what do they do to make the time pleasant?’ I asked.

‘Some on ’em’s raised eggs and chickens; and they brings ’em to the house and sells ’em; and they has the best dinner. Most times they gets leave to have a meetin’.’

‘A prayermeeting?’ I said.

‘Laws, no, Miss Daisy! not ’cept it were uncle

Darry and *his* set. The others don't make no count of a prayermeetin'. They likes to have a white-folks' meetin' and 'joy theirselves.'

I thought very much over these statements; and for the next two weeks, bowls of flour and quarts of molasses, as Christmas doings, were mixed up in my mind with the question, how I was to shine? or rather, alternated with it; and plans began to turn themselves over and take shape in my thoughts.

'Margaret,' said I a day or two before Christmas, 'can't the people have those meetings you spoke of, without getting leave of Mr. Edwards?'

'Can't have meetin's no how!' Margaret replied decidedly.

'But, if *I* wanted to see them, couldn't they, some of them, come together to see me?'

'To see Miss Daisy! Reckon Miss Daisy do what she like. 'Spect Mass' Ed'ards let Miss Daisy 'lone!'

I was silent, pondering.

'Maria cook wants to see Miss Daisy bad. She bid me tell Miss Daisy won't she come down in de kitchen, and see all the works she's a doin' for Christmas, and de glòrifications?'

'I? I'll come if I can,' I answered.

I asked my aunt and got easy leave; and Christmas eve I went down to the kitchen. That was the chosen time when Maria wished to see me. There was an assembly of servants gathered in the room, some from out of the house. Darry was there; and one or two other fine-looking men who were his prayermeeting friends. I supposed they were gathered to make merry for Christmas eve; but at any rate they were all eager

to see me, and looked at me with smiles as gentle as have ever fallen to my share. I felt it and enjoyed it. The effect was of entering a warm, genial atmosphere, where grace and good will were on every side; a change very noticeable from the cold and careless habit of things up stairs. And *grace* is not a misapplied epithet; for these children of a luxurious and beauty-loving race, even in their bondage had not forgotten all traces of their origin. As I went in, I could not help giving my hand to Darry; and then, in my childish feeling towards them and in the tenderness of the Christmas-tide, I could not help doing the same by all the others who were present. And I remember now the dignity of mien in some, the frank ease in others, both graceful and gracious, with which my civility was met. If a few were a little shy, the rest more than made it up by their welcome of me and a sort of politeness which had almost something courtly in it. Darry and Maria together gave me a seat, in the very centre and glow of the kitchen light and warmth; and the rest made a half circle around, leaving Maria's end of the room free for her operations.

The kitchen was all aglow with the most splendid fire of pine knots it was ever my lot to see. The illumination was such as threw all gaslights into shade. We were in a great, stone-flagged room, low-roofed, with dark cupboard doors; not cheerful I fancy in the mere light of day; but nothing could resist the influence of those pine-knot flames. Maria herself was a portly fat woman, as far as possible from handsome; but she looked at me with a whole world of kindness in her dark face. Indeed I saw the same kindness more or less shining out upon me in all the faces there.

I cannot tell the mixed joy and pain that it, and they, gave me. I suppose I shewed little of either, or of anything.

Maria entertained me with all she had. She brought out for my view her various rich and immense stores of cakes and pies and delicacies for the coming festival; told me what was good and what I must be sure and eat; and what would be good for me. And then, when that display was over, she began to be very busy with beating of eggs in a huge wooden bowl; and bade Darry see to the boiling of the kettle at the fire; and sent Jem the waiter for things he was to get up stairs; and all the while talked to me. She and Darry and one or two more talked, but especially she and Theresa and Jem; while all the rest listened and laughed and exclaimed and seemed to find me as entertaining as a play. Maria was asking me about my own little life and experiences before I came to Magnolia; what sort of a place Melbourne was, and how things there differed from the things she and the rest knew and were accustomed to at the South; and about my old June, who had once been an acquaintance of hers. Smiling at me the while, between the thrusts of her curiosity, and over my answers, as if for sheer pleasure she could not keep grave. The other faces were as interested and as gracious. There was Pete, tall and very black, and very grave, as Darry was also. There was Jem, full of life and waggishness, and bright for any exercise of his wits; and grave shadows used to come over his changeable face often enough too. There was Margaret, with her sombre beauty; and old Theresa with her worn old face; I think there was a certain indescribable reserve of gravity upon them all, but

there was not one whose lips did not part in a white line when looking at me, nor whose eyes and ears did not watch me with an interest as benign as it was intent. I had been little while seated before the kitchen fire of pine knots before I felt that I was in the midst of a circle of personal friends; and I feel it now, as I look back and remember them. They would have done much for me, every one.

Meanwhile Maria beat and mixed and stirred the things in her wooden bowl; and by and by ladled out a glassful of rich-looking, yellow, creamy froth — I did not know what it was, only it looked beautiful — and presented it to me.

‘Miss Daisy mus’ tell Mis’ Felissy Maria haint forgot how to make it — ’spect she haint, anyhow. Dat’s for Miss Daisy’s Christmas.’

‘It’s very nice!’ I said.

‘Reckon it is,’ was the capable answer.

‘Won’t you give everybody some, Maria?’ For Jem had gone up stairs with a tray of glasses, and Maria seemed to be resting upon her labours.

‘Dere’ll come down orders for mo,’ chile; and ’spose I gives it to de company, what’ll Mis’ ’Lisa do wid Maria? I have de ’sponsibility of Christmas.’

‘But you can make some more,’ I said, holding my glass in waiting. ‘Do, Maria.’

‘’Spose haint got de ’terials, hey?’

‘What do you want? Aunt Gary will give it to you.’ And I begged Jem to go up again and prefer my request to her for the new filling of Maria’s bowl. Jem shrugged his shoulders, but he went; and I suppose he made a good story of it; for he came down with whatever was wanted — my aunt Gary was in a

mood to refuse me nothing then—and Maria went anew about the business of beating and mixing and compounding.

There was great enjoyment in the kitchen. It was a time of high festival, what with me and the egg supper. Merriment and jocularity, a little tide-wave of social excitement, swelled and broke on all sides of me; making a soft ripply play of fun and repartee, difficult to describe, and which touched me as much as it amused. It was very unlike the enjoyment of a set of white people holding the same social and intellectual grade. It was the manifestation of another race, less coarse and animal in their original nature, more sensitive and more demonstrative, with a strange touch of the luxurious and refined, for a people whose life has had nothing to do with luxury and whom refinement leaves on one side as quite beyond its sphere. But blood is a strange thing; and Ham's children will shew luxurious and æsthetic tastes, take them where you will.

‘Chillen, I hope you's enjoyed your supper,’ Maria said, when the last lingering drops had been secured, and mugs and glasses were coming back to the kitchen table.

Words and smiles answered her. ‘We's had a splendid time, aunt Maria,’ said one young man as he set down his glass. He was a worker in the garden.

‘Den I hope we's all willin' to gib de Lord t'anks for his goodness. Dere aint a night in de year when it's so proper to gib de Lord t'anks, as it be dis precious night.’

‘It's to-morrow night, aunt Maria,’ said Pete. ‘To-morrow's Christmas night.’

‘I don’t care! One night’s jus’ as good as another, you Pete. And now we’s all together, you see, and comfortable together; and I feel like giving t’anks, I do, to de Lord, for all his mercies.’

‘What’s Christmas, anyhow?’ asked another.

‘It’s jus’ de crown o’ all de nights in de year. You Solomon, it’s a night dat dey keeps up in heaven. You know nothin’ about it, you poor critter. I done believe you never hearn no one tell about it. Maybe Miss Daisy wouldn’t read us de story, and de angels, and de shepherds, and dat great light what come down, and make us feel good for Christmas; and uncle Darry, he’ll t’ank de Lord.’

The last words were put in a half questioning form to me, rather taking for granted that I would readily do what was requested. And hardly anything in the world, I suppose, could have given me such deep gratification at the moment. Margaret was sent up stairs to fetch my Bible; the circle closed in around the fire and me; a circle of listening, waiting, eager, interested faces; some few of them shone with pleasure or grew grave with reverent love; while I read slowly the chapters that tell of the first Christmas night. I read them from all the gospels; picking the story out first in one, then in another; answered sometimes by low words of praise that echoed but did not interrupt me; words that were but some dropped notes of the song that began that night in heaven, and has been running along the ages since, and is swelling and will swell into a great chorus of earth and heaven by and by. And how glad I was in the words of the story myself, as I went along. How heart-glad; that here, in this region of riches and hopes not earthly, those around

me had as good welcome and as open entrance and as free right as I. 'There is neither bond nor free.' 'And base things of this world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are.'

I finished my reading at last, amid the hush of my listening audience. Then Maria called upon Darry to pray, and we all kneeled down.

It comes back to me now as I write — the hush, and the breathing of the fire, and Darry's low voice and imperfect English. Yes, and the incoming tide of rest and peace and gladness which began to fill the dry places in my heart, and rose and swelled till my heart was full. I lost my troubles and forgot my difficulties. I forgot that my father and mother were away, for the sense of loneliness was gone. I forgot that those around me were in bonds, for I felt them free as I, and inheritors of the same kingdom. I have not often in my life listened to such a prayer, unless from the same lips. He was one of those that make you feel that the door is open to their knocking and that they always find it so. His words were seconded — not interrupted, even to my feeling — by low breathed echoes of praise and petition; too soft and deep to leave any doubt of the movement that called them forth.

There was a quiet gravity upon the company when we rose to our feet again. I knew I must go; but the kitchen had been the pleasantest place to me in all Magnolia. I bade them good night, answered with bows and curtsies and hearty wishes; and as I passed out of the circle, tall black Pete, looking down upon

me with just a glimmer of white between his lips, added, 'Hope you'll come again.'

A thought darted into my head which brought sunshine with it. I seemed to see my way begin to open.

The hope was warm at my heart as soon as I was awake the next morning. With more comfort than for many days I had known, I lay and watched Margaret making my fire. Then suddenly I remembered it was Christmas, and what thanksgivings had been in heaven about it, and what should be on earth; and a lingering of the notes of praise I had heard last night made a sort of still music in the air. But I did not expect at all that any of the ordinary Christmas festivities would come home to me, seeing that my father and mother were away. Where should Christmas festivities come from? So when Margaret rose up and shewed all her teeth at me, I only thought last night had given her pleasure; and I suspected nothing, even when she stepped into the next room and brought in a little table covered with a shawl, and set it close by my bedside. 'Am I to have breakfast in bed?' I asked. 'What is this for?'

'Dunno, Miss Daisy,' said Margaret, with all her white teeth sparkling; — 's'pose Miss Daisy take just a look, and see what 'pears like.'

I felt the colour come into my face. I raised myself on my elbow and lifted up cautiously one corner of the shawl. Packages — white paper and brown paper — long and short, large and small! 'O Margaret, take off the shawl, won't you!' I cried; — 'and let me see what is here.'

There was a good deal. But 'From papa' — caught my eye on a little parcel. I seized it and unfolded.

From papa, and he so far away! But I guessed the riddle before I could get to the last of the folds of paper that wrapped and enwrapped a little morocco case. Papa and mamma, leaving me alone, had made provision beforehand, that when this time came I might miss nothing except themselves. They had thought and cared and arranged for me; and now they were thinking about it, perhaps, far away somewhere over the sea. I held the morocco case in my hand a minute or two before I could open it. Then I found a little watch; my dear little watch! which has gone with me ever since, and never failed nor played tricks with me. My mother had put in one of her own chains for me to wear with it.

I lay a long time looking and thinking, raised up on my elbow as I was, before I could leave the watch and go on to anything else. Margaret spread round my shoulders the shawl which had covered the Christmas table; and then she stood waiting, with a good deal more impatience and curiosity than I shewed. But such a world of pleasure and pain gathered round that first 'bit of Christmas' — so many, many thoughts of one and the other kind — that I for awhile had enough with that. At last I closed the case, and keeping it yet in one hand, used the other to make more discoveries. The package labelled 'From mamma,' took my attention next; but I could make nothing of it. An elegant little box, that was all, which I could not open; only it felt so very heavy that I was persuaded there must be something extraordinary inside. I could make nothing of it; it was a beautiful box; that was all. Preston had brought me a little riding whip; both costly and elegant. I could not but be much

pleased with it. A large, rather soft package marked with aunt Gary's name, unfolded a riding cap to match; at least it was exceeding rich and stylish, with a black feather that waved away in curves that called forth Margaret's delighted admiration. Nevertheless, I wondered while I admired, at my aunt Gary's choice of a present. I had a straw hat which served all purposes, even of elegance, for my notions. I was amazed to find that Miss Pinshon had not forgotten me. There was a decorated pen, wreathed with a cord of crimson and gold twist and supplemented with two dangling tassels. It was excessively pretty, as I thought of aunt Gary's cap; and *not* equally convenient. I looked at all these things while Margaret was dressing me; but the case with the watch, for the most part, I remember I kept in my hand.

'Aint you goin' to try it on and see some how pretty it looks, Miss Daisy?' said my unsatisfied attendant.

'The cap?' said I. 'O I dare say it fits. Aunt Gary knows how big my head is.'

'Mass' Preston come last night,' she went on; 'so I reckon Miss Daisy'll want to wear it by and by.'

'Preston come last night!' I said. 'After I was in bed?' — and feeling that it was indeed Christmas, I finished getting ready and went down stairs. I made up my mind I might as well be friends with Preston, and not push any further my displeasure at his behaviour. So we had a comfortable breakfast. My aunt was pleased to see me, she said, look so much better. Miss Pinshon was not given to expressing what she felt; but she looked at me two or three times without saying anything, which I suppose meant satisfaction. Preston was in high feather; making all

sorts of plans for my divertisement during the next few days. I for my part had my own secret cherished plan, which made my heart beat quicker whenever I thought of it. But I wanted somebody's counsel and help; and on the whole I thought my aunt Gary's would be the safest. So after breakfast I consulted Preston only about my mysterious little box, which would not open. Was it a paper weight?

Preston smiled, took up the box and performed some conjuration upon it, and then — I cannot describe my entranced delight — as he set it down again on the table, the room seemed to grow musical. Softest, most liquid sweet notes came pouring forth one after the other, binding my ears as if I had been in a state of enchantment. Binding feet and hands and almost my breath, as I stood hushed and listening to the liquid warbling of delicious things, until the melody had run itself out. It was a melody unknown to me; wild and dainty; it came out of a famous opera I was told afterward. When the fairy notes sunk into silence, I turned mutely towards Preston. Preston laughed.

‘I declare!’ he said, — ‘I declare! Hurra! you have got colour in your cheeks, Daisy; absolutely, my little Daisy! there is a real streak of pink there where it was so white before.’

‘What is it?’ said I.

‘Just a little good blood coming up under the skin.’

‘O, no, Preston — *this*; what is it?’

‘A musical box.’

‘But where does the music come from?’

‘Out of the box. See, Daisy; when it has done a tune and is run out, you must wind it up, so, — like a watch —’

He wound it up and set it on the table again. And again a melody came forth, and this time it was different; not plaintive and thoughtful, but jocund and glad; a little shout and ring of merriment, like the feet of dancers scattering the drops of dew in a bright morning; or like the chime of a thousand little silver bells rung for laughter. A sort of intoxication came into my heart. When Preston would have wound up the box again, I stopped him. I was full of the delight. I could not hear any more just then.

‘Why Daisy, there are ever so many more tunes.’

‘Yes. I am glad. I will have them another time,’ I answered. ‘How very kind of mamma!’

‘Hit the right thing this time, didn’t she? How’s the riding cap, Daisy?’

‘It is very nice,’ I said. ‘Aunt Gary is very good; and I like the whip *very* much, Preston.’

‘That fat little rascal will want it. Does the cap fit, Daisy?’

‘I don’t know,’ I said. ‘O yes, I suppose so.’

Preston made an exclamation, and forthwith would have it tried on to see how it looked. It satisfied him; somehow it did not please me as well; but the ride did, which we had soon after; and I found that my black feather certainly suited everybody else. Darry smiled at me, and the house servants were exultant over my appearance.

Amid all these distracting pleasures, I kept on the watch for an opportunity to speak to aunt Gary alone. Christmas day I could not. I could not get it till near the end of the next day.

‘Aunt Gary,’ I said, ‘I want to consult you about something.’

‘You have always something turning about in your head,’ — was her answer.

‘Do you think,’ said I slowly, ‘Mr. Edwards would have any objection to some of the people coming to the kitchen Sunday evenings to hear me read the Bible?’

‘To hear *you* read the Bible!’ said my aunt.

‘Yes, aunt Gary; I think they would like it. You know they cannot read it for themselves.’

‘*They* would like it. And you would be delighted, wouldn’t you?’

‘Yes, aunt Gary. I should like it better than anything.’

‘You are a funny child! There is not a bit of your mother in you — except your obstinacy.’

And my aunt seemed to ponder my difference.

‘Would Mr. Edwards object to it, do you think? Would he let them come?’

‘The question is, whether *I* will let them come. Mr. Edwards has no business with what is done in the house.’

‘But, aunt Gary, you would not have any objection.’

‘I don’t know, I am sure. I wish your father and mother had never left you in my charge; for I don’t know how to take care of you.’

‘Aunt Gary,’ I said, ‘please don’t object! There is nobody to read the Bible to them — and I should like to do it very much.’

‘Yes, I see you would. There — don’t get excited about it — every Sunday evening, did you say?’

‘Yes, ma’am — if you please.’

‘Daisy, it will just tire you; that’s what it will do.’

I know it, just as well as if I had seen it. You are not strong enough.'

'I am sure it would refresh me, aunt Gary. It did the other night.'

'The other night?'

'Christmas eve, ma'am.'

'Did you read to them then?'

'Yes, ma'am; they wanted to know what Christmas was about.'

'And you read to them. You are the oddest child!'

'But aunt Gary, never mind, — it would be the greatest pleasure to me. Won't you give leave?'

'The servants hear the Bible read, child, every morning and every night.'

'Yes, but that is only a very few of the house servants. I want some of the others to come — a good many, — as many as can come.'

'I wish your mother and father were here,' sighed my aunt.

'Do you think Mr. Edwards would make any objection?' I asked again, presuming on the main question being carried. 'Would he let them come?'

'Let them!' echoed my aunt. 'Mr. Edwards would be well employed, to interfere with anything the family choose to do.'

'But you know he does not let them meet together, the people, aunt Gary; not unless they have his permission.'

'No, I suppose so. That is his business.'

'Then will you speak to him, ma'am, so that he may not be angry with the people when they come?'

'I? No,' said my aunt. 'I have nothing to do with your father's overseer. It would just make diffi-

culty maybe, Daisy; you had better let this scheme of yours alone.'

I could not, without bitter disappointment. Yet I did not know how further to press the matter. I sat still and said nothing.

'I declare, if she isn't growing pale about it!' exclaimed my aunt. 'I know one thing, and that is, your father and mother ought to have taken you along with them. I have not the least idea how to manage you; not the least. What is it you want to do, Daisy?' —

I explained, over again.

'And now if you cannot have this trick of your fancy you will just fidget yourself sick! I see it. Just as you went driving all about Melbourne without company to take care of you. I am sure I don't know. It is not in my way to meddle with overseers — How many people do you want to read to at once, Daisy?'

'As many as I can, aunt Gary. But Mr. Edwards will not let two or three meet together anywhere.'

'Well I dare say he is right. You can't believe anything in the world these people tell you, child. They will lie just as fast as they will speak.'

'But if they came to see *me*, aunt Gary?' I persisted, waiving the other question.

'That's another thing, of course. Well, don't worry. Call Preston. Why children cannot be children, passes my comprehension!'

Preston came, and there was a good deal of discussing of my plan; at which Preston frowned and whistled, but on the whole, though I knew against his will, took my part. The end was, my aunt sent for the overseer. She had some difficulty, I judge, in carrying the point;

and made capital of my ill-health and delicacy and spoiled-child character. The overseer's unwilling consent was gained at last; the conditions being, that every one who came to hear the reading should have a ticket of leave, written and signed by myself, for each evening; and that I should be present with the assembly from the beginning to the close of it.

My delight was very great. And my aunt, grumbling at the whole matter and especially at her share in it, found an additional cause of grumbling in that, she said, I had looked twenty per cent. better ever since this foolish thing got possession of my head. 'I am wondering,' she remarked to Miss Pinshon, 'whatever Daisy will do when she grows up. I expect nothing but she will be — what do you call them? — one of those people who run wild over the human race.'

'Pirates?' suggested Preston. 'Or corsairs?'

'Her mother will be disappointed,' went on my aunt. 'That is what I confidently expect.'

Miss Pinshon hinted something about the corrective qualities of mathematics; but I was too happy to heed her or care. I *was* stronger and better, I believe, from that day; though I had not much to boast of. A true tonic had been administered to me; my fainting energies took a new start.

I watched my opportunity, and went down to the kitchen one evening to make my preparations. I found Maria alone and sitting in state before the fire — which I believe was always in the kitchen a regal one. I hardly ever saw it anything else. She welcomed me with great suavity; drew up a chair for me; and find-

ing I had something to say, sat then quite grave and still looking into the blaze, while I unfolded my plan.

‘De Lord is bery good!’ was her subdued comment, made when I had done. ‘He hab sent his angel, sure!’

‘Now, Maria,’ I went on, ‘you must tell me who would like to come next Sunday, you think; and I must make tickets for them. Every one must have my ticket, with his name on it; and then there will be no fault found.’

‘I s’pose not,’ said Maria, — ‘wid Miss Daisy’s name on it.’

‘Who will come, Maria?’

‘Laws, chile, dere’s heaps. Dere’s Darry, and Pete — Pete, he say de meetin’ de oder night war ’bout de best meetin’ he eber ’tended; he wouldn’t miss it for not’ing in de world; he’s sure; and dere’s ole ’Lize; and de two Jems — no, dere’s *tree* Jems dat is ser’ous; and Stark, and Car’l and Sharlim —’

‘*Sharlim?*’ said I, not knowing that this was the Caffir for Charlemagne.

‘Sharlim,’ Maria repeated. ‘He don’ know much; but he has a leanin’ for de good tings. And Darry, he can tell who’ll come. I done forget all de folks’ names.’

‘Why, Maria,’ I said, ‘I did not know there were so many people at Magnolia that cared about the Bible.’

‘What has ’um to care for, chile, I should like fur to know. Dere aint much mo’ in *dis* world.’

‘But I thought there were only very few,’ I said.

‘Spouse um fifty,’ said Maria. ‘Fifty aint much, I reckon, when dere’s all de rest o’ de folks what *don’t*

care. De Lord's people is a little people yet, for sure ; and de world's a big place. When de Lord come hisself, to look for 'em, spect he have to look mighty hard. De world's awful dark.'

That brought to my mind my question. It was odd, no doubt, to choose an old coloured woman for my adviser ; but indeed I had not much choice ; and something had given me a confidence in Maria's practical wisdom, which early as it had been formed, nothing ever happened to shake. So after considering the fire and the matter a moment, I brought forth my doubt.

'Maria,' said I, 'what is the best way—I mean, how can one let one's light shine?'

'What Miss Daisy talkin' about?'

'I mean,—you know what the Bible says—"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven"?''

'For sure, I knows dat. Aint much shinin' in dese yere parts. De people is dark, Miss Daisy ; dey don' know. 'Spect dey would try to shine, some on em, ef dey knowed. Feel sure dey would.'

'But that is what I wanted to ask about, Maria. How ought one to let one's light shine?'

I remember now the kind of surveying look the woman gave me. I do not know what she was thinking of ; but she looked at me, up and down, for a moment, with a wonderfully tender, soft expression. Then turned away.

'How let um light shine?' she repeated. 'De bestest way, Miss Daisy, is fur to make him burn good.'

I saw it all immediately ; my question never puzzled

me again. Take care that the lamp is trimmed; take care that it is full of oil; see that the flame mounts clear and steady towards heaven; and the Lord will set it where its light will fall on what pleases him, and where it will reach mayhap, to what you never dream of.

CHAPTER VI.

WINTER AND SUMMER.

FROM the Christmas holidays, I think I began slowly to mend. My aunt watched me, and grumbled that kitchen amusements and rides with Darry should prove the medicines most healing and effectual; but she dared stop neither of them. I believe the overseer remonstrated on the danger of the night gatherings; but my aunt Gary had her answer ready, and warned him not to do anything to hinder me, for I was the apple of my father's eye. Miss Pinshon, sharing to the full my aunt's discontent, would have got on horseback, I verily believe, to be with me in my rides; but she was no rider. The sound of a horse's four feet always, she confessed, stamped the courage out of her heart. I was let alone; and the Sunday evenings in the kitchen, and the bright morning hours in the pine avenues and oak groves, were my refreshment and my pleasure, and my strength.

What there was of it; for I had not much strength to boast for many a day. Miss Pinshon tried her favorite recipe whenever she thought she saw a chance, and I did my best with it. But my education that winter was quite in another line. I could not bear much arithmetic. Bending over a desk did not agree with me. Reading aloud to Miss Pinshon never

lasted for more than a little while at a time. So it comes, that my remembrance of that winter is not filled with school exercises, and that Miss Pinshon's figure plays but a subordinate part in its pictures. Instead of that, my memory brings back first and chiefest of all, the circle of dark faces round the kitchen light wood fire, and the yellow blaze on the page from which I read; I a little figure in white, sitting in the midst among them all. That picture — those evenings — come back to me, with a kind of hallowed perfume of truth and hope. Truth, it was in my lips and on my heart; I was giving it out to those who had it not. And hope, — it was in more hearts than mine, no doubt; but in mine it beat with as steady a beat as the tickings of my little watch by my side, and breathed sweet as the flowers that start in spring from under the snow. I had often a large circle; and it was part of my plan and well carried into execution, that these evenings of reading should supply also the place of the missing prayermeeting. Gradually I drew it on to be so understood; and then my pieces of reading were scattered along between the prayers, or sometimes all came at first, followed by two or three earnest longer prayers from some of those that were present. And then, without any planning of mine, came in the singing. Not too much, lest as Maria said, we should 'make de folks up stairs t'ink dere war some-thin' oncommon in de kitchen;' but one or two hymns we would have, so full of spirit and sweetness that often now-a-days they come back to me, and I would give very much to hear the like again. So full of music too. Voices untrained by art, but gifted by nature: melodious and powerful; that took different

parts in the tune, and carried them through without the jar of a false note or a false quantity; and a love both of song and of the truth which made the music mighty. It was the greatest delight to me, that singing, whether I joined them or only listened. One, — the thought of it comes over me now and brings the water to my eyes, —

‘Am I a soldier of the cross —
 Of the cross —
 Of the cross —
 A follower of the Lamb;
 And shall I fear to own his cause,
 Own his cause —
 Own his cause, —
 Or blush to speak his name?’

The repetitions at the end of every other line were both plaintive and strong; there was no weakness, but some recognition of what it costs in certain circumstances to ‘own his cause.’ I loved that dearly. But that was only one of many.

Also the Bible words were wonderful sweet to me, as I was giving them out to those who else had a ‘famine of the word.’ Bread to the hungry, is quite another thing from bread on the tables of the full.

The winter had worn well on, before I received the answer to the letter I had written my father about the prayermeetings and Mr. Edwards. It was a short answer, not in terms but in actual extent; shewing that my father was not strong and well yet. It was very kind and tender, as well as short; I felt that in every word. In substance, however, it told me I had better let Mr. Edwards alone. He knew what he ought to do, about the prayermeetings and about

other things ; and they were what I could not judge about. So my letter said. It said too, that things seemed strange to me because I was unused to them ; and that when I had lived longer at the South they would cease to be strange and I would understand them and look upon them as every one else did.

I studied and pondered this letter ; not greatly disappointed, for I had had but slender hopes that my petition could work anything. Yet I had a disappointment to get over. The first practical use I made of my letter, I went where I could be alone with it — indeed, I was that when I read it, — but I went to a solitary lonely place, where I could not be interrupted ; and there I knelt down and prayed, that however long I might live at the South, I might never get to look upon evil as anything but evil, nor ever become accustomed to the things I thought ought not to be, so as not to feel them. I shall never forget that half hour. It broke my heart that my father and I should look on such matters with so different eyes ; and with my prayer for myself, which came from the very bottom of my heart, I poured out also a flood of love and tears over him, and of petition that he might have better eyesight one day. Ah yes ! and before it should be too late to right the wrong he was unconsciously doing.

For now I began to see, in the light of this letter first, that my father's eyes were not clear but blind in regard to these matters. And what he said about me led me to think and believe that his blindness was the effect, not of any particular hardness or fault in him, but of long teaching and habit and custom. For I saw that everybody else around me seemed to take the present condition of things as the true and best one ;

not only convenient, but natural and proper. Everybody, that is, who did not suffer by it. I had more than suspicions that the seven hundred on the estate were of a different mind here from the half dozen who lived in the mansion; and that the same relative difference existed on the other plantations in the neighbourhood. We made visits occasionally, and the visits were returned. I was not shut out from them, and so had some chance to observe things within a circle of twenty miles. Our 'neighbourhood' reached so far. And child as I was, I could not help seeing; and I could not help looking, half unconsciously, for signs of what lay so close on my heart.

My father's letter thus held some material of comfort for me, although it refused my request. Papa would not upset the overseer's decision about the prayermeetings. It held something else. There was a little scrap of a note to aunt Gary, saying, in the form of an order, that Daisy was to have ten dollars paid to her every quarter; that Mrs. Gary would see it done; and would further see that Daisy was not called upon, by anybody, at any time, to give any account whatever of her way of spending the same.

How I thanked papa for this! How I knew the tender affection and knowledge of me which had prompted it. How well I understood what it was meant to do. I had a little private enjoyment of aunt Gary's disconsolate face and grudging hands as she bestowed upon me the first ten dollars. It was not that she loved money so well, but she thought this was another form of my father's unwise indulging and spoiling of me; and that I was spoiled already. But

I — I saw in visior a large harvest of joy, to be raised from this small seed crop.

At first I thought I must lay out a few shillings of my stock upon a nice purse to keep the whole in. I put the purse down at the head of the list of things I was making out, for purchase, the first time I should go to Baytown or have any good chance of sending. I had a good deal of consideration whether I would have a purse or a pocketbook. Then I had an odd secret pleasure in my diplomatic way of finding out from Darry and Maria and Margaret what were the wants most pressing of the sick and the old among the people; or of the industrious and the enterprising. Getting Darry to talk to me in my rides, by degrees I came to know the stories and characters of many of the hands; I picked up hints of a want or a desire here and there, which Darry thought there was no human means of meeting, or gratifying. Then, the next time I had a chance, I brought up these persons and cases to Maria, and supplemented Darry's hints with her information. Or I attacked Margaret when she was making my fire, and drew from her what she knew about the persons in whom I was interested. So I learned — and put it down in my notebook accordingly — that Pete could spell out words a little bit, and would like mainly to read; if only he had a Testament in large type. He could not manage little print; it bothered him. Also I learned, that aunt Sarah, a middle-aged woman who worked in the fields, 'wanted terrible to come to de Sabbas meetin's, but she war 'shamed to come, 'cause her feet was mos' half out of her shoes; and Mr. Ed'ards wouldn't give her no more till de time come roun'. Sarah had been and

gone and done stuck her feet in de fire, for to warm 'em, one time when dey was mighty cold; and she burn her shoes. Learn her better next time.'

'But does she work every day in the field with her feet only half covered?' I asked.

'Laws! she don't care,' said Maria. 'Taint no use give dem darkies not'ing; dey not know how to keep um.'

But this was not Maria's real opinion, I knew. There was often a strange sort of seeming hard edge of feeling put forth, which I learned to know pointed a deep, deep, maybe only half conscious irony, and was in reality a bitter comment upon facts. So a pair of new shoes for Sarah went down in my list with a large print Testament for Pete. Then I found that some of the people, some of the old ones, who in youth had been accustomed to it, liked nothing so well as tea; it was ambrosia and Lethe mingled; and a packet of tea was put in my list next to the Testament. But the tea must have sugar; and I could not bear that they should drink it out of mugs, without any tea-spoons; so to please myself I sent for a little delf ware and a few pewter spoons. Little by little my list grew. I found that Darry knew something about letters; could write a bit; and would prize the means of writing as a very rare treasure and pleasure. And with fingers that almost trembled with delight, I wrote down paper and pens and a bottle of ink for Darry. Next, I heard of an old woman at the quarters, who was ailing and infirm and I am afraid ill-treated, who at all events was in need of comfort, and had nothing but straw and the floor to rest her poor bones on at night. A soft pallet for her went down instantly on

my list; my ink and tears mingling together as I wrote; and I soon found that my purse must be cut off from the head of my list for that time. I never ventured to put it at the head again; nor found a chance to put it in any where else. I spent four winters at Magnolia after that; and never had a new purse all the time.

I had to wait awhile for an opportunity to make my purchases; then had the best in the world, for Darry was sent to Baytown on business. To him I confided my list and my money, with my mind on the matter; and I was served to a point and with absolute secrecy. For that I had insisted on. Darry and Maria were in my counsels, of course; but the rest of the poor people knew only by guess who their friend was. Old Sarah found her new shoes in her hut one evening, and in her noisy delight declared that 'some big angel had come t'rough de quarters.' The cups and saucers it was necessary to own, lest more talk should have been made about them than at all suited me; Darry let it be understood that nothing must be said and nobody must know of the matter; and nobody did; but I took the greatest enjoyment in hearing from Maria how the old women (and one or two men) gathered together and were comforted over their cups of tea. And over the *cups*, Maria said; the cups and spoons made the tea twice as good; but I doubt their relish of it was never half so exquisite as mine. I had to give Pete his Testament; he would not think it the same thing if he did not have it from my own hand, Maria said; and Darry's pens and ink likewise. The poor woman for whom I had got the bed, was I fear beyond enjoying anything; but it was a comfort to me to know that

she was lying on it. The people kept my secret perfectly; my aunt and governess never, I believe, heard anything of all these doings; I had my enjoyment to myself.

And the Sunday evening prayermeeting grew. Little by little. Old Sarah and her new shoes were there of course, at once. Those who first came never failed. And week by week, as I went into the kitchen with my Bible, I saw a larger circle; found the room better lined with dark forms and sable faces. They come up before me now as I write, one and another. I loved them all. I love them still, for I look to meet many of them in glory; 'where there is neither bond nor free.' Nay, that is *here* and at present, to all who are in Christ; we do not wait for heaven, to be all one.

And they loved me, those poor people. I think Pete had something the same sort of notion about me that those Ephesians had of their image of Diana, which they insisted had fallen from heaven. I used to feel it then, and be amused by it.

But I am too long about my story. No wonder I linger, when the remembrance is so sweet. With this new interest that had come into my life, my whole life brightened. I was no longer spiritless. My strength little by little returned. And with the relief of my heart about my father, my happiness sprung back almost to its former and usual state when I was at Melbourne. For I had by this time submitted to my father's and mother's absence as a thing of necessity, and submitted entirely. Yet my happiness was a subdued sort of thing; and my aunt Gary still thought it necessary to be as careful of me, she said, 'as if I were an egg shell.' As I grew stronger, Miss Pinshon

made more and more demands upon my time with her arithmetic lessons, and other things; but my rides with Darry were never interfered with, nor my Sunday evening readings; and indeed all the winter I continued too delicate and feeble for much school work. My dreaded governess did not have near so much to do with me as I thought she would.

The spring was not far advanced before it was necessary for us to quit Magnolia. The climate after a certain day, or rather the air, was not thought safe for white people. We left Magnolia; and went first to Baytown and then to the North. There our time was spent between one and another of several watering places. I longed for Melbourne; but the house was shut up; we could not go there. The summer was very wearisome to me. I did not like the houses in which our time was spent, or the way of life led in them. Neither did Miss Pinshon, I think; for she was out of her element, and had no chance to follow her peculiar vocation. Of course, in a public hotel, we could not have a schoolroom; and with the coming on of warm weather my strength failed again, so sensibly, that all there was to do was to give me sea air and bathing, and let me alone. The bathing I enjoyed; those curling salt waves breaking over my head, are the one image of anything fresh or refreshing which my memory has kept. I should have liked the beach; I did like it; only it was covered with bathers, or else with promenaders in carriages and on foot, at all times when I saw it; and though they were amusing, the beach was spoiled. The hotel rooms were close and hot; I missed all the dainty freedom and purity of my own home; the people I saw were, it seemed to me,

entirely in keeping with the rooms ; that is, they were stiff and fussy, not quiet and busy. They were busy after their own fashion indeed ; but it always seemed to me, busy about nothing. The children I saw, too, did not attract me ; and I fear I did not attract them. I was sober-hearted and low-toned in spirits and strength ; while they were as gay as their elders. And I was dressed according to my mother's fancy, in childlike style, without hoops, and with my hair cropped short all over my head. They were stately with crinoline, and rich with embroidery, stiff with fine dresses and plumes ; while a white frock and a flat straw were all my adornment, except a sash. I think they did not know what to make of me ; and I am sure I had nothing in common with them ; so we lived very much apart. There was a little variation in my way of life when Preston came ; yet not much. He took me sometimes to drive, and did once go walking with me on the beach ; but Preston found a great deal where I found nothing, and was all the time taken up with people and pleasures ; boating and yachting and fishing expeditions ; and I believe with hops and balls too. But I was always fast asleep at those times.

It was a relief to me when the season came to an end, and we went to New York to make purchases before turning southward. I had once hoped, that this time, the year's end, might see my father and mother come home again. That hope had faded and died a natural death a long while ago. Letters spoke my father's health not restored ; he was languid and spiritless and lacked vigour ; he would try the air of Switzerland ; he would spend the winter in the Pyrenees ! If that did not work well, my mother hinted, perhaps

he would have to try the effect of a long sea voyage. Hope shrunk into such small dimensions that it filled but a very little corner of my heart. Indeed for the present I quite put it by and did not look at it. One winter more must pass, at any rate, and maybe a full year, before I could possibly see my father and mother at home. I locked the door for the present upon hope; and turned my thoughts to what things I had left with me. Chiefest of all these, were my poor friends at Magnolia. My money had accumulated during the summer; I had a nice little sum to lay out for them, and in New York I had chance to do it well, and to do it myself; which was a great additional pleasure. As I could, bit by bit, when I was with aunt Gary shopping, when I could get leave to go out alone with a careful servant to attend me, I searched the shops and catered and bought, for the comfort and pleasure of—seven hundred! I could do little. Nay, but it was for so many of those as I could reach with my weak hands; and I did not despise that good because I could not reach them all. A few more large print Testaments I laid in; some copies of the Gospel of John, in soft covers and good type; a few hymn books. All these cost little. But for Christmas gifts, and for new things to give help and comfort to my poor pensioners, I both plagued and bewitched my brain. It was sweet work. My heart went out towards making *all* the people happy for once, at Christmas; but my purse would not stretch so far; I had to let that go, with a thought and a sigh.

One new thing came very happily into my head, and was worth a Peruvian mine to me, in the pleasure and business it gave. Going into a large greenhouse with my aunt, who wanted to order a bouquet, I went wan-

dering round the place while she made her bargain. For my aunt Gary made a bargain of everything. Wandering in thought as well, whither the sweet breath of the roses and geraniums led me, I went back to Molly in her cottage at Melbourne, and the Jewess geranium I had carried her, and the rose tree; and suddenly the thought started into my head, might not my dark friends at Magnolia, so quick to see and enjoy anything of beauty that came in their way — so fond of bright colour and grace and elegance — a luxurious race, even in their downtrodden condition; might not *they* also feel the sweetness of a rose, or delight in the petals of a tulip? It was a great idea; it grew into a full formed purpose before I was called to follow aunt Gary out of the greenhouse. The next day I went there on my own account. I was sure I knew what I wanted to do; but I studied a long time the best way of doing it. Roses? I could hardly transport pots and trees so far; they were too cumbersome. Geraniums were open to the same objection, besides being a little tender as to the cold. Flower seeds could not be sown, if the people had them; for no patch of garden belonged to their stone huts, and they had no time to cultivate such a patch if they had it. I must give what would call for no care, to speak of, and make no demands upon overtasked strength and time. Neither could I afford to take anything of such bulk as would draw attention or call out questions and comments. I knew, as well as I know now, what would be thought of any plan or action which supposed a *love of the beautiful* in creatures the only earthly use of whom was to raise rice and cotton; who in fact were not half so important as the harvests they grew. I knew what un-

bounded scorn would visit any attempts of mine to minister to an æsthetic taste in these creatures ; and I was in no mind to call it out upon myself. All the while I knew better. I knew that Margaret and Stephanie could put on a turban like no white woman I ever saw. I knew that even Marie could take the full effect of my dress when I was decked — as I was sometimes — for a dinner party ; and that no fall of lace or knot of ribband missed its errand to her eye. I knew that a *picture* raised the liveliest interest in all my circle of Sunday hearers ; and that they were quick to understand and keen to take its bearings, far more than Molly Skifton would have been, more than Logan our Scotch gardener at Melbourne, or than my little old friend Hephzibah and her mother. But the question stood, in what form could I carry beauty to them out of a florist's shop ? I was fain to take the florist into my partial confidence. It was well that I did. He at once suggested bulbs. Bulbs ! would they require much care ? Hardly any ; no trouble at all. They could be easily transported ; easily kept. All they wanted, was a little pot of earth when I was ready to plant them ; a little judicious watering ; an unbounded supply of sunshine. And what sorts of bulbs were there ? I asked diplomatically ; not myself knowing, to tell truth, what bulbs were at all. Plenty of sorts, the florist said ; there were hyacinths — all colours — and tulips, striped and plain, and very gay ; and crocuses, those were of nearly all colours too ; and ranunculus, and anemones, and snowdrops. Snowdrops were white ; but of several of the other kinds I could have every tint in the rainbow, both alone and mixed. The florist stood waiting my pleasure, and nipped off a dead leaf or two as he spoke, as if there was no hurry

and I could take my time. I went into happy calculation, as to how far my funds would reach; gave my orders, very slowly and very carefully; and went away the owner of a nice little stock of tulips, narcissus, crocuses, and above all, hyacinths. I chose gay tints, and at the same time inexpensive kinds; so that my stock was quite large enough for my purposes; it mattered nothing to me whether a sweet double hyacinth was of a new or an old kind, provided it was of first-rate quality; and I confess it matters almost as little to me now. At any rate, I went home a satisfied child; and figuratively speaking, dined and supped off tulips and hyacinths, instead of mutton and bread and butter.

That afternoon it fell out that my aunt took me with her to a milliner's on some business. In the course of it, some talk arose about feathers and the value of them; and my aunt made a remark which, like Wat Tyrrell's arrow, glanced from its aim and did execution in a quarter undreamed of.

'That feather you put in the little riding cap you sent me,' she said to the milliner, — 'your black feather, Daisy, you know, — you charged me but fifteen dollars for that; why is this so much more?'

I did not hear the milliner's answer. My whole thought went off upon a track entirely new to me, and never entered before. My feather cost fifteen dollars! Fifteen dollars! Supposing I had that to buy tulips with? or in case I had already tulips enough, suppose I had it to buy print gowns for Christmas presents to the women, which I had desired and could not afford? Or that I had it to lay out in tea and sugar, that my poor old friends might oftener have the one solace that was left to them, or that more might share it? Fifteen

dollars! It was equal to one quarter and a half's allowance. My fund for more than a third of the year would be doubled, if I could turn that black feather into silver or gold again. And the feather was of no particular use, that I could see. It made me look like the heiress of Magnolia, my aunt said; but neither could I see any use in *that*. Everybody knew, that is, all the servants and friends of the family knew, that I was that heiress; I needed no black feather to proclaim it. And now it seemed to me as if my riding cap was heavy with undeveloped bulbs, uncrystallized sugar, unweighed green tea. No transformation of the feather was possible; it must wave over my brow in its old fashion, whether it were a misguided feather or not; but my thoughts, once set a going in this train, found a great deal to do. Truth to tell, they have not done it all yet.

'Aunt Gary,' I said that same evening, musing over the things in my boxes, — 'does lace cost much?'

'That is like the countryman who asked me once, if it took long to play a piece of music! Daisy, don't you know any more about lace than to ask such a question?'

'I don't know what it costs, aunt Gary. I never bought any.'

'Bought! No; hardly. You are hardly at the age to *buy* lace yet. But you have worn a good deal of it.'

'I cannot tell what it costs by looking at it,' I answered.

'Well, *I* can. And you will, one day, I hope; if you ever do anything like other people.'

'Is it costly, ma'am?'

‘Your lace is rather costly,’ my aunt said, with a tone which I felt implied satisfaction.

‘How much?’ I asked.

‘How much does it cost? Why it is the country-man’s question over again, Daisy. Lace is all sorts of prices. But the lace you wear, is, I judge, somewhere about three and five, and one of your dresses, ten, dollars a yard. That is* pretty rich lace for a young lady of your years to wear.’

I never wore it, I must explain, unless in small quantity, except on state occasions when my mother dressed me as a part of herself.

‘No, I am wrong,’ my aunt added presently; ‘that dress I am thinking of is richer than that; the lace on that robe was never bought for ten dollars, or fifteen either. What do you want to know about it for, Daisy?’

I mused a great deal. Three and five, and ten, and fifteen dollars a yard, on lace trimmings for me, — and no tea, no cups and saucers, no soft bed, no gardens and flowers, for many, who were near me. I began to fill the meshes of my lace with responsibilities too heavy for the delicate fabric to bear. Nobody liked the looks of it better than I did. I always had a fancy for lace, though not for feathers; its rich, delicate, soft falls, to my notion, suited my mother’s form and style better than anything else, and suited me. My taste found no fault. But now that so much gold was wrought into its slight web, and so much silver lay hidden in every embroidered flower, the thing was changed. Graceful, and becoming, and elegant, more than any other adornment; what then? My mother and father had a great deal of money too, to spare;

enough, I thought, for lace and for the above tea and sugar too; what then? And what if not enough? I pondered, till my aunt Gary broke out upon me, that I would grow a wizened old woman if I sat musing at that rate; and sent me to bed. It stopped my pondering for that night; but not for all the years since that night.

My preparations were quite made before my aunt got her feathers adjusted to her satisfaction; and in the bright days of autumn we went back again to Magnolia. This was a joyful journey and a glad arriving, compared to last year; and the welcome I got was something which puzzled my heart between joy and sorrow many times during the first few days.

And now Miss Pinshon's reign fairly began. I was stronger in health, accustomed to my circumstances; there was no longer any reason that the multiplication table and I should be parted. My governess was determined to make up for lost time; and the days of that winter were spent by me between the study table and fire. That is, when I think of that winter my memory finds me there. Multiplication and its correlatives were the staple of existence; and the old book room of my grandfather was the place where my harvests of learning were sown and reaped.

Somehow, I do not think the crops were heavy. I tried my best; and Miss Pinshon certainly tried her best. I went through and over immense fields of figures; but I fancy the soil did not suit the growth. I know the fruits were not satisfactory to myself, and indeed were not fruits at all, to my sense of them; but rather dry husks and hard nut shells, with the most tasteless of small kernels inside. Yet Miss Pinshon

did not seem unsatisfied ; and indeed occasionally remarked that she believed I meant to be a good child. Perhaps that was something out of my governess's former experience ; for it was the only style of commendation I ever knew her indulge in, and I always took it as a compliment.

It would not do to tell all my childish life that winter. I should never get through. For a child has as many experiences in her little world as people of fifty years old have in theirs ; and to her they are not little experiences. It was not a small trial of mind and body to spend the long mornings in the study over the curious matters Miss Pinshon found for my attention ; and after the long morning the shorter afternoon session was unmixed weariness. Yet I suffered most in the morning ; because then there was some life and energy within me which rebelled against confinement, and panted to be free and in the open air looking after the very different work I could find or make for myself. My feet longed for the turf ; my fingers wanted to throw down the slate pencil and gather up the reins. I had a good fire and a pleasant room ; but I wanted to be abroad in the open sunshine, to feel the sweet breath of the air in my face, and see the grey moss wave in the wind. That was what I had been used to all my life ; a sweet wild roaming about, to pick up whatever pleasure presented itself. I suppose Miss Pinshon herself had never been used to it nor known it ; for she did not seem to guess at what was in my mind. But it made my mornings hard to get through. By the afternoon the spirit was so utterly gone out of me and of everything, that I took it all in a mechanical

stupid way ; and only my back's aching made me impatient for the time to end.

I think I was fond of knowledge and fond of learning. I am sure of it, for I love it dearly still. But there was no joy about it at Magnolia. History, as I found it with my governess, was not in the least like the history I had planned on my tray of sand and pointed out with red and black headed pins. There was life and stir in that, and progress. Now there was nothing but a string of names and dates to say to Miss Pinshon. And dates were hard to remember, and did not seem to mean anything. But Miss Pinshon's favourite idea was mathematics. It was not my favourite idea ; so every day I wandered through a wilderness of figures and signs which were a weariness to my mind and furnished no food for it. Nothing was pleasant to me in my schoolroom, excepting my writing lessons. They were welcomed as a relief from other things.

When the studies for the day were done, the next thing was to prepare for a walk. A walk with Miss Pinshon alone, for my aunt never joined us. Indeed, this winter my aunt was not infrequently away from Magnolia altogether ; finding Baytown more diverting. It made a little difference to me ; for when she was not at home, the whole day, morning, afternoon and evening, meal times and all times, seemed under a leaden grey sky. Miss Pinshon discussed natural history to me when we were walking — not the thing but the science ; she asked me questions in geography when we were eating breakfast, and talked over some puzzle in arithmetic when we were at dinner. I think it was refreshing to her ; she liked it ; but to me, the

sky closed over me in lead colour, one unbroken vault, as I said, when my aunt was away. With her at home, all this could not be ; and any changes of colour were refreshing.

All this was not very good for me. My rides with Darry would have been a great help ; but now I only got a chance at them now and then. I grew spiritless and weary. Sundays I would have begged to be allowed to stay at home all day and rest ; but I knew if I pleaded fatigue my evenings with the people in the kitchen would be immediately cut off ; not my drives to church. Miss Pinshon always drove the six miles to Bolingbroke every Sunday morning and took me with her. Oh how long the miles were ! how weary I was, with my back aching, and trying to find a comfortable corner in the carriage ; how I wanted to lie down on the soft cushions in the pew and go to sleep during the service. And when the miles home were finished, it seemed to me that so was I. Then I used to pray to have strength in the evening to read with the people. And I always had it ; or at least I always did it. I never failed ; though the rest of the Sunday hours were often spent on the bed. But indeed, that Sunday evening reading was the one thing that saved my life from growing, or settling, into a petrification. Those hours gave me cheer, and some spirit to begin again on Monday morning.

However, I was not thriving. I know I was losing colour, and sinking in strength, day by day ; yet very gradually ; so that my governess never noticed it. My aunt sometimes on her return from an absence that had been longer than common, looked at me uneasily

‘Miss Pinshon, what ails that child?’ she would ask.

My governess said, ‘nothing.’ Miss Pinshon was the most immovable person, I think, I have ever known. At least, so far as one could judge from the outside.

‘She looks to me,’ my aunt went on, ‘exactly like a cabbage, or something else, that has been blanched under a barrel. A kind of unhealthy colour. She is not strong.’

‘She has more strength than she shews,’ my governess answered. ‘Daisy has a good deal of strength.’

‘Do you think so?’ said my aunt looking doubtfully at me. But she was comforted. And neither of them asked me about it.

One thing in the early half of the winter was a great help; and for awhile stayed my flitting spirits and strength. My father wrote an order, that Daisy should make arrangements for giving all the people on the plantation a great entertainment at Christmas. I was to do what I liked and have whatever I chose to desire; no one altering or interfering with my word. I shall never forget the overflowing of largest joy, with which my heart swelled as I ran in to tell this news to aunt Gary. But first I had to kneel down and give thanks for it.

I never saw my aunt more displeased about anything. Miss Pinshon only lifted up her black eyes and looked me over. They did not express curiosity or anything else; only observation. My aunt spoke out.

‘I think there must be some mistake, Daisy.’

‘No, aunt Gary; papa says just that.’

‘You mean the house servants, child.’

‘No ma’am ; papa says everyone ; all the people on the place.’

‘He means the white people, you foolish child ; everybody’s head is not full of the servants, as yours is.’

‘He says, the coloured people, aunt Gary ; all of them. It is *only* the coloured people.’

‘Hear her !’ said my aunt. ‘Now she would rather entertain them, I don’t doubt, than the best company that could be gathered of her own sort.’

I certainly would. Did I not think with joy at that very minute of the words, ‘Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of *these*, ye have done it unto me’ ? I knew what Guest would be among my poor despised company. But I said not a word.

‘Daisy,’ said my aunt, ‘you *must* be under a mistake ; you must let me see what your father says. Why, to give all these hundreds an entertainment, it would cost — have you any idea what it would cost ?’

I had not indeed. But my father’s letter had mentioned a sum which was to be the limit of my expenditure ; within which I was to be unlimited. It was a large sum, amounting to several hundreds, and amply sufficient for all I could wish to do. I told my aunt.

‘Well !’ she said, twisting herself round to the fire, ‘if your father has money to fling about like that, I have of course no more to say.’

Miss Pinshon looked up again at me. Those black eyes were always the same ; the eyelids never drooped over them. ‘What are you going to do, Daisy ?’ she asked.

Truly I did not know yet. I gave my aunt a note

to the overseer from my father, which I begged her to forward; and ran away to take sweet counsel with myself.

I had had some little experience of such an entertainment in the strawberry festival at Melbourne. I remembered that good things to eat and drink were sure to be enjoyed, and not these only, but also a pretty and festive air thrown about these things. And much more would this be true among the beauty-loving and luxurious-natured children of the tropics, than with the comparatively barbarous Celtic blood. But between entertaining thirty and seven hundred, there was a difference. And between the season of roses and fruits, and the time of mid-winter, even though in a southern clime, there was another wide difference. I had need of a great deal of counsel-taking with myself; and I took it; and it was very good for me. In every interval between mathematical or arithmetical problems, my mind ran off to this other one, with infinite refreshment.

Then I consulted Maria; she was a great help to me. I thought at first I should have to build a place to hold our gatherings in; the home kitchen was not a quarter large enough. But Darry told me of an empty barn not far off, that was roomy and clean. By virtue of my full powers, I seized upon this barn. I had it well warmed with stoves; Darry saw to that for me and that they were well and safely put up; I had it adorned and clothed and made gay with evergreens and flowers, till it was beautiful. The carpenters on the place put up long tables and fitted plenty of seats. Then I had some rough kitchens extemporized outside of it; and sent for loads of turkeys from Baytown; and for days

before and after Christmas my band of cooks were busy, roasting and baking and cake-making. Coffee was brewed without measure, as if we had been a nation of Arabs. And then tickets were furnished to all the people on the place, tickets of admission; and for all the holidays, or for Christmas and three days after, I kept open house at the barn. Night and day I kept open house. I went and came myself, knowing that the sight of me hindered nobody's pleasure; but I let in no other white person, and I believe I gained the lasting ill will of the overseer by refusing him. I stood responsible for everybody's good behaviour, and had no forfeits to pay. And enjoyment reigned, during those days in the barn; a gay enjoyment, full of talk and of singing as well as of feasting; full of laughter and jokes, and full of utmost good-humour and kindness from one to another. Again, most unlike a party of Celtic origin. It was enjoyment to me too; very great; though dashed continually by the thought how rare and strange it was to those around me. Only for my sake, and dependent on my little hand of power; having no guarantee or security else for its ever coming again. As the holiday drew near its end, my heart grew sore often at the thought of all my poor friends going back into their toil, hopeless and spiritless as it was, without one ray to brighten the whole year before them till Christmas should come round again. Ay, and this feeling was quickened every now and then by a word, or a look, or a tone, which told me that I was not the only one who remembered it. 'Christmas is almos' gone, Tony,' I heard one fine fellow say to another at the end of the third day; and under the words there was a thread of meaning which gave a twitch to

my heartstrings. There were bursts of song mingled with all this, which I could not bear to hear. In the prayermeetings I did not mind them; here, in the midst of festivities, they almost choked me. 'I'm going home'—sounded now so much as if it were in a strange land; and once when a chorus of them were singing, deep and slow, the refrain,

'In the morning—

'Chil'len, in the morning—'

I had a great heartbreak, and sat down and cried behind my sugarplums.

I can bear to think of it all now. There were years when I could not.

After this entertainment was over, and much more stupid ones had been given among polished people at the house, and the New Year had swept in upon us with its fresh breeze of life and congratulations, the winter and Miss Pinshon settled down for unbroken sway.

I had little to help me during those months from abroad. That is, I had nothing. My father wrote seldom. My mother's letters had small comfort for me. They said that papa's health mended slowly—was very delicate—he could not bear much exertion—his head would not endure any excitement. They were trying constant changes of scene and air. They were at Spa, at Paris, at Florence, at Vevay, in the Pyrenees; not staying long anywhere. The physicians talked of a long sea voyage. From all which I gradually brought down my hopes into smaller and smaller compass; till finally I packed them up and stowed them away in the hidden furthestmost corner of my heart; only to be

brought out and looked at when there should be occasion. Spring came without the least prospect that such occasion would be given me soon. My father and mother were making preparation to journey in Norway; and already there was talk of a third winter in Egypt! It was hoped that all these changes were not without some slow and certain effect in the way of improvement. I think on me they had another sort of effect.

Spring as usual drove us away from Magnolia. This summer was spent with my aunt Gary, at various pleasant and cool up-country places; where hills were, and brooks, and sweet air, and flowers; and where I might have found much to enjoy. But always Miss Pinshon was with me; and the quiet and freedom of these places, with the comparative cool climate, made it possible for her to carry on all her schemes for my improvement just as steadily as though we had been at Magnolia. And I had not Darry and my pony, which indeed, the latter, had been of small use to me this year; and I had not my band of friends on the Sunday evening; and even my own maid Margaret aunt Gary had chosen to leave behind. Miss Pinshon's reign was absolute. I think some of the Medusa properties Preston used to talk about must have had their effect upon me at this time. I remember little of all that summer, save the work for Miss Pinshon, and the walks with Miss Pinshon, and a general impression of those black eyes and inflexible voice and mathematics and dates and a dull round of lesson getting. Not knowledge getting; that would have been quite another affair. I seemed to be all the while putting up a scaffolding, and never coming to work on the

actual Temple of Learning itself. I know we were in beautiful regions that summer; but my recollection is not of them but of rows of figures. And of a very grave, I think dull, and very quiet little personage, who went about like a mouse, for silentness, and gave no trouble to anybody, excepting only to herself.

The next winter passed as the winter before had done; only I had no Christmas entertainment. My father and mother were in Egypt; perhaps he did not think of it. Perhaps he did not feel that he could afford it. Perhaps my aunt and the overseer had severally made representations to which my father thought it best to listen. I had no festivities at any rate for my poor coloured people; and it made my own holidays a very shaded thing.

I found however this winter one source of amusement, and in a measure, of comfort. In the bookcases which held my grandfather's library, there was a pretty large collection of books of travel. I wanted to know just then about Egypt, that I might the better in imagination follow my father and mother. I searched the shelves for Egypt; and was lucky enough to light upon several works of authority and then recent observation. I feasted on these. I began in the middle; then very soon went back to the beginning; and read delightedly, carefully, patiently, through every detail and discussion in which the various authors indulged. Then I turned all their pictures into living panorama; for I fancied my father and mother in every place, looking at every wonder they described; and I enjoyed not merely what they described, but my father's and mother's enjoyment of it. This was a rare delight to me. My favourite place was the corner of the study

fire, at dusk, when lessons and tiresome walks for the day were done and Miss Pinshon was taking her ease elsewhere in some other way. I had the fire made up to burn brightly, and pine knots at hand to throw on if wanted; and with the illumination dancing all over my page, I went off to regions of enchantment, pleasant to me beyond any fairy tale. I never cared much for things that were not true. No chambers of Arabian fancy could have had the fascination for me of those old Egyptian halls; nor all the marvels of magic entranced me like the wonder-working hand of time. Those books made my comfort and my diversion all the winter. For I was not a galloping reader; I went patiently through every page; and the volumes were many enough and interesting enough to last me long. I dreamed under the Sphynx; I wandered over the pyramids; no chamber nor nook escaped me; I could have guided a traveller—in imagination. I knew the prospect from the top, though I never wrote my name there. It seemed to me that *that* was barbarism. I sailed up the Nile, delightful journeys on board the Nile boats, forgetting Miss Pinshon and mathematics, except when I rather pitied the ancient Egyptians for being so devoted to the latter; forgetting Magnolia, and all the home things I could not do and would have liked to do; forgetting everything, and rapt in the enjoyment of tropical airs, and Eastern skies; hearing the plash of water from the everlasting *shadoof*, and watching the tints and colours on the ranges of hills bordering the Nile valley. All *my* hills were green; the hues of those others were enough of themselves to make an enchanted land. Still more, as I stopped at the various old temples along the way, my feeling of

enchantment increased. I threaded the mazes of rubbish, and traced the plans of the ruins of Thebes, till I was at home in every part of them. I studied the hieroglyphics and the descriptions of the sculptures, till the names of Thothmes III., and Amunoph III., and Sethos and Rameses Mi-amun and Rameses III., were as well known to me as the names of the friends whom I met every Sunday evening. I even studied out the old Egyptian mythology, the better to be able to understand the sculptures, as well as the character of those ancient people who wrought them; and to be able to fancy the sort of services that were celebrated by the priests in the splendid enclosures of the temples.

And then I went higher up the Nile and watched at the uncovering of those wonderful colossal figures which stand, or sit, before the temple of Abou-Simbel. I tried to imagine what manner of things such large statues could be; I longed for one sight of the faces, said to be so superb, which shewed what the great Rameses looked like. Mamma and papa could see them; that was a great joy. Belzoni was one of my prime favourites; and I liked particularly to travel with him, both there and at the Tombs of the Kings. There were some engravings scattered through the various volumes, and a good many plans, which helped me. I studied them, faithfully; and got from them all they could give me.

In the Tombs of the Kings, my childish imagination found, I think, its highest point of revelling and delight. Those were something stranger, more wonderful, and more splendid, even than Abou-Simbel and Karnak. Many an evening, while the firelight from a

Southern pine knot danced on my page, I was gone on the wings of fancy thousands of miles away; and went with discoverers or explorers, up and down the passages and halls and staircases and chambers, to which the entrance is from *Biban el Malook*. I wondered over the empty sarcophagi; held my breath at the pit's sides; and was never tired of going over the scenes and sculptures done in such brilliant colours upon those white walls. Once in there, I quite forgot that mamma and papa could see them; I was so busy seeing them myself.

This amusement of mine was one which nobody interfered with; and it lasted, as I said, all winter. All the winter my father and mother were in Egypt. When spring came, I began to look with trembling eagerness for a letter that should say they would turn now homewards. I was disappointed. My father was so much better that his physicians were encouraged to continue their travelling regimen; and the word came that it was thought best he should try a long sea voyage; he was going to China. My mother would go with him.

I think never in my life my spirits sank lower than they did when I heard this news. I was not strong nor very well, which might have been in part the reason. And I was dull-hearted to the last degree under the influence of Miss Pinshon's system of management. There was no power of reaction in me. It was plain that I was failing; and my aunt interrupted the lessons and took me again to watering places at the North, from one to another, giving me as much change as possible. It was good for me to be taken off study, which Miss Pinshon had pressed and crowded during

the winter. Sea bathing did me good, too; and the change of scene and habits was useful. I did not rise to the level of enjoying anything much; only the sea waves when I was in them; at other times I sat on the bank and watched the distant smoke stack of a steamer going out, with an inexpressible longing and soreness of heart. Going, where I would so like to go! But there was no word of that. And indeed it would not have been advisable to take me to China. I did think Egypt would not have been bad for me; but it was a thought which I kept shut up in the furthest stores of my heart.

The sea voyage however was delayed. My mother took sick; was very ill; and then unable to undertake the going to China. My father chose to wait for her; so the summer was spent by them in Switzerland and the autumn in Paris. With the first of the New Year they expected now to sail. It suddenly entered my aunt Gary's head that it was a good time for *her* to see Paris; and she departed, taking Ransom with her, whom my father wished to place in a German University, and meantime in a French school. Preston had been placed at the Military Academy at West Point; my aunt thinking that it made a nice finishing of a gentleman's education, and would keep him out of mischief till he was grown to man's estate. I was left alone with Miss Pinshon to go back to Magnolia and take up my old life there.

CHAPTER VII.

SINGLEHANDED.

As my aunt set sail for the shores of Europe, and Miss Pinshon and I turned our faces towards Magnolia, I seemed to see before me a weary winter. I was alone now; there was nobody to take my part in small or great things; my governess would have her way. I was so much stronger now that no doubt she thought I could bear it. So it was. The full tale of studies and tasks was laid on me; and it lay on me from morning till night.

I had expected that. I had looked also for the comfort and refreshment of ministering to my poor friends in the kitchen on the Sunday evenings. I began as usual with them. But as the Sundays came round, I found now and then a gap or two in the circle; and the gaps as time went on did not fill up; or if they did they were succeeded by other gaps. My hearers grew fewer, instead of more; the fact was undoubted. Darry was always on the spot; but the two Jems not always, and Pete was not sure, and Eliza failed sometimes, and others; and this grew worse. Moreover, a certain grave and sad air replaced the enjoying, almost jocund, spirit of gladness which used to welcome me and listen to the reading and join in the prayers and raise the song. The singing was not less good than it used to

be; but it fell oftener into the minor key, and then poured along with a steady, powerful volume, deepening and steadying as it went, which somehow swept over my heart like a wind from the desert. I could not well tell why, yet I felt it trouble me; sometimes my heart trembled with the thrill of those sweet and solemn vibrations. I fancied that Darry's prayers had a somewhat different atmosphere from the old. Yet when I once or twice asked Margaret the next morning why such and such a one had not been at the reading, she gave me a careless answer, that she supposed Mr. Edwards had found something for them to do.

'But at night, Margaret?' I said. 'Mr. Edwards cannot keep them at work at night.'

To which she made no answer; and I was for some reason unwilling to press the matter. But things went on, not getting better but worse, until I could not bear it. I watched my opportunity and got Maria alone.

'What is the matter,' I asked, 'that the people do not come on Sunday evening as they used? Are they tired of the reading, Maria?'

'I spect dey's as tired as a fish mus' be of de water,' said Maria. She had a fine specimen under her hand at the moment, which I suppose suggested the figure.

'Then why do they not come as usual, Maria? there were only a few last night.'

'Dere was so few, it was lonesome,' said Maria.

'Then what is the reason?'

'Dere is more reasons for t'ings, den Maria can make out,' — she said thoughtfully. 'Mebbe it's to make 'em love de priv'lege mo'.'

'But what keeps them away, Maria? what hinders?'

'Chile, de Lord hab his angels, and de devil he hab

his ministers; and dey takes all sorts o' shapes, de angels and de ministers too. I reckon dere's some work o' dat sort goin' on.'

Maria spoke in a sort of sententious wisdom which did not satisfy me at all. I thought there was something behind.

'Who is doing the work, Maria?' I asked after a minute.

'Miss Daisy,' she said, 'dere aint no happenin' at all widout de Lord lets it happen. Dere is much contrairy in dis world, — fact, dere is! — but I 'spect de Lord make it all up to us by'm by.'

And she turned her face full upon me with a smile of so much quiet resting in that truth, that for just a moment it silenced me.

'Miss Daisy aint lookin' quite so peart as she use to look,' Maria went on. But I slipped away from that diversion.

'Maria,' I said, 'you don't tell me what is the matter; and I wish to know. What keeps the people, Pete and Eliza and all, from coming? What hinders them, Maria? I wish to know.'

Maria busied herself with her fish for a minute, turning and washing it; then without looking up from her work she said in a lowered tone,

'S'pect de overseer, he don't hab no favour to such ways and meetin's.'

'But with *me*?' I said; 'and with aunt Gary's leave?'

'S'pose he like to fix t'ings his own way,' said Maria.

'Does he forbid them to come?' I asked.

'I reckon he do,' — she said with a sigh.

Maria was very even-tempered, quiet, and wise, in her own way. Her sigh went through my heart. I stood thinking what plan I could take.

‘De Lord is bery good, Miss Daisy,’ she said cheerily a moment after; ‘and dem dat love him, dere can be no sort o’ separation, no ways.’

‘Does Mr. Edwards forbid them *all* to come?’ I asked. ‘For a good many do come.’

‘Spect he don’t like de meetin’s, no how,’ said Maria.

‘But does he tell all the people they must not come?’

‘I reckon he make it oncomfor’ble for ’em,’ Maria answered gravely. ‘Dere is no end o’ de mean ways o’ sich folks. Know he aint no gentleman, no how!’

‘What does he do, Maria?’ I said trembling, yet unable to keep back the question.

‘He can do what he please, Miss Daisy,’ Maria said in the same grave way. ‘’Cept de Lord above, dere no one can hinder — now massa so fur. Bes’ pray de Lord, and mebbe he sen’ his angel, some time.’

Maria’s fish was ready for the kettle; some of the other servants came in; and I went with a heavy heart up the stairs. ‘Massa so fur’ — yes! I knew that; and Mr. Edwards knew it too. Once sailed for China; and it would be long, long, before my cry for help, in the shape of one of my little letters, could reach him and get back the answer. My heart felt heavy as if I could die, while I slowly mounted the stairs to my room. It was not only that trouble was brought upon my poor friends, nor even that their short enjoyment of the Word of life was hindered and interrupted; above this and worse than this was the

sense of *wrong*, done to these helpless people, and done by my own father and mother. This sense was something too bitter for a child of my years to bear; it crushed me for a time. Our people had a right to the Bible, as great as mine; a right to dispose of themselves, as true as my father's right to dispose of himself. Christ, my Lord, had died for them as well as for me; and here was my father, — *my father* — practically saying that they should not hear of it, nor know the message He had sent to them. And if anything could have made this more bitter to me, it was the consciousness that the *reason* of it all was that we might profit by it. Those unpaid hands wrought that our hands might be free to do nothing; those empty cabins were bare, in order that our houses might be full of every soft luxury; those unlettered minds were kept unlettered that the rarest of intellectual wealth might be poured into our treasury. I knew it. For I had written to my father once to beg his leave to establish schools, where the people on the plantation might be taught to read and write. He had sent a very kind answer, saying it was just like his little Daisy to wish such a thing, and that his wish was not against it, if it could be done; but that the laws of the State, and for wise reasons, forbade it. Greatly puzzled by this, I one day carried my puzzle to Preston. He laughed at me as usual, but at the same time explained that it would not be safe; for that if the slaves were allowed books and knowledge, they would soon not be content with their condition, and would be banding together to make themselves free. I knew all this, and I had been brooding over it; and now when the powerful hand of the overseer came in to hinder

the little bit of good and comfort I was trying to give the people, my heart was set on fire with a sense of sorrow and wrong that, as I said, no child ought ever to know.

I think it made me ill. I could not eat. I studied like a machine, and went and came as Miss Pinshon bade me ; all the while brooding by myself and turning over and over in my heart the furrows of thought which seemed at first to promise no harvest. Yet those furrows never break the soil for nothing. In due time the seed fell ; and the fruit of a ripened purpose came to maturity.

I did not give up my Sunday readings ; even although the numbers of my hearers grew scantier. As many as could, we met together to read and to pray, yes, and to sing. And I shall never in this world hear such singing again. One refrain comes back to me now —

‘O had I the wings of the morning —

‘O had I the wings of the morning —

‘O had I the wings of the morning —

‘I’d fly to my Jesus away!’

I used to feel so too, as I listened and sometimes sung with them.

Meantime, all that I could do with my quarterly ten dollars, I did. And there was many a little bit of pleasure I could give ; what with a tulip here and a cup of tea there, and a bright handkerchief, or a pair of shoes. Few of the people had spirit and cultivation enough to care for the flowers. But Maria cherished some red and white tulips and a hyacinth in her kitchen window, as if they had been her children ; and to Darry a white rose tree I had given him seemed al-

most to take the place of a familiar spirit. Even grave Pete, whom I only saw now and then this winter at my readings, nursed and tended and watched a bed of crocuses with endless delight and care. All the while, my Sunday circle of friends grew constantly fewer; and the songs that were sung at our hindered meetings had a spirit in them, which seemed to me to speak of a deep-lying fire somewhere in the hearts of the singers, hidden, but always ready to burst into a blaze. Was it because the fire was burning in my own heart?

I met one of the two Jems in the pine avenue one day. He greeted me with the pleasantest of broad smiles.

‘Jem,’ said I, ‘why don’t you come to the house Sunday evenings, any more?’

‘It don’t ’pear practical, missie.’ Jem was given to large-sized words, when he could get hold of them.

‘Mr. Edwards hinders you?’

‘Mass’ Ed’ards bery smart man, Miss Daisy. He want massa’s work done up all jus’ so.’

‘And he says that the prayermeeting hinders the work, Jem?’

‘‘Clar, missis, Mass’ Ed’ards got long head; he see funder den me,’ Jem said, shaking his own head as if the whole thing were beyond him. I let him go. But a day or two after I attacked Margaret on the subject. She and Jem, I knew, were particular friends. Margaret was oracular and mysterious, and looked like a thunder cloud. I got nothing from her, except an increase of uneasiness. I was afraid to go further in my inquiries; yet could not rest without. The house servants, I knew, would not be likely to tell me any-

thing that would trouble me, if they could help it. The only exception was mammy Theresa; who with all her love for me had either less tact, or had grown from long habit hardened to the state of things in which she had been brought up. From her, by a little cross questioning, I learned that Jem and others had been forbidden to come to the Sunday readings; and their disobeying had been visited with the lash, not once nor twice; till, as mammy Theresa said, ‘’peared like it warn’t no use to try to be good agin de devil.’

And papa was away on his voyage to China, away on the high seas, where no letter could reach him; and Mr. Edwards knew that. There was a fire in my heart now, that burned with sharp pain. I felt as if it would burn my heart out. And now took shape and form one single aim and purpose, which became for years the foremost one of my life. It had been growing and gathering. I set it clear before me from this time.

Meanwhile, my mother’s daughter was not willing to be entirely baffled by the overseer. I arranged with Darry that I would be at the Cemetery hill on all pleasant Sunday afternoons; and that all who wished to hear me read, or who wished to learn themselves, might meet me there. The Sunday afternoons were often pleasant that winter. I was constantly at my post; and many a one crept round to me from the quarters and made his way through the graves and the trees to where I sat by the iron railing. We were safe there. Nobody but me liked the place. Miss Pinshon and the overseer agreed in shunning it. And there was promise in the blue sky, and hope in the soft sunshine, and sympathy in the sweet rustle of the pine leaves. Why not? Are they not all God’s voices.

And the words of the Book were very precious there, to me and many another. I was rather more left to myself of late. My governess gave me my lessons quite as assiduously as ever; but after lesson time she seemed to have something else to take her attention. She did not walk often with me, as the spring drew near; and my Sunday afternoons were absolutely unquestioned.

One day in March, I had gone to my favourite place to get out a lesson. It was not Sunday afternoon of course. I was tired with my day's work, or I was not very strong; for though I had work to do, the witcheries of nature prevailed with me to put down my book. The scent of pine buds and flowers made the air sweet to smell, and the spring sun made it delicious to feel. The light won its way tenderly among the trees, touching the white marble tombstones behind me, but resting with a more gentle ray upon the moss and turf where only little bits of rough board marked the sleeping places of our dependants. Just out of sight, through the still air I could hear the river, in its rippling flow past the bank at the top of which I sat. My book hung in my hand, and the course of Universal History was forgotten; while I mused and mused over the two sorts of graves that lay around me, the two races, the diverse fate that attended them; while one blue sky was over, and one sunlight fell down. And 'while I was musing, the fire burned,' more fiercely than ever David's had occasion when he wrote those words. 'Then spake I with my tongue.' I would have liked to do that. But I could do nothing; only pray.

I was very much startled while I sat in my muse, to hear a footstep coming. A steady, regular, footstep;

no light trip of children; and the hands were in the field, and this was not a step like any of them. My first thought was, the overseer! come to spy me out. The next minute I saw through the trees and the iron railings behind me, that it was not the overseer. I knew *his* wide-awake; and this head was crowned with some sort of a cap. I turned my head again and sat quiet; willing to be overlooked, if that might be. The steps never slackened. I heard them coming round the railing — then just at the corner — I looked up, to see the cap lifted, and a smile coming upon features that I knew; but my own thoughts were so very far away that my visiter had almost reached my side before I could recollect who it was. I remember I got up then in a little hurry.

‘It is Doctor Sandford!’ I exclaimed, as his hand took mine.

‘Is it Daisy?’ answered the doctor.

‘I think so,’ I said.

‘And I *think* so,’ he said, looking at me after the old fashion. ‘Sit down, and let me make sure.’

‘You must sit on the grass, then,’ I said.

‘Not a bad thing, in such a pleasant place,’ he rejoined, sending his blue eye all round my prospect. ‘But it is not so pleasant a place as White Lake, Daisy.’

Such a flood of memories and happy associations came rushing into my mind at these words, — he had not given them time to come in slowly, — I suppose my face shewed it. The doctor looked at me and smiled.

‘I see it *is* Daisy,’ he said. ‘I think it is certainly Daisy. So you do not like Magnolia?’

'Yes, I do,' I said, wondering where he got that conclusion. 'I like the *place* very much, if —'

'I should like to have the finishing of that "if" — if you have no objection.'

'I like the *place*,' I repeated. 'There are some things about it I do not like.'

'Climate, perhaps?'

'I did not mean the climate. I do not think I meant anything that belonged to the place itself.'

'How do you do?' was the doctor's next question.

'I am very well, sir.'

'How do you know it?'

'I suppose I am,' I said. 'I am not sick. I always say I am well.'

'For instance, you are so well that you never get tired?'

'O I get tired very often. I always did.'

'What sort of things make you tired? Do you take too long drives in your pony chaise?'

'I have no pony chaise now, Dr. Sandford. Loupe was left at Melbourne. I don't know what became of him.'

'Why didn't you bring him along? But any other pony would do, Daisy.'

'I don't drive at all, Dr. Sandford. My aunt and governess do not like to have me drive as I used to do. I wish I could!'

'You would like to use your pony chaise again?'

'Very much. I know it would rest me.'

'And you have a governess, Daisy? That is something you had not at Melbourne.'

'No —' I said.

'A governess is a very nice thing,' said the doctor,

taking off his hat and leaning back against the iron railing, — ‘if she knows properly how to set people to play.’

‘To play!’ I echoed. ‘I don’t know whether Miss Pinshon approves of play.’

‘Oh! She approves of work then, does she?’

‘She likes work,’ I answered.

‘Keeps you busy?’

‘Most of the day, sir.’

‘The evenings you have to yourself?’

‘Sometimes. Not always. Sometimes I cannot get through with my lessons, and they stretch on into the evening.’

‘How many lessons does this lady think a person of your age and capacity can manage in the twenty-four hours?’ said the doctor, taking out his knife as he spoke and beginning to trim the thorns off a bit of sweet-briar he had cut. I stopped to make the reckoning.

‘Give me the course of your day, Daisy. And by the by, when does your day begin?’

‘It begins at half past seven, Dr. Sandford.’

‘With breakfast?’

‘No sir. I have a recitation before breakfast.’

‘Please, of what?’

‘Miss Pinshon always begins with mathematics.’

‘As a bitters. Do you find that it gives you an appetite?’

By this time I was very near bursting into tears. The familiar voice and way, the old time they brought back, the contrasts they forced together, the different days of Melbourne and of my Southern home, the forms and voices of mamma and papa, — they all came crowd-

ing and flitting before me. I was obliged to delay my answer. I knew that Dr. Sandford looked at me; then he went on in a very gentle way —

‘Sweetbriar is sweet, — Daisy’ — putting it to my nose. ‘I should like to know, how long does mathematics last, before you are allowed to have coffee?’

‘Mathematics only lasts half an hour. But then I have an hour of study in Mental Philosophy before breakfast. We breakfast at nine.’

‘It must take a great deal of coffee to wash down all that,’ said the doctor lazily trimming his sweetbriar. ‘Don’t you find that you are very hungry when you come to breakfast?’

‘No, not generally,’ I said.

‘How is that? where there is so much sharpening of the wits, people ought to be sharp otherwise.’

‘My wits do not get sharpened,’ I said, half laughing. ‘I think they get dull; and I am often dull altogether by breakfast time.’

‘What time in the day do you walk?’

‘In the afternoon — when we have done with the schoolroom. But lately Miss Pinshon does not walk much.’

‘So you take the best of the day for philosophy?’

‘No, sir, for mathematics.’

‘Oh! — Well, Daisy, *after* philosophy and mathematics have both had their turn; what then? when breakfast is over.’

‘O they have two or three more turns in the course of the day,’ I said. ‘Astronomy comes after breakfast; then Smith’s Wealth of Nations; then Chemistry. Then I have a long History lesson to recite; then French. After dinner we have Natural Philos-

ophy, and Physical Geography and Mathematics; and then we have generally done.'

'And then what is left of you goes to walk,' said the doctor.

'No, not very often now,' I said. 'I don't know why, Miss Pinshon has very much given up walking of late.'

'Then what becomes of you?'

'I do not often want to do much of anything,' I said. 'To-day I came here.'

'With a book,' said the doctor. 'Is it work or play?'

'My History lesson,' I said shewing the book. 'I had not quite time enough at home.'

'How much of a lesson, for instance?' said the doctor taking the book and turning over the leaves.

'I had to make a synopsis of the state of Europe from the third century to the tenth; — synchronizing the events and the names.'

'In writing?'

'I might write it if I chose, — I often do, — but I have to give the synopsis by memory.'

'Does it take long to prepare, Daisy?' said the doctor, still turning over the leaves.

'Pretty long,' I said, 'when I am stupid. Sometimes I *cannot* do the synchronizing, my head gets so thick; and I have to take two or three days for it.'

'Don't you get punished, for letting your head get thick?'

'Sometimes I do.'

'And what is the system of punishment at Magnolia for such deeds?'

'I am kept in the house for the rest of the afternoon

sometimes,' I said; 'or I have an extra problem in mathematics to get out for the next morning.'

'And *that* keeps you in, if the governess don't.'

'O no,' I said; 'I never can work at it then. I get up earlier the next morning.'

'Do you do nothing for exercise but those walks, which you do not take?'

'I used to ride last year,' I said; 'and this year I was stronger, and Miss Pinshon gave me more studies; and somehow I have not cared to ride so much. I have felt more like being still.'

'You must have grown tremendously wise, Daisy,' said the doctor, looking round at me now with his old pleasant smile. I cannot tell the pleasure and comfort it was to me to see him; but I think I said nothing.

'It is near the time now when you always leave Magnolia — is it not?'

'Very near now.'

'Would it trouble you to have the time a little anticipated?'

I looked at him, in much doubt what this might mean. The doctor fumbled in his breast pocket and fetched out a letter.

'Just before your father sailed for China, he sent me this. It was some time before it reached me; and it was some time longer before I could act upon it.'

He put a letter in my hand, which I, wondering, read. It said, the letter did, that papa was not at ease about me; that he was not satisfied with my aunt's report of me, nor with the style of my late letters; and begged Dr. Sandford would run down to Magnolia at his earliest convenience and see me and make enquiry as to my well-being; and if he found

things not satisfactory, as my father feared he might and judged that the rule of Miss Pinshon had not been good for me on the whole, my father desired that Dr. Sandford would take measures to have me removed to the North and placed in one of the best schools there to be found; such a one as Mrs. Sandford might recommend. The letter further desired, that Dr. Sandford would keep a regular watch over my health, and suffer no school training nor anything else to interfere with it; expressing the writer's confidence that Dr. Sandford knew better than any one what was good for me.

'So you see, Daisy,' the doctor said, when I handed him back the letter, 'your father has constituted me in some sort your guardian, until such time as he comes back.'

'I am very glad,' I said, smiling.

'Are you? That is kind. I am going to act upon my authority immediately, and take you away.'

'From Magnolia?' I said breathlessly.

'Yes. Wouldn't you like to go and see Melbourne again for a little while?'

'Melbourne!' said I; and I remember how my cheeks grew warm. 'But — will Miss Pinshon go to Melbourne?'

'No; she will not. Nor anywhere else, Daisy, with my will and permission, where you go. Will that distress you very much?'

I could not say yes, and I believe I made no answer, my thoughts were in such a whirl.

'Is Mrs. Sandford in Melbourne — I mean, near Melbourne — now?' I asked at length.

'No, she is in Washington. But she will be going

to the old place before long. Would you like to go, Daisy?’

I could hardly tell him. I could hardly think. It began to rush over me, that this parting from Magnolia was likely to be for a longer time than usual. The river murmured by — the sunlight shone on the groves on the hillside. Who would look after my poor people?

‘You like Magnolia after all?’ said the doctor. ‘I do not wonder, as far as Magnolia goes. You are sorry to leave it.’

‘No,’ I said, — ‘I am not sorry at all to leave Magnolia; I am very glad. I am only sorry to leave — some friends.’

‘Friends —’ said the doctor.

‘Yes.’

‘How many friends?’

‘I don’t know,’ said I. ‘I think there are a hundred or more.’

‘Seriously?’

‘O yes,’ I said, ‘They are all on the place here.’

‘How long will you want, Daisy, to take proper leave of these friends?’

I had no idea he was in such practical haste; but I found it was so.

CHAPTER VIII.

EGYPTIAN GLASS.

It became necessary for me to think how soon I could be ready, and arrange to get my leave-takings over by a certain time. Dr. Sandford could not wait for me. He was an army surgeon now, I found, and stationed at Washington. He had to return to his post and leave Miss Pinshon to bring me up to Washington. I fancy matters were easily arranged with Miss Pinshon. She was as meek as a lamb. But it never was her way to fight against circumstances. The doctor ordered that I should come up to Washington in a week or two.

I did not know till he was gone, what a hard week it was going to be.

As soon as he had turned his back upon Magnolia, my leave-takings began. I may say they began sooner : for in the morning after his arrival, when Margaret was in my room, she fell to questioning me about the truth of the rumour that had reached the kitchen. Jim said I was going away, not to come back. I do not know how he had got hold of the notion. And when I told her it was true, she dropped the pine splinters out of her hands and rising to her feet besought me that I would take her with me. So eagerly she besought me, that I had much difficulty to answer.

‘I shall be in a school, Margaret,’ I said. ‘I could not have anybody there to wait on me.’

‘Miss Daisy won’t never do everything for herself.’

‘Yes, I must,’ I said. ‘All the girls do.’

‘I’d hire out then, Miss Daisy, while you don’t want me—I’d be right smart—and I’d bring all my earnin’s to you regular. ’Deed I will! Till Miss Daisy want me herself.’

I felt my cheeks flush. She would bring *her* earnings to *me*. Yes, that was what we were doing.

‘Clar, Miss Daisy, do don’t leave me behind! I could take washin’ and do all Miss Daisy’s things up right smart—don’t believe they knows how to do things up there!—I’ll come to no good if I don’t go with Miss Daisy, sure.’

‘You can be good here as well as anywhere, Margaret,’ I said.

‘Miss Daisy don’ know. Miss Daisy spose the devil walkin’ round about a place;—think it a nice place fur to be good in?’

‘The devil is not in Magnolia more than anywhere else,’ I said.

‘Dere Mass’ Edwards,—’ Margaret said half under her breath. Even in my room she would not speak the name out loud.

The end of it was, that I wrote up to Washington to Dr. Sandford to ask if I might take the girl with me; and his answer came back, that if it were any pleasure to me I certainly might. So that matter was settled. But the parting with the rest was hard. I do not know whether it was hardest for them or for me. Darry blessed me and prayed for me. Maria wept over me. Theresa mourned and lamented. Tears

and wailings came from all the poor women who knew me best and used to come to the Sunday readings ; and Pete took occasion to make private request, that when I was grown, or when at any time I should want a man servant, I would remember and send for him. He could do anything, he said ; he could drive horses or milk cows or take care of a garden, or *cook*. It was said in a subdued voice, and though with a gleam of his white circle of teeth at the last mentioned accomplishment, it was said with a depth of grave earnestness which troubled me. I promised as well as I could ; but my heart was very sore for my poor people, left now without anybody, even so much as a child, to look after their comfort and give them any hopes for one world or the other.

Those heavy days were done at last. Margaret was speedy with my packing ; a week from the time of Dr. Sandford's coming, I had said my last lesson to Miss Pinshon, read my last reading to my poor people, shaken the last handshakings ; and we were on the little steamer plying down the Sands river.

I think I was wearied out ; for I remember no excitement or interest about the journey, which ought to have had so much for me. In a passive state of mind I followed Miss Pinshon from steamer to station ; from one train of cars to another ; and saw the familiar landscape flit before me as the cars whirled us on. At Baytown we had been joined by a gentleman who went with us all the rest of the way ; and I began by degrees to comprehend that my governess had changed her vocation, and instead of taking care, as heretofore, was going to be taken care of. It did not interest me I saw it, that was all. I saw Margaret's delight too.

shown by every quick and thoughtful movement that could be of any service to me, and by a certain inexpressible air of deliverance which sat on her, I cannot tell how, from her bonnet down to her shoes. But her delight reminded me of those that were not delivered.

I think, of all the crushing griefs that a young person can be called to bear, one of the sorest is the feeling of wrong doing on the part of a beloved father or mother. I was sure that my father, blinded by old habit and bound by the laws of the country, did not in the least degree realize the true state of the matter. I knew that the real colour of his gold had never been seen by him. Not the less, *I* knew now that it was bloody; and what was worse, though I do not know *why* it should be worse, I knew that it was soiled. I knew that greed and dishonour were the two collectors of our revenue, and *wrong* our agent. Do I use strong words? They are not too strong for the feelings which constantly bore upon my heart, nor too bitter; though my childish heart never put them into such words at the time. That my father did not know, saved my love and reverence for him; but it did not change anything else.

In the last stage of our journey, as we left a station where the train had stopped, I noticed a little book left on one of the empty seats of the car. It lay there and nobody touched it; till we were leaving the car at Alexandria and almost everybody had gone out, and I saw that it lay there still and nobody would claim it. In passing I took it up. It was a neat little book, with gilt edges; no name in it; and having its pages numbered for the days of the year. And each page was full of Bible words. It looked nice. I put the book

in my pocket; and on board the ferryboat opened it again, and looked for the date of the day in March where we were. I found the words — ‘He preserveth the way of his saints.’ They were the words heading the page. I had not time for another bit; but as I left the boat this went into my heart like a cordial.

It was a damp, dark morning. The air was chill as we left the little boat cabin; the streets were dirty; there was a confusion of people seeking carriages or porters or baggage or custom; then suddenly I felt as if I had lighted on a tower of strength, for Dr. Sandford stood at my side. A good-humoured sort of a tower he looked to me, in his steady, upright bearing; and his military coat helped the impression of that. I can see now his touch of his cap to Miss Pinshon, and then the quick glance which took in Margaret and me. In another minute I had shaken hands with my governess, and was in a carriage with Margaret opposite me; and Dr. Sandford was giving my baggage in charge to somebody. And then he took his place beside me and we drove off. And I drew a long breath.

‘Punctual to your time, Daisy,’ said the doctor. ‘But what made you choose such a time? How much of yourself have you left by the way?’

‘Miss Pinshon liked better to travel all night,’ I said, ‘because there was no place where she liked to stop to spend the night.’

‘What was your opinion on that subject?’

‘I was more tired than she was, I suppose.’

‘Has she managed things on the same system for the four years past?’

The doctor put the question with such a cool gravity, that I could not help laughing. Yet I believe my laughing was very near crying. At first he did so put me in mind of all that was about me when I used to see him in that time long before. And an inexpressible feeling of comfort was in his presence now ; a feeling of being taken care of. I had been looked after, undoubtedly, all these years ; sharply looked after ; there was never a night that I could go to sleep without my governess coming in to see that I was in my room, or in bed, and my clothes in order, and my light where it ought to be. And my aunt had not forgotten me, nor her perplexities about me. And Preston had petted me, when he was near. But even Preston sometimes lost sight of me in the urgency of his own pleasure or business. There was a great difference in the strong hand of Dr. Sandford's care ; and if you had ever looked into his blue eyes, you would know that they forgot nothing. They had always fascinated me ; they did now.

Mrs. Sandford was not up when we got to the house where she was staying. It was no matter, for a room was ready for me ; and Dr. Sandford had a nice little breakfast brought, and saw me eat it, just as if I were a patient. Then he ordered me to bed, and charged Margaret to watch over me, and he went away ; as he said, till luncheon time.

I drew two or three long breaths as Margaret was undressing me ; I felt so comfortable.

'Are Miss Pinshon done gone away, Miss Daisy?' my handmaid asked.

'From Magnolia? yes.'

'Where she gwine to?'

'I don't know.'

‘Then she don’t go no further along the way we’re goin?’

‘No. I wonder, Margaret, if they will have any prayermeetings in Magnolia now?’ For with the mention of Magnolia my thoughts swept back.

‘Spect the overseer have his ugly old way!’ Margaret uttered with great disgust. ‘Miss Daisy done promise me, I go ’long with Miss Daisy?’ she added anxiously.

‘Yes. But what makes *you* want to get away from home more than all the rest of them?’

‘Reckon I’d done gone kill myself, spose Miss Daisy leave me there,’ the girl said gloomily. ‘If dey send me down South, I *would*.’

‘Send you South!’ I said; ‘they would not do that, Margaret.’

‘Dere was man wantin’ to buy me — give mighty high price de overseer said.’ In excitement Margaret’s tongue sometimes grew thick like those of her neighbours.

‘Mr. Edwards has no right to sell anybody away from the place,’ I insisted, in mixed unbelief and horror.

‘Dunno,’ said Margaret. ‘Don’t make no difference, Miss Daisy. Who care what he do? Dere’s Pete’s wife —’

‘Pete’s wife?’ said I. ‘I didn’t know Pete was married! What of Pete’s wife?’

‘Dat doctor will kill me, for sure!’ said Margaret looking at me. ‘Do, don’t, Miss Daisy! The doctor say you must go right to bed, now. See! you aint got your clothes off.’

‘Stop,’ said I. ‘What about Pete’s wife?’

‘I done forget. I thought Miss Daisy knowed. Mebbe it’s before Miss Daisy come home.’

‘What?’ said I. ‘What?’

‘It’s nothin’, Miss Daisy. ‘The overseer he done got mad with Pete’s wife and he sold her down South, he did.’

‘Away from Pete?’ said I.

‘Pete, he’s to de old place,’ said Margaret laconically. ‘Spect he forgot all about it by dis time. Miss Daisy please have her clothes off and go to bed?’

There was nothing more to wait for. I submitted, was undressed; but the rest and sleep which had been desired were far out of reach now. Pete’s wife? — my good, strong, gentle, and I remembered always *grave*, Pete! My heart was on fire with indignation and torn to pieces with sorrow, both at once. Torn with the helpless feeling too that I could not mend the wrong. I do not mean this individual wrong, but the whole state of things under which such wrong was possible. I was restless on my bed, though very weary. I would rather have been up and doing something, than to lie and look at my trouble; only that being there kept me out of the way of seeing people and of talking. Such things done under my father and mother’s own authority, — on their own land, — to their own helpless dependants; whom yet it was *they* made helpless and kept subject to such possibilities. I turned and tossed, feeling that I *must* do something, while yet I knew I could do nothing. Pete’s wife! And where was she now? And *that* was the secret of the unvarying grave shadow that Pete’s brow always wore. And now that I had quitted Magnolia, no human friend for the present

remained to all that crowd of poor and ignorant and needy humanity. Even their comfort of prayer forbidden; except such comfort as each believer might take by himself alone.

I did not know, I never did know till long after, how to many at Magnolia that prohibition wrought no harm. I think Margaret knew, and even then did not dare tell me. How the meetings for prayer were not stopped. How watch was kept on certain nights, till all stir had ceased in the little community; till lights were out in the overseer's house (and at the great house, while we were there); and how then, silently and softly from their several cabins, the people stole away through the woods, to a little hill beyond the cemetery, quite far out of hearing or ken of anybody; and there prayed, and sang too, and 'praised God and shouted,' as my informant told me; not neglecting all the while to keep a picket watch about their meeting place, to give the alarm in case anybody should come. So under the soft moonlight skies and at depth of night, the meetings which I had supposed broken up, took new life, and grew, and lived; and prayers did not fail; and the Lord hearkened and heard.

It would have comforted me greatly if I could have known this at the time. But as I said, I suppose Margaret dared not tell me. After a long while of weary tossing and heart ache, sleep came at last to me; but it brought Pete and his wife and the overseer and Margaret in new combinations of trouble; and I got little refreshment.

'Now you have waked up, Miss Daisy?' said Margaret when I opened my eyes. 'That poundin' noise nas done waked you!'

‘What noise?’

‘It’s no Christian noise,’ said Margaret. ‘What’s the use of turnin’ the house into a clap of thunder like that? But a man was makin’ it o’ purpose, for I went out to see; and he telled me it was to call folks to luncheon. Will you get up, Miss Daisy?’

Margaret spoke as if she thought I had much better lie still; but I was weary of the comfort I had found there and disposed to try something else. I had just time to be ready, before Dr. Sandford came for me and took me to his sister-in-law. Mrs. Sandford welcomed me with great kindness, even tenderness; exclaimed at my growth; but I saw by her glance at the doctor that my appearance in other respects struck her unfavourably. He made no answer to that, but carried us off to the luncheon room.

There were other people lodging in the house besides my friends; a long table was spread. Dr. Sandford, I saw, was an immense favourite. Questions and demands upon his attention came thick and fast, from both ends and all sides of the table; about all sorts of subjects and in all manner of tones, grave and gay. And he was at home to them all, but in the midst of it never forgot me. He took careful heed to my luncheon; prepared one thing, and called for another; it reminded me of a time long gone by; but it did not help me to eat. I could not eat. The last thing he did was to call for a fresh raw egg, and break it into a half glass of milk. With this in his hand we left the dining room. As soon as we got to Mrs. Sandford’s parlour he gave it to me and ordered me to swallow it. I suppose I looked dismayed.

‘Poor child!’ said Mrs. Sandford. ‘Let me have

it beaten up for her, Grant, with some sugar ; she can't take it so.'

'Daisy has done harder things,' he said.

I saw he expected me to drink it, and so I did, I do not know how.

'Thank you,' he said smiling as he took the glass. 'Now sit down and I will talk to you.'

'How she is growing tall, Grant!' said Mrs. Sandford.

'Yes,' said he. 'Did you sleep well, Daisy?'

'No, sir ; I couldn't sleep. And then I dreamed.'

'Dreaming is not a proper way of resting. So tired you could not sleep?'

'I do not think it was that, Dr. Sandford.'

'Do you know what it was?'

'I think I do,' — I said, a little unwillingly.

'She is getting very much the look of her mother,' Mrs. Sandford remarked again. 'Don't you see it, Grant?'

'I see more than that,' he answered. 'Daisy, do you think this governess of yours has been a good governess?'

I looked wearily out of the window, and cast a weary mental look over the four years of algebraics and philosophy, at the bright little child I saw at the further end of them.

'I think I have grown dull, Dr. Sandford,' I said.

He came up behind me and put his arms round me, taking my hand in his, and spoke in quite a different tone.

'Daisy, have you found many "wonderful things" at Magnolia?'

I looked up, I remember, with the eagerness of a

heart full of thoughts, into his face; but I could not speak then.

‘Have you looked through a microscope since you have been there? and made discoveries?’

‘Not in natural things, Dr. Sandford.’

‘Ha!’ said the doctor. ‘Do you want to go and take a drive with me?’

‘O yes!’

‘Go and get ready then, please.’

I had a very pleasant, quiet drive; the doctor shewing me, as he said, not wonderful things but new things, and taking means to amuse me. And every day for several days I had a drive. Sometimes we went to the country, sometimes got out and examined something in the city. There was a soothing relief in it all, and in the watchful care taken of me at home, and the absence of mathematics and philosophy. All day when not driving or at meals, I lay on Mrs. Sandford’s sofa or curled myself up in the depth of a great easy chair, and turned over her books; or studied my own blue book which I had picked up in the car, and which was so little I had Margaret make a big pocket in my frock to hold it. But this life was not to last. A few days was all Mrs. Sandford had to spend in Washington.

The place I liked best to go to was the Capitol. Several times Dr. Sandford took me there, and shewed me the various great rooms, and paintings, and smaller rooms with their beautiful adornments; and I watched the workmen at work; for the renewing of the building was not yet finished. As long as he had time to spare, Dr. Sandford let me amuse myself as I would; and often got me into talks which refreshed me more

than anything. Still, though I was soothed, my trouble at heart was not gone. One day we were sitting looking at the pictures in the great vestibule, when Dr. Sandford suddenly started a subject which put the Capitol out of my head.

‘Daisy,’ said he, ‘was it your wish or Margaret’s, that she should go North with you?’

‘Hers,’ I said, startled.

‘Then it is not yours particularly?’

‘Yes it is, Dr. Sandford, *very* particularly.’

‘How is that?’ said he.

I hesitated. I shrank from the whole subject; it was so extremely sore to me.

‘I ought to warn you,’ he went on, ‘that if you take her further, she may if she likes leave you, and claim her freedom. That is the law. If her owner takes her into the free States, she may remain in them if she will, whether he does or not.’

I was silent still, for the whole thing choked me. I was quite willing she should have her freedom, get it any way she could; but there was my father, and his pleasure and interest, which might not choose to lose a piece of his property — and my mother and *her* interest and pleasure; I knew what both would be. I was dumb.

‘You had not thought of this before?’ the doctor went on.

‘No, sir.’

‘Does it not change your mind about taking her on?’

‘No, sir.’

‘Did it ever occur to you, or rather, does it not occur to you now, that the girl’s design in coming may have been this very purpose of her freedom?’

‘I do not think it was,’ I said.

‘Even if not, it will be surely put in her head by other people before she has been at the North long ; and she will know that she is her own mistress.’

I was silent still. I knew that I wished she might !

‘Do you not think,’ Dr. Sandford went on, ‘that in this view of the case we had better send her back to Magnolia when you leave Washington?’

‘No,’ I said.

‘I think it would be better,’ he repeated.

‘O no!’ I said. ‘O no, Dr. Sandford. I can’t send her back. You will not send her back, will you?’

‘Be quiet,’ he said, holding fast the hand which in my earnestness I had put in his ; ‘she is not my servant ; she is yours ; it is for you to say what you will do.’

‘I will not send her back,’ I said.

‘But it may be right to consider what would be Mr. Randolph’s wish on the subject. If you take her, he may lose several hundred dollars’ worth of property ; it is right for me to warn you ; would he choose to run the risk.’

I remember now what a fire at my heart sent the blood to my face. But with my hand in Dr. Sandford’s, and those blue eyes of his reading me, I could not keep back my thought.

‘She ought to be her own mistress’ — I said.

A brilliant flash of expression filled the blue eyes and crossed his face. I could hardly tell what, before it was gone. Quick surprise — pleasure? — amusement — agreement ; the first and the two last certainly ; and the pleasure I could not help fancying had lent its col-

our to that ray of light, which had shot for one instant from those impenetrable eyes. He spoke just as usual.

‘But Daisy, have you studied this question?’

‘I think, I have studied nothing else, Dr. Sandford!’

‘You know the girl is not yours, but your father’s.’

‘She isn’t anybody’s—’ I said slowly, and with slow tears gathering in my heart. .

‘How do you mean?’ said he, with again the quiver of a smile upon his lips.

‘I mean,’ I said, struggling with my thoughts and myself, ‘I mean, that nobody could have a right to her.’

‘Did not her parents belong to your father?’

‘To my mother.’

‘Then she does.’

‘But, Dr. Sandford,’ I said, ‘nobody *can* belong to anybody — in that way.’

‘How do you make it out, Daisy?’

‘Because, nobody can give anybody a *right* to anybody else — in that way.’

‘Does it not give your mother a right, that the mother of this girl and probably her grandmother were the property of your ancestors?’

‘They could not be their property justly,’ I said, glad to get back to my ancestors.

‘The law made it so.’

‘Not God’s law, Dr. Sandford,’ I said looking up at him.

‘No? Does not that Law give a man a right to what he has honestly bought?’

‘No,’ I said, ‘it *can’t* — not if it has been dishonestly sold.’

‘Explain, Daisy,’ said Dr. Sandford very quietly; but I saw the gleam of that light in his eye again. I

had gone too far to stop. I went on, ready to break my heart over the right and the wrong I was separating.

‘I mean, the *first* people that sold the first of these coloured people, —’ I said.

‘Well?’ said the doctor.

‘They could not have a right to sell them.’

‘Yes. Well?’

‘Then the people that bought them could not have a right, any more,’ I said.

‘But Daisy,’ said Dr. Sandford, ‘do you know that there are different opinions on this very point?’

I was silent. It made no difference to me.

‘Suppose for the moment that the first people, as you say, had no precise right to sell the men and women they brought to this country; yet those who bought them and paid honest money for them, and possessed them from generation to generation, — had not *they* a right to pass them off upon other hands, receiving their money back again?’

‘I don’t know how to explain it,’ I said. ‘I mean — if at first — Dr. Sandford, hadn’t the people that were sold, hadn’t they rights too?’

‘Rights of what sort?’

‘A right to do what they liked with themselves, and to earn money, and to keep their wives?’

‘But those rights were lost, you know, Daisy.’

‘But *could* they be,’ I said. ‘I mean — Dr. Sandford, for instance; suppose somebody stole your watch from you; would you lose the right to it?’

‘It *seems* to me that I should not, Daisy.’

‘That is what I mean,’ I said.

‘But there is another view of the case, Daisy. Take Margaret, for instance. From the time she was a

child, your father's, or your mother's, money has gone to support her; her food and clothing and living have been wholly at their expense. Does not that give them a right to her services? ought they not to be repaid?'

I did not want to speak of my father and mother and Margaret. It was coming too near home. I knew the food and clothing Dr. Sandford spoke of; I knew a very few months of a northern servant's wages would have paid for it all; was this girl's whole life to be taken from her, and by my father and mother, and for such a cause? The feeling of grief and wrong and shame got possession of me. I was ready to break my heart in tears; but I could not shew Dr. Sandford what I felt, nor confess to what I thought of my father's action. I had the greatest struggle with myself not to give way and cry. I was very weak bodily, but I know I stood still and did not shed a tear; till I felt Dr. Sandford's hands take hold of me. They put me gently back in the chair from which I had risen.

'What is the matter, Daisy?' he said.

I would not speak, and he did not urge it; but I saw that he watched me, till I gained command of myself again.

'Shall we go home now?' he asked.

'In a minute. Dr. Sandford, I do not think papa knows about all this — I do not think he knows about it as I do. I am sure he does not; and when he knows, he will think as I do.'

'Or perhaps you will think as he does.'

I was silent. I wondered if that could be possible,

if I too could have my eyes blinded as I saw other people's were.

'Little Daisy,' said my friend the doctor, — 'but you are getting to be not *little* Daisy. How old are you?'

'I shall be fourteen in June.'

'Fourteen. Well, it is no wonder that my friend whom I left a philosopher at ten years old, I should find a woman at fourteen — but Daisy, you must not take it on your heart that you have to teach all the ignorant and help all the distressed that come in your way; because simply you cannot do it.'

I looked up at him. I could not tell him what I thought, because he would not, I feared, understand it. Christ came to do just such work, and his servants must have it on their heart to do the same. I cannot tell what was in my look; but I thought the doctor's face changed.

'One Molly Skelton will do for one four years,' he said as he rose up. 'Come, Daisy.'

'But Dr. Sandford,' I said as I followed him, 'you will not do anything about sending Margaret back?'

'Nothing, till you do, Daisy.'

Arrived at home, the doctor made me drink a raw egg, and lie down on Mrs. Sandford's sofa; and he sat down and looked at me.

'You are the most troublesome patient that ever I had,' said he.

'I am!' I exclaimed.

'Yes. Quite innocently. You cannot help it, Daisy; and you need not be troubled about it. It is all in the way of my profession. It is as if a delicate vessel of Egyptian glass were put to do the work of an iron

smelting furnace; and I have to think of all the possible bands and hardening appliances that can be brought into use for the occasion.'

'I do not understand —' I said.

'No. I suppose not. That is the worst of it.'

'But why am I an *Egyptian* glass?' I asked. 'I am not very old.'

The doctor gave me one of those quick, bright glances and smiles, that were very pleasant to get from him and not very common. There came a sort of glow and sparkle in his blue eye then, and a wonderful winsome and gracious trick of the lips.

'It is a very doubtful sort of a compliment,' said Mrs. Sandford.

'I did not mean it for a compliment at all,' said the doctor.

'I don't believe you did,' said his sister; 'but what *did* you mean? Grant, I should like to hear you pay a compliment for once.'

'You do not know Egyptian glass,' said the doctor.

'No. What was it?'

'Very curious.'

'Didn't I say that you couldn't pay compliments?' said Mrs. Sandford.

'And unlike any that is made now-a-days. There were curious patterns wrought in the glass, made, it is supposed, by the fusing together of rods of glass, extremely minute, of different colours; so that the pattern once formed was ineffaceable and indestructible, unless by the destruction of the vessel which contained it. Sometimes a layer of gold was introduced between the layers of glass.'

'How very curious!' said Mrs. Sandford.

‘I think I must take you into consultation, Daisy,’ the doctor went on, turning to me. ‘It is found, that there must be a little delay before you can go up to take a look at Melbourne. Mrs. Sandford is obliged to stop in New York with a sick sister; how long she may be kept there it is impossible to say. Now you would have a dull time, I am afraid; and I am in doubt whether it would not be pleasanter for you to enter school at once. In about three months the school term will end and the summer vacation begin; by that time Mrs. Sandford will be at home and the country ready to receive you. But you shall do whichever you like best.’

‘Mrs. Sandford will be in New York?’ I said.

‘Yes.’

‘And I would see you constantly, dear, and have you with me all the Saturdays and Sundays and holidays. And if you like it better, you shall be with me all the time; only I should be obliged to leave you alone too much.’

‘How long does the summer vacation last?’ I inquired.

‘Till some time in September. You can enter school now, or then, as you choose.’

I thought and hesitated, and said I would enter at once. Dr. Sandford said I was not fit for it, but it was on the whole the best plan. So it was arranged; that I should just wait a day or two in New York to get my wardrobe in order and then begin my school experience.

But my thoughts went back afterwards, more than once, to the former conversation; and I wondered what it was about me that made Dr. Sandford liken me to Egyptian glass.

CHAPTER IX.

SHOPPING.

It was settled that I should wait a day or two in New York to get my wardrobe arranged, and then begin my school experience. But when we got to New York, we found Mrs. Sandford's sister so ill as to claim her whole time. There was none to spare for me and my wardrobe. Mrs. Sandford said I must attend to it myself as well as I could, and the doctor would go with me. He was off duty, he reported, and at leisure for ladies' affairs. Mrs. Sandford told me what I would need. A warm school dress, she said; for the days would be often cold in this latitude until May, and even later; and schoolrooms not always warm. A warm dress for every day was the first thing. A fine merino, Mrs. Sandford said, would be, she thought, what my mother would choose. I had silks which might be warm enough for other occasions. Then I must have a thick coat or cloak. Long coats, with sleeves, were fashionable then, she told me; the doctor would take me where I would find plenty to choose from. And I needed a hat, or a bonnet. Unless, Mrs. Sandford said, I chose to wear my riding cap with the feather; that was warm, and very pretty, and would do.

How much would it all cost? I asked. Mrs. Sand-

ford made a rapid calculation. The merino would be two dollars a yard, she said ; the coat might be got for thirty-five or thereabouts sufficiently good ; the hat was entirely what I chose to make it. ' But you know, my dear,' Mrs. Sandford said, ' the sort of quality and style your mother likes, and you will be guided by that.'

Must I be guided by that? — I questioned with myself. Yes, I knew. I knew very well ; but I had other things to think of. I pondered. While I was pondering, Dr. Sandford was quietly opening his pocket-book and unfolding a roll of bills. He put a number of them into my hand.

' That will cover it all, Daisy,' he said. ' It is money your father has made over to my keeping, for this and similar purposes.'

' O thank you !' I said breathless ; and then I counted the bills. ' O thank you, Dr. Sandford ! but may I spend all this?'

' Certainly. Mr. Randolph desired it should go, this and more of it, to your expenses, of whatever kind. This covers my sister's estimate, and leaves something for your pocket besides.'

' And when shall we go?' I asked.

' To spend it? Now, if you like. Why Daisy, I did now know —'

' What, sir?' I said as he paused.

' Really, nothing,' he said smiling. ' Somehow I had not fancied that you shared the passion of your sex for what they call *shopping*. You are all alike, in some things.'

' I like it very much to-day,' I said.

' It would be safe, for you to keep Daisy's money in

your own pocket, Grant,' Mrs. Sandford said. 'It will be stolen from her, certainly.'

The doctor smiled and stretched out his hand ; I put the bills into it ; and away we went. My head was very busy. I knew, as Mrs. Sandford said, the sort and style of purchases my mother would make and approve ; but then on the other hand the remembrance was burnt into me, whence that money came which I was expected to spend so freely, and what other uses and calls for it there were, even in the case of those very people whose hands had earned it for us. Not to go further ; Margaret's wardrobe needed refitting quite as much as mine. She was quite as unaccustomed as I to the chills and blasts of a cold climate, and full as unfurnished to meet them. I had seen her draw her thin checked shawl around her, when I knew it was not enough to save her from the weather, and that she had no more. And her gowns, of thin cotton stuff, such as she wore about her housework at Magnolia, were a bare provision against the nipping bite of the air here at the North. Yet nobody spoke of any addition to *her* stock of clothes. It was on my heart alone. But now it was in my hand too, and I felt very glad ; though just how to manage Dr. Sandford I did not know. I thought a great deal about the whole matter as we went through the streets ; as I had also thought long before ; and my mind was clear, that while so many whom I knew needed the money, or while *any* whom I knew needed it, I would spend no useless dollars upon myself. How should I manage Dr. Sandford ? There he was, my cash-keeper ; and I had not the least wish to unfold my plans to him.

'I suppose the dress is the first thing, Daisy,' he

said, as we entered the great establishment where everything was to be had; and he inquired for the counter where we should find merinos. I had no objection ready.

‘What colour, Daisy?’

‘I want something dark —’

‘Something dark and bright,’ said the doctor, seating himself. ‘And fine quality. Not green, Daisy, if I might advise. It is too cold.’

‘Cold!’ said I.

‘For this season. It is a very nice colour in summer, Daisy,’ he said smiling.

And he looked on in a kind of amused way, while the clerk of the merinos and I confronted each other. There was displayed now before me a piece of claret-coloured stuff; ‘dark and bright;’ a beautiful tint, and a very beautiful piece of goods. I knew enough of the matter to know that. Fine and thick and lustrous, it just suited my fancy; I knew it was just what my mother would buy; I saw Dr. Sandford’s eye watch me in its amusement with a glance of expectation. But the stuff was two dollars and a quarter a yard. Yes, it suited me exactly; but what was to become of others if I were covered so luxuriously? And how could I save money if I spent it? It was hard to speak, too, before that shopman, who held the merino in his hand expecting me to say I would take it; but I had no way to escape that trouble. I turned from the rich folds of claret stuff, to the doctor at my side.

‘Dr. Sandford,’ I said, ‘I want to get something that will not cost so much.’

‘Does it not please you?’ he asked.

‘Yes; I like it; but I want some stuff that will not cost so much.’

‘This is not far above my sister’s estimate, Daisy.’

‘No —’ I said.

‘And the difference is a trifle—if you like the piece.’

‘I like it,’ I said; ‘but it is very much above *my* estimate.’

‘You had one of your own!’ said the doctor. ‘Do you like something else here better?—or what is your estimate, Daisy?’

‘I do not want a poor merino,’ I said. ‘I would rather get some other stuff—if I can. I do not want to give more than a dollar.’

‘The young lady may find what will suit her at the plaid counter,’ said the shopman, letting fall the rich drapery he had been holding up.—‘Just round that corner, sir, to the left.’

Dr. Sandford led the way and I followed. There certainly I found a plenty of warm stuffs, in various patterns and colours, and with prices as various. But nothing to match the grave elegance of those claret folds. It was coming down a step, to leave that counter for this. I knew it perfectly well; while I sought out the simplest and prettiest dark small plaid I could find.

‘Do you like these things better?’ the doctor asked me privately.

‘No, sir,’ I said.

‘Then why come here, Daisy? Pardon me, may I ask?’

‘I have other things to get, Dr. Sandford,’ I said low.

‘But, Daisy!’ said the doctor, rousing up, — ‘I have performed my part ill. You are not restricted — your father has not restricted you. I am your banker for whatever sums you may need — for whatever purposes.’

‘Yes,’ I said; ‘I know. O no, I know papa has not restricted you; but I think I ought not to spend any more. It is my own affair.’

‘And not mine. Pardon me, Daisy; I submit.’

‘Please, Dr. Sandford, don’t speak so!’ I said. ‘I don’t mean that. I mean, it is my own affair and not papa’s.’

‘Certainly, I have no more to say,’ said the doctor smiling.

‘I will tell you about it,’ — I said; and then I desired the shopman to cut off the dress I had fixed upon; and we went up stairs to look for cloaks; I feeling hot and confused and half perplexed. I had never worn such a dress as this plaid I had bought, in my life. It was nice and good, and pretty too; but it did not match the quality or the elegance of the things my mother always had got for me. *She* would not have liked it nor let me wear it; I knew that; but then — whence came the wealth that flowed over in such exquisite forms upon her and upon me? were not its original and proper channels bare? And whence were they to be, even in any measure, refilled, if all the supply must, as usual, be led off in other directions? I mused as I went up the stair, feeling perplexed nevertheless at the strangeness of the work I was doing, and with something in my heart giving a pull to my judgment towards the side of what was undoubtedly ‘pleasant to the eyes.’ So I followed Dr. Sandford up the stair and into the wilderness of the cloak department; where

all manner of elegancies, in silk and velvet and cloth, were displayed in orderly confusion. It was a wilderness to me, in the mood of my thoughts. Was I going to repeat here the process just gone through down stairs?

The doctor seated me, asked what I wanted to see, and gave the order. And forthwith my eyes were regaled with a variety of temptations. A nice little black silk pelisse was hung on the stand opposite me; it was nice; a good gloss was upon the silk, the article was in the neatest style, and trimmed with great simplicity. I would have been well satisfied to wear that. By its side was displayed another of velvet; then yet another of very fine dark cloth; perfect in material and make, faultless in its elegance of finish. But the silk was forty-five, and the cloth was forty, and the velvet was sixty dollars. I sat and looked at them. There is no denying that I wanted the silk or the cloth. Either of them would do. Either of them was utterly girl-like and plain, but both of them had the finish of perfection, in make, style, and material. I wanted the one or the other. But, if I had it, what would be left for Margaret?

‘Are you tired, Daisy?’ said Dr. Sandford, bending down to look in my face.

‘No, sir. At least, that is not what I was thinking of.’

‘What then?’ said he. ‘Will one of these do?’

‘They would do,’ I said slowly. ‘But, Dr. Sandford, I should like to see something else — something that would do for somebody that was poorer than I.’

‘Poorer?’ said the doctor looking funny. ‘What is the matter, Daisy? Have you suddenly become bankrupt? You need not be afraid, for the bank is in my

pocket; and I know it will stand all your demands upon it.'

'No, but—I would indeed, if you please, Dr. Sandford. These things cost too much for what I want now.'

'Do you like them?'

'I like them very well.'

'Then take one, whichever you like best. That is my advice to you, Daisy. The bank will bear it.'

'I think I must not. Please, Dr. Sandford, I should like to see something that would not cost so much. Do they *all* cost as much as these?'

The doctor gave the order, as I desired. The shopman who was serving us cast another comprehensive glance at me—I had seen him give one at the beginning—and tossing off the velvet coat and twisting off the silk one, he walked away. Presently came back with a brown silk which he hung in the place of the velvet one and a blue cloth which replaced the black silk. Every whit as costly, and almost as pretty, both of them.

'No,' said the doctor,—'you mistook me. We want to look at some goods fitted for persons who have not long purses.'

'Something inferior to these —' said the man. He was not uncivil; he just stated the fact. In accordance with which he replaced the last two coats with a little grey dreadnought, and a black cloth; the first neat and rough, the last not to be looked at. It was not in good taste, and a sort of thing that I neither had worn nor could wear. But the grey dreadnought was simple and warm and neat, and would offend nobody. I looked from it to the pretty black cloth which still

hung opposed to it, the one of the first two. Certainly, in style and elegance *this* looked like my mother's child, and the other did not. But this was forty dollars. The dreadnought was exactly half that sum. I had a little debate with myself—I remember it, for it was my first experience of that kind of thing—and all my mother's training had refined in me the sense of what was elegant and fitting, in dress as well as in other matters. Until now, I had never had my fancy crossed by anything I ever had to wear. The little grey dreadnought—how would it go with my silk dresses? It was like what I had seen other people dressed in; never my mother or me. Yet it was perfectly fitting a lady's child, if she could not afford other; and where was Margaret's cloak to come from? And who had the best right? I pondered and debated, and then I told Dr. Sandford I would have the grey coat. I believe I half wished he would make some objection; but he did not; he paid for the dreadnought and ordered it sent home; and then I began to congratulate myself that Margaret's comfort was secure.

'Is that all, Daisy?' my friend asked.

'Dr. Sandford,' said I, standing up and speaking low, 'I want to find—can I find here, do you think?—a good warm cloak and dress for Margaret.'

'For Margaret!' said the doctor.

'Yes; she is not used to the cold, you know; and she has nothing to keep her comfortable.'

'But Daisy!' said the doctor,— 'Sit down here again; I must understand this. Was *Margaret* at the bottom of all these financial operations?'

'I knew she wanted something, ever since we came from Washington,' I said.

‘Daisy, she could have had it.’

‘Yes, Dr. Sandford; — but —’

‘But what, if you will be so good?’

‘I think it was right for me to get it.’

‘I am sorry I do not agree with you at all. It was for *me* to get it — I am supplied with funds, Daisy — and your father has entrusted to me the making of all arrangements which are in any way good for your comfort. I think, with your leave, I shall reverse these bargains. Have you been all this time pleasing Margaret and *not* yourself?’

‘No, sir,’ I said, — ‘if you please. I cannot explain it, Dr. Sandford; but I know it is right.’

‘What is right, Daisy? My faculties are stupid.’

‘No, sir; but — Let it be as it is, please.’

‘But won’t you explain it? I ought to know what I am giving my consent to, Daisy; for just now I am constituted your guardian. What has Margaret to do with your cloaks? There is enough for both.’

‘But,’ said I, in a great deal of difficulty, — ‘there is not enough for me and everybody.’

‘Are you going to take care of the wants of everybody?’

‘I think — I ought to take care of all that I can,’ I said.

‘But you have not the power.’

‘I won’t do but what I *have* the power for.’

‘Daisy, what would your father and mother say to such a course of action? would they allow it, do you think?’

‘But *you* are my guardian now, Dr. Sandford,’ I said, looking up at him. He paused a minute doubtfully.

‘I am conquered!’ he said. ‘You have absolutely conquered me, Daisy. I have not a word to say. I wonder if that is the way you are going through the world in future? What is it now about Margaret? — for I was bewildered and did not understand.’

‘A warm cloak and dress,’ I said delighted; ‘that is what I want. Can I get them here?’

‘Doubtful, I should say,’ the doctor answered; ‘but we will try.’

And we did succeed in finding the dress, strong and warm and suitable; the cloak we had to go to another shop for. On the way we stopped at the milliner’s. My aunt Gary and Mrs. Sandford employed the same one.

‘I put it in your hands, Daisy!’ Dr. Sandford said, as we went in. ‘Only let me look on.’

I kept him waiting a good while, I am afraid; but he was very patient and seemed amused. I was not. The business was very troublesome to me. This was not so easy a matter as to choose between stuffs and have the yards measured off. Bonnets are bonnets, as my aunt always said; and things good in themselves may not be in the least good for you. And I found the thing that suited was even more tempting here than it had been in the cloak wareroom. There was a little velvet hat which I fancied mamma would have bought for me; it was so stylish, and at the same time so simple, and became me so well. But it was of a price corresponding with its beauty. I turned my back on it, though I seemed to see it just as well through the back of my head, and tried to find something else. The milliner would have it there was nothing beside that fitted me. The hat must go on.

‘She has grown,’ said the milliner appealing to Dr. Sandford; ‘and you see this is the very thing. This tinge of colour inside is just enough to relieve the pale cheeks. Do you see, sir?’

‘It is without a fault,’ said the doctor.

‘Take it off, please,’ I said. ‘I want to find something that will not cost so much — something that will not cost near so much.’

‘There is that cap that is too large for Miss Van Allen —’ the milliner’s assistant remarked.

‘It would not suit Mrs. Randolph at all,’ was the answer aside.

But I begged to see it. Now this was a comfortable, soft quilted silk cap, with a chinchilla border. Not much style about it, but also nothing to dislike, except its simplicity. The price was moderate, and it fitted me.

You are going to be a different Daisy Randolph from what you have been all your life — something whispered to me. And the doctor said, ‘That makes you look about ten years old again, Daisy.’ I had a minute of doubt and delay; then I said I would have the cap; and the great business was ended.

Margaret’s purchases were all found, and we went home, with money still in my bank, Dr. Sandford informed me. I was very tired; but on the whole I was very satisfied. Till my things came home, and I saw that Mrs. Sandford did not like them.

‘I wish I could have been with you!’ she said.

‘What is the matter?’ said the doctor. It was the evening, and we were all together for a few minutes, before Mrs. Sandford went to her sister.

‘Did you choose these things, Grant?’

‘What is the matter with them?’

‘They are hardly suitable.’

‘For the third time, what is the matter with them?’ said the doctor.

‘They are neat, but they are not *handsome*.’

‘They will look handsome when they are on,’ said Dr. Sandford.

‘No they won’t; they will look common. I don’t mean *vulgar* — you could not buy anything in bad taste — but they are just what anybody’s child might wear.’

‘Then Mrs. Randolph’s child might.’

Mrs. Sandford gave him a look. ‘That is just the thing,’ she said. ‘Mrs. Randolph’s child might *not*. I never saw anybody more elegant or more particular about the choice of her dress than Mrs. Randolph; it is always perfect; and Daisy’s always was. Mrs. Randolph would not like these.’

‘Shall we change them, Daisy?’ said the doctor.

I said no.

‘Then I hope they will wear out before Mrs. Randolph comes home,’ he said.

All this somehow made me uncomfortable. I went off to the room which had been given to me, where a fire was kept; and I sat down to think. Certainly I would have liked the other coat and hat better, that I had rejected; and the thought of the rich soft folds of that silky merino were not pleasant to me. The plaid I had bought *did* wear a common look in comparison. I knew it, quite as well as Mrs. Sandford; and that I had never worn common things; and I knew that in the merino, properly made, I should have looked my mother’s child; and that in the plaid my mother

would not know me. Was I right? was I wrong? I knelt down before the fire, feeling that the straight path was not always easy to find. Yet I had thought I saw it before me. I knelt before the fire, which was the only light in the room, and opened the page of my dear little book that had the Bible lessons for every day. This day's lesson was headed, 'That ye adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.'

The mist began to clear away. Between adorning and being adorned, the difference was so great, it set my face quite another way directly. I went on. 'Let your conversation be as it becometh the gospel of Christ.'

And how should that be? Certainly the spirit of that gospel had no regard to self-glorification; and had most tender regard to the wants of others. I began to feel sure that I was *in* the way and not out of it. Then came — 'If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye. But let none of you suffer . . . as a thief, or as an evildoer' — 'Let your light so shine before men' — 'Let not mercy and truth forsake thee; bind them about thy neck;' — 'Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are *just* . . . think on these things.'

The words came about me, binding up my doubts, making sound my heart, laying a soft touch upon every rough spot in my thoughts. True, honest, just, lovely, and of good report, — yes, I would think on these things, and I would not be turned aside from them. And if I suffered as a Christian, I determined that I would not be ashamed; I prayed that I might never; I would take as no dishonour the laughter or

the contempt of those who did not see the two sides of the question ; but *as a thief* I would not suffer. I earnestly prayed that I might not. No beauty of dresses or stylishness of coats or bonnets should adorn me, the price of which God saw belonged and was due to the suffering of others ; more especially, to the wants of those whose wants made my supply. That my father and mother, with the usage of old habit, and the influence of universal custom, should be blind to what I saw so clearly, made no difference in *my* duty. I had the light of the Bible rule, which was not yet, I knew, the lamp to their feet. *I* must walk by it, all the same. And my thought went back now with great tenderness to mammy Theresa's rheumatism, which wanted flannel ; to Maria's hyacinths, which were her great earthly interest, out of the things of religion ; to Darry's lonely cottage, where he had no lamp to read the Bible o' nights, and no oil to burn in it. To Pete's solitary hut, too, where he was struggling to learn to read well, and where a hymn-book would be the greatest comfort to him. To the old people, whose one solace of a cup of tea would be gone unless I gave it them ; to the boys who were learning to read who wanted testaments ; to the bed-ridden and sick who wanted blankets ; to the young and well who wanted gowns (not indeed for decency, but for the natural pleasure of looking neat and smart) — and to Margaret, first and last, who was nearest to me, and who, I began to think, might want some other trifles besides a cloak. The girl came in at the minute.

‘Margaret,’ I said, ‘I have got you a warm gown and a good thick warm cloak, to-day.’

‘A cloak! Miss Daisy—’ Margaret’s lips just parted and shewed the white beneath.

‘Yes. I saw you were not warm in that thin shawl.’

‘It’s mighty cold up these ways!—’ the girl’s shoulders drew together with involuntary expression.

‘And now, Margaret, what other things do you want, to be nice and comfortable? You must tell me now, because after I go to school I cannot see you often, you know.’

‘Reckon I find something to do at the school, Miss Daisy. Aint there servants?’

‘Yes, but I am afraid there may not be another wanted. What else ought you to have, Margaret?’

‘Miss Daisy knows, I’ll hire myself out, and reckon I’ll get a right smart chance of wages; and then, if Miss Daisy let me take some change, I’d like to get some things—’

‘You may keep all your wages, Margaret,’ I said hastily; ‘you need not bring them to me; but I want to know if you have all you need *now*, to be nice and warm?’

‘Spect I’d be better for some underclothes—’ Margaret said half under her breath.

Of course! I knew it the moment she said it. I knew the scanty coarse supply which was furnished to the girls and women at Magnolia; I knew that more was needed for neatness as well as for comfort, and something different, now that she was where no evil distinction would arise from her having it. I said I would get what she wanted; and went away back to the parlour. I mused as I went. If I let Margaret keep her wages—and I was very certain I could not

receive them from her — I must be prepared to answer it to my father. Perhaps, — yes, I felt sure as I thought about it — I must contrive to save the amount of her wages out of what was given to myself; or else my grant might be reversed and my action disallowed, or at least greatly disapproved. And my father had given me no right to dispose of Margaret's wages, or of herself.

So I came into the parlour. Dr. Sandford alone was there, lying on the sofa. He jumped up immediately; pulled a great arm chair near to the fire, and taking hold of me put me into it. My purchases were lying on the table, where they had been disapproved; but I knew what to think of them now. I could look at them very contentedly.

‘How do they seem, Daisy?’ said the doctor, stretching himself on the cushions again, after asking my permission and pardon.

‘Very well’ — I said smiling.

‘You are satisfied?’

I said yes.

‘Daisy,’ said he, ‘you have conquered me to-day — I have yielded — I own myself conquered; but, won’t you enlighten me? As a matter of favour?’

‘About what, Dr. Sandford?’

‘I don’t understand you.’

I remember looking at him and smiling. It was so curious a thing, both that he should, in his philosophy, be puzzled by a child like me, and that he should care about undoing the puzzle.

‘There!’ said he, — ‘that is my old little Daisy of ten years old. Daisy, I used to think she was an extremely dainty and particular little person.’

‘Yes —’ said I.

‘Was that correct?’

‘I don’t know,’ said I. ‘I think it was.’

‘Then Daisy, honestly, — I am asking as a philosopher, and that means a lover of knowledge, you know, — did you choose those articles to-day to please yourself?’

‘In one way, I did,’ I answered.

‘Did they appear to you as they did to Mrs. Sandford, — at the time?’

‘Yes, Dr. Sandford.’

‘So I thought. Then Daisy, will you make me understand it? For I am puzzled.’

I was sorry that he cared about the puzzle, for I did not want to go into it. I was almost sure he would not make it out if I did. However, he lay there looking at me and waiting.

‘Those other things cost too much, Dr. Sandford — that was all.’

‘There is the puzzle!’ said the doctor. ‘You had the money in your bank for them, and money for Margaret’s things too, and more if you wanted it; and no bottom to the bank at all, so far as I could see. And you like pretty things, Daisy, and you did not choose them.’

‘No, sir.’

I hesitated, and he waited. How was I to tell him He would simply find it ridiculous. And then I thought — ‘If any of you suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed.’ —

‘I thought I should be comfortable in these things, Dr. Sandford,’ I then said, glancing at the little clinchilla cap which lay on the table; — ‘and respectable.

And there were other people who needed all the money the other things would have cost.'

'What other people?' said the doctor. 'As I am your guardian, Daisy, it is proper for me to ask, and not impertinent.'

I hesitated again. 'I was thinking,' I said, 'of some of the people I left at Magnolia.'

'Do you mean the servants?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Daisy, they are cared for.'

I was silent.

'What do you think they want?'

'Some that are sick want comfort,' I said; 'and others who are not sick want help; and others, I think, want a little pleasure.' I would fain not have spoken, but how could I help it? The doctor brought his feet off the sofa and sat up and confronted me.

'In the mean time,' he said, 'you are to be "comfortable and respectable." But, Daisy, do you think your father and mother would be satisfied with such a statement of your condition?'

'I suppose not,' I was obliged to say.

'Then do you think it is proper for me to allow such to be the fact?'

I looked at him. What there was in my look it is impossible for me to say; but he laughed a little.

'Yes,' he said, — 'I know — you have conquered me to-day. I own myself conquered — but the question I ask you is, whether I am justifiable?'

'I think that depends,' I answered, 'on whether I am justifiable.'

'Can you justify yourself, Daisy?' he said bringing his hand down gently over my smooth hair and touch-

ing my cheek. It would have vexed me from anybody else; it did not vex me from him. 'Can you justify yourself, Daisy?' he repeated.

'Yes, sir,' I said; but I felt troubled.

'Then do it.'

'Dr. Sandford, the Bible says, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."'

'Well?' said he, refusing to draw any conclusions for me.

'I have more than I want, and they have not enough. I don't think I ought to keep *more* than I want.'

'But then arises the question,' said he, 'how much do you want? Where is the line, beyond which you, or I, for instance, have too much?'

'I was not speaking of anybody but myself,' I said.

'But a rule of action which is the right one for you, would be right for everybody.'

'Yes, but everybody must apply it for himself,' I said. 'I was only applying it for myself.'

'And applying it for yourself, Daisy, is it to cut off for the future — or ought it — all elegance and beauty? Must you restrict yourself to mere "comfort and respectability"? Are fur and feathers for instance wicked things?'

He did not speak mockingly; Dr. Sandford never could do an ungentlemanly thing; he spoke kindly and with a little rallying smile on his face. But I knew what he thought.

'Dr. Sandford,' said I, 'suppose I was a fairy, and that I stripped the gown off a poor woman's back to change it into a feather, and stole away her blankets to

make them into fur ; what would you think of fur and feathers then ?’

There came a curious lightning through the doctor’s blue eyes. I did not know in the least what it meant.

‘Do you mean to say, Daisy, that the poor people down yonder at Magnolia want such things as gowns and blankets ?’

‘Some do,’ I said. ‘You know, nobody is there, Dr. Sandford, to look after them ; and the overseer does not care. It would be different if papa was at home.’

‘I will never interfere with you any more, Daisy,’ said the doctor, — ‘any further than by a little very judicious interference ; and you shall find in me the best helper I can be to all your plans. You may use me — you have conquered me,’ — said he smiling, and laying himself back on his cushions again. I was very glad it had ended so, for I could hardly have withstood Dr. Sandford if he had taken a different view of the matter. And his help I knew, might be very good in getting things sent to Magnolia.

CHAPTER X.

SCHOOL.

I HAD another time the next day between Mrs Sandford and the mantua-maker. The mantua-maker came to take orders about making my school dress.

‘How will you have it trimmed?’ she asked. ‘This sort of stuff will make no sort of an appearance unless it is well trimmed. It wants that. You might have a border of dark green leaves — dark green, like the colour of this stripe — going round the skirt; that would have a good effect; the leaves set in and edged with a very small red cord, or green if you like it better. We trimmed a dress so last week, and it made a very good appearance.’

‘What do you say, Daisy?’

‘How much will it cost?’ I asked.

‘O the cost is not very much,’ said the milliner. ‘I suppose we would do it for you, Mrs. Sandford, for twenty-five dollars.’

‘That is too much,’ I said.

‘You wouldn’t say so, if you knew the work it is to set those leaves round,’ said the mantua-maker. ‘It takes hours and hours; and the cording and all. And the silk, you know, Mrs. Sandford, *that* costs now-a-days. It takes a full yard of the silk, and no washy lining silk, but good stiff dress silk. Some has ’em

made of velvet, but to be sure that would not be suitable for a common stuff like this. It will be very common, Mrs. Sandford, without you have it handsomely trimmed.'

'Couldn't you put some other sort of trimming?'

'Well, there's no other way that looks *distingué* on this sort of stuff; that's the most stylish. We could put a band of rows of black velvet — an inch wide, or half an inch; if you have it narrower you must put more of them; and then the sleeves and body to match; but I don't think you would like it so well as the green leaves. A great many people has 'em trimmed so; you like it a little out of the common, Mrs. Sandford. Or, you could have a green ribband.'

'How much would *that* be?' said Mrs. Sandford.

'O really I don't just know,' the woman answered; 'depends on the ribband; it don't make much difference to you, Mrs. Sandford; it would be — let me see, — O I suppose we could do it with velvet for you for fifteen or twenty dollars. You see, there must be buttons or rosettes at the joinings of the velvets; and those come very expensive.'

'How much would it be, to make the dress plain?' I asked.

'*That* would be plain,' the mantua-maker answered quickly. 'The style is, to trim everything very much. O that would be quite plain, with the velvet.'

'But without any trimming at all?' I asked. 'How much would that be?' I felt an odd sort of shame at pressing the question; yet I knew I must.

'Without trimming!' said the woman. 'O you could not have it *without trimming*; there is nothing made without trimming; it would have no appearance at all.

People would think you had come out of the country. No young ladies have their dresses made without trimming this winter.'

'Mrs. Sandford,' said I, 'I should like to know what the dress would be without trimming.'

'What would it be, Melinda?' The woman was only a forewoman of her establishment.

'O well, Mrs. Sandford, the naked dress I have no doubt could be made for you for five dollars.'

'You would not have it so, Daisy, my dear?' said Mrs. Sandford.

But I said I would have it so. It cost me a little difficulty, and a little shrinking, I remember, to choose this and to hold to it in the face of the other two. It was the last battle of that campaign. I had my way; but I wondered privately to myself whether I was going to look very unlike the children of other ladies in my mother's position; and whether such severity over myself was really needed. I turned the question over again in my own room, and tried to find out why it troubled me. I could not quite tell. Yet I thought, as I was doing what I knew to be duty, I had no right to feel this trouble about it. The trouble wore off before a little thought of my poor friends at Magnolia. But the question came up again at dinner.

'Daisy,' said Mrs. Sandford, 'did you ever have anything to do with the Methodists?'

'No, ma'am,' I said wondering. 'What are the Methodists?'

'I don't know, I am sure,' she said laughing; 'only they are people who sing hymns a great deal, and teach that nobody ought to wear gay dresses.'

'Why?' I asked.

‘I can’t say. I believe they hold that the Bible forbids ornamenting ourselves.’

I wondered if it did; and determined I would look, And I thought the Methodists must be nice people.

‘What is on the carpet now?’ said the doctor. ‘Singing or dressing? You are attacking Daisy I see, on some score.’

‘She won’t have her dress trimmed,’ said Mrs. Sandford.

The doctor turned round to me, with a wonderful genial pleasant expression of his fine face; and his blue eye, that I always liked to meet full, going through me with a sort of soft power. He was not smiling, yet his look made me smile.

‘Daisy,’ said he, ‘are you going to make yourself unlike other people?’

‘Only my dress, Dr. Sandford,’ I said.

‘L’habit, c’est l’homme! —’ he answered gravely, shaking his head.

I remembered his question and words many times in the course of the next six months.

In a day or two more my dress was done, and Dr. Sandford went with me to introduce me at the school. He had already made the necessary arrangements. It was a large establishment, reckoned the most fashionable and at the same time one of the most thorough, in the city; the house, or houses, standing in one of the broad clear Avenues, where the streams of human life that went up and down were all of the sort that wore trimmed dresses and rolled about in handsome carriages. Just in the centre and height of the thoroughfare Mme. Ricard’s establishment looked over it. We went in at a stately doorway, and were shown into a very elegant

parlour; where at a grand piano a young lady was taking a music lesson. The noise was very disagreeable; but that was the only disagreeable thing in the place. Pictures were on the walls, a soft carpet on the floor; the colours of carpet and furniture were dark and rich; books and trinkets and engravings in profusion gave the look of cultivated life and the ease of plenty. It was not what I had expected; nor was Mme. Ricard, who came in noiselessly and stood before us while I was considering the wonderful moustache of the music teacher. I saw a rather short, grave person, very plainly dressed, but indeed I never thought of the dress she wore. The quiet composure of the figure, was what attracted me, and the peculiar expression of the face. It was sad, almost severe; so I thought it at first; till a smile once for an instant broke upon the lips, like a flitting sunbeam out of a cloudy sky; then I saw that kindness was quite at home there, and sympathy and a sense of merriment were not wanting; but the clouds closed again, and the look of care, or sorrow, I could not quite tell what it was, only that it was *unrest*, retook its place on brow and lip. The eye I think never lost it. Yet it was a searching and commanding eye; I was sure it knew how to rule.

The introduction was soon made, and Dr. Sandford bid me good bye. I felt as if my best friend was leaving me; the only one I had trusted in since my father and mother had gone away. I said nothing, but perhaps my face shewed my thought, for he stooped and kissed me.

‘Good bye, Daisy Remember, I shall expect a letter every fortnight.’

He had ordered me before to write him as often as

that, and give him a minute account of myself; how many studies I was pursuing, how many hours I gave to them each day, what exercise I took, and what amusement; and how I throve withal. Mme. Ricard had offered to shew me my room and we were mounting the long stairs while I thought this over.

‘Is Dr. Sandford your cousin, Miss Randolph?’ was the question which came in upon my thoughts.

‘No, ma’am,’ I answered in extreme surprise.

‘Is he any relation to you?’

‘He is my guardian.’

‘I think Dr. Sandford told me that your father and mother are abroad?’

‘Yes, ma’am; and Dr. Sandford is my guardian.’

We had climbed two flights of stairs, and I was panting. As we went up, I had noticed a little unusual murmur of noises which told me I was in a new world. Little indistinguishable noises, the stir and hum of the busy hive into which I had entered. Now and then a door had opened, and a head or a figure came out; but as instantly went back again on seeing Madame, and the door was softly closed. We reached the third floor. There a young lady appeared at the further end of the gallery, and curtsied to my conductress.

‘Miss Bentley,’ said Madame, ‘this is your new companion, Miss Randolph. Will you be so good as to shew Miss Randolph her room?’

Madame turned and left us, and the young lady led me into the room she had just quitted. A large room, light and bright, and pleasantly furnished; but the one thing that struck my unaccustomed eyes was the evidence of fulness of occupation. One bed stood opposite

the fireplace ; another across the head of that, between it and one of the windows ; a third was between the doors on the inner side of the room. Moreover, the first and the last of these were furnished with two pillows each. I did not in the moment use my arithmetic ; but the feeling which instantly pressed upon me was that of want of breath.

‘This is the bed prepared for you, I believe,’ said my companion civilly, pointing to the third one before the window. ‘There isn’t room for anybody to turn round here now.’

I began mechanically to take off my cap and gloves, looking hard at the little bed, and wondering what other rights of possession were to be given me in this place. I saw a washstand in one window and a large mahogany wardrobe on one side of the fireplace ; a dressing table or chest of drawers between the windows. Everything was handsome and nice ; everything was in the neatest order ; but — where were my clothes to go ? Before I had made up my mind to ask, there came a rush into the room ; I supposed, of the other inmates. One was a very large, fat, dull-faced girl ; I should have thought her a young woman, only that she was here in a school. Another, bright and pretty and very good-humoured if there was any truth in her smiling black eyes, was much slighter and somewhat younger ; a year or two in advance of myself. The third was a girl about my own age, shorter and smaller than I, with also a pretty face, but an eye that I was not so sure of. She was the last one to come in, and she immediately stopped and looked at me ; I thought, with no pleasure.

‘This is Miss Randolph, girls,’ said Miss Bentley.
‘Miss Randolph, Miss Macy.’

I curtsied to the fat girl, who gave me a little nod.

‘I am glad she isn’t as big as I am,’ was her comment on the introduction. I was glad too.

‘Miss Lansing —’

This was bright-eyes, who bowed and smiled — she always smiled — and said ‘How do you do?’ Then rushed off to a drawer in search of something.

‘Miss St. Clair, will you come and be introduced to Miss Randolph?’

The St. Clair walked up demurely and took my hand. Her words were in abrupt contrast.

‘Where are her things going, Miss Bentley?’ I wondered that pretty lips could be so ungracious. It was not temper which appeared on them, but cool rudeness.

‘Madame said we must make some room for her,’ Miss Bentley answered.

‘I don’t know where,’ remarked Miss Macy. ‘I have not two inches.’

‘She can’t have a peg nor a drawer of mine,’ said the St. Clair. ‘Don’t you put her there, Bentley.’ And the young lady left us with that.

‘We must manage it somehow,’ said Miss Bentley. ‘Lansing, look here, — can’t you take your things out of this drawer? Miss Randolph has no place to lay anything. She *must* have a little place, you know.’

Lansing looked up with a perplexed face, and Miss Macy remarked that nobody had a bit of room to lay anything.

‘I am very sorry —’ I said.

‘It is no use being sorry, child,’ said Miss Macy, ‘we

have got to fix it, somehow. I know who *ought* to be sorry. Here — I can take this pile of things out of this drawer; that is all *I* can do. Can't she manage with this half?'

But Miss Lansing came and made her arrangements, and then it was found that the smallest of the four drawers was cleared and ready for my occupation.

'But if we give you a whole drawer,' said Miss Macy, 'you must be content with one peg in the wardrobe — will you?'

'O and she can have one or two hooks in the closet,' said bright-eyes. 'Come here, Miss Randolph — I will shew you —'

And there in the closet I found was another place for washing, with cocks for hot and cold water; and a press and plenty of iron hooks; with also plenty of dresses and hats hanging on them. Miss Lansing moved and changed several of these, till she had cleared a space for me.

'There —' she said, 'now you'll do, won't you? I don't believe you can get a scrap of a corner in the wardrobe; Macy and Bentley and St. Clair take it up so. I haven't but one dress hanging there, but you've got a whole drawer in the bureau —'

I was not very awkward and clumsy in my belongings, but an elephant could scarcely have been more bewildered if he had been requested to lay his proboscis up in a glove box. 'I cannot put a dress in the drawer,' I remarked.

'O you can hang one up, here, under your cap; and that is all any of us do. Our things, all except our

everyday things, go down stairs in our trunks. Have you many trunks?’

I told her no, only one. I did not know why it was a little disagreeable to me to say that. The feeling came and passed. I hung up my coat and cap, and brushed my hair; my new companion looking on. Without any remark, however, she presently rushed off, and I was left alone. I began to appreciate that. I sat down on the side of my little bed, — to my fancy the very chairs were appropriated, — and looked at my new place in the world.

Five of us in that room! I had always had the comfort of great space and ample conveniences about me; was it a *luxury* I had enjoyed? It had seemed nothing more than a necessity. And now, must I dress and undress myself before so many spectators? could I not lock up anything that belonged to me? were all my nice and particular habits to be crushed into one drawer and smothered on one or two clothes pins? Must everything I did be seen? And above all, where could I pray? I looked round in a sort of fright. There was but one closet in the room, and that was a washing closet, and held besides a great quantity of other people’s belongings. I could not, even for a moment, shut it against them. In a kind of terror, I looked to make sure that I was alone, and fell on my knees. It seemed to me that all I could do was to pray every minute that I should have to myself. They would surely be none too many. Then hearing a foot-step somewhere, I rose again and took from my bag my dear little book. It was so small I could carry it where I had not room for my Bible. I looked for the

page of the day, I remember now, with my eyes full of tears.

‘Be watchful’—were the first words that met me. Ay, I was sure I would need it; but how was a watch to be kept up, if I could never be alone to take counsel with myself? I did not see it; this was another matter from Miss Pinshon’s unlocked door. After all, that door had not greatly troubled me; my room had not been of late often invaded. Now I had no room. What more would my dear little book say to me?

‘Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.’—

Was the battle to go so hard against me? and what should I do without that old and well-tried weapon of ‘all-prayer’? Nothing; I should be conquered. I must have and keep that, I resolved; if I lay awake and got up at night to use it. Dr. Sandford would not like such a proceeding; but there were worse dangers than the danger of lessened health. *I would pray*; but what next?

‘Take heed to thyself, and keep thy soul diligently.’ — ‘What I say unto you I say unto all, Watch.’ —

I stood by the side of my bed, dashing the tears from my eyes. Then I heard, as I thought, some one coming, and in haste looked to see what else might be on the page; what further message or warning. And something like a sunbeam of healing flashed into my heart with the next words.

‘Fear thou not: for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.’ —

‘I, the Lord thy God, will hold thy right hand.’ —

I was healed. I put up my little book in my bag again, feeling whole and sound. It did not matter that I was crowded and hindered and watched; for it was written also, ‘He preserveth the way of his saints;’ and I was safe.

I sat a little while longer alone. Then came a rush and rustle of many feet upon the stairs, many dresses moving, many voices blending in a little soft roar; as ominous as the roar of the sea which one hears in a shell. My four room-mates poured into the room, accompanied by one or two others; very busy and eager about their affairs that they were discussing. Meanwhile they all began to put themselves in order.

‘The bell will ring for tea directly,’ said Miss Macy addressing herself to me, — ‘are you ready?’

‘Tisn’t much trouble to fix *her* hair —’ said my friend with the black eyes.

Six pair of eyes for a moment were turned upon me.

‘You are too old to have your hair so,’ remarked Miss Bentley. ‘You ought to let it grow.’

‘Why don’t you?’ said Miss Lansing.

‘She is a Roundhead,’ said the St. Clair, brushing her own curls; which were beautiful and crinkled all over her head, while my hair was straight. ‘I don’t suppose she ever saw a Cavalier before.’

‘St. Clair, you are too bad!’ said Miss Mary. ‘Miss Randolph is a stranger.’

St. Clair made no answer, but finished her hair and ran off; and presently the others filed off after her; and a loud clanging bell giving the signal, I thought best to go too. Every room was pouring forth its inmates; the halls and passages were all alive and

astir. In the train of the moving crowd, I had no difficulty to find my way to the place of gathering.

This was the school parlour; not the one where I had seen Mme. Ricard. Parlours, rather; there was a suite of them, three deep; for this part of the house had a building added in the rear. The rooms were large and handsome; not like school rooms, I thought; and yet very different from my home; for they were bare. Carpets and curtains, sofas and chairs and tables, were in them to be sure; and even pictures; yet they were bare; for books and matters of art and little social luxuries were wanting, such as I had all my life been accustomed to, and such as filled Mme. Ricard's own rooms. However, this first evening I could hardly see how the rooms looked, for the lining of humanity which ran round all the walls. There was a shimmer as of every colour in the rainbow; and a buzz that could only come from a hive full. I, who had lived all my life where people spoke softly, and where many never spoke together, was bewildered.

The buzz hushed suddenly, and I saw Mme. Ricard's figure going slowly down the rooms. She was in the uttermost contrast to all her household. Ladylike always, and always dignified, her style was her own, and I am sure that nobody ever felt that she had not enough. Yet Mme. Ricard had nothing about her that was conformed to the fashions of the day. Her dress was of a soft kind of serge, which fell around her or swept across the rooms in noiseless yielding folds. Hoops were the fashion of the day; but Mme. Ricard wore no hoops; she went with ease and silence where others went with a rustle and a warning to clear the way. The back of her head was covered with a

little cap as plain as a nun's cap ; and I never saw an ornament about her. Yet criticism never touched Mme. Ricard. Not even the criticism of a set of school-girls ; and I had soon to learn that there is none more relentless.

The tea-table was set in the further room of the three. Mme. Ricard passed down to that. Presently I heard her low voice saying, 'Miss Randolph'— Low as it always was, it was always heard. I made my way down through the rooms to her presence ; and there I was introduced to the various teachers. Mademoiselle G  nevi  ve, Miss Babbitt, Mme. Jupon, and Miss Dumps. I could not examine them just then. I felt I was on exhibition myself.

'Is Miss Randolph to come to me, Madame?' the first of these ladies asked. She was young, bright, black-eyed, and full of energy ; I saw so much.

'I fancy she will come to all of you,' said Madame. 'Except Miss Babbitt. You can write and read, I dare say, Miss Randolph?' she went on with a smile. I answered of course.

'What have been your principal studies for the past year?'

I said, mathematics, astronomy, and philosophy and history.

'Then she is mine !' exclaimed Mlle. G  nevi  ve.

'She is older than she looks,' said Miss Babbitt.

'Her hair is young, but her eyes are not,' said the former speaker ; who was a lively lady.

'French have you studied?' Madame went on.

'Not so much,' I said.

'Mme. Jupon will want you.'

'I am sure she is a good child,' said Mme. Jupon,

who was a good-natured, plain-looking Frenchwoman without a particle of a Frenchwoman's grace or address.

'I will be charmed to have her.'

'You may go back to your place, Miss Randolph,' said my mistress. 'We will arrange all the rest to-morrow.'

'Shall I go back with you?' asked Mlle. G  nevi  ve. 'Do you mind going alone?'

She spoke very kindly, but I was at a loss for her meaning. I saw the kindness; why it shewed itself in such an offer I could not imagine.

'I am very much obliged to you, ma'am,' — I began, when a little burst of laughter stopped me. It came from all the teachers; even Mme. Ricard was smiling.

'You are out for once, G  nevi  ve,' she said.

'La charmante!' said Mme. Jupon. 'Voyez l'a plomb!'

'No, you don't want me,' said Mlle. G  nevi  ve nodding. 'Go — you'll do.'

I went back to the upper room, and presently tea was served. I sat alone; there was nobody near me who knew me; I had nothing to do while munching my bread and butter but to examine the new scene. There was a great deal to move my curiosity. In the first place, I was surprised to see the rooms gay with fine dresses. I had come from the quiet of Magnolia, and accustomed to the simplicity of my mother's taste; which if it sometimes adorned me, did it always in subdued fashion, and never flaunted either its wealth or beauty. But on every side of me I beheld startling costumes; dresses that explained my mantua-maker's eagerness about velvet and green leaves. I saw that she was right; her trimmings would have been 'quiet'

here. Opposite me was a brown merino, bordered with blocks of blue silk running round the skirt. Near it was a dress of brilliant red picked out with black cord and heavy with large black buttons. Then a black dress caught my eye which had an embattled trimming of black and gold, continued round the waist and completed with a large gold buckle. Then there was a grey cashmere with red stars; and a bronze-coloured silk with black velvet a quarter of a yard wide let into the skirt; the body all of black velvet. I could go on, if my memory would serve me. The rooms were full of this sort of thing. Yet more than the dresses the heads surprised me. Just at that time the style of hair-dressing was one of those styles which are endurable, and perhaps even very beautiful, in the hands of a first-rate artist and on the heads of the few women who dress well; but which are more and more hideous the further you get from that distant pinnacle of the mode, and the lower down they spread among the ranks of society. I thought, as I looked from one to another, I had never seen anything so ill in taste, so outraged in style, so unspeakable in ugliness as well as in pretension. I supposed then it was the fashion principally which was to blame. Since then, I have seen the same fashion on one of those heads that never wear anything but in good style. It gathered a great wealth of rich hair into a mass at the back of the head, yet leaving the top and front of the hair in soft waves; and the bound up mass behind was loose and soft and flowed naturally from the head; it had no hard outline nor regular shape; it was nature's luxuriance just held in there from bursting down over neck and shoulders; and hardly that, for some locks were almost escaping.

The whole was to the utmost simple, natural, graceful, rich. But these caricatures! All that they knew was to mass the hair at the back of the head; and that fact was attained. But some looked as if they had a hard round cannon-ball fastened there; others suggested a stuffed pincushion, ready for pins; others had a mortar shell in place of a cannon-ball, the size was so enormous; in nearly all, the hair was strained tight over or under something; in not one was there an effect which the originator of the fashion would not have abhorred. Girlish grace was nowhere to be seen, either in heads or persons; girlish simplicity had no place. It was a school; but the company looked fitter for the stiff assemblages of ceremony that should be twenty years later in their lives.

My heart grew very blank. I felt unspeakably alone; not merely because there was nobody there whom I knew, but because there was nobody whom it seemed to me I ever should know. I took my tea and bits of bread and butter, feeling forlorn. A year in that place seemed to me longer than I could bear. I had exchanged my King Log for King Stork.

It was some relief when after tea we were separated into other rooms and sat down to study. But I dreamed over my book. I wondered how heads could study that had so much trouble on the outside. I wandered over the seas to that spot somewhere that was marked by the ship that carried my father and mother. Only now going out towards China; and how long months might pass before China would be done with and the ship be bearing them back again. The lesson given me that night was not difficult enough to bind my attention; and my heart grew very

heavy. So heavy, that I felt I *must* find help somewhere. And when one's need is so shut in, then it looks in the right quarter — the only one left open.

My little book was up stairs in my bag; but my thoughts flew to my page of that day and the 'Fear thou not, for I am with thee.' Nobody knows, who has not wanted them, how good those words are. Nobody else can understand how sweet they were to me. I lost for a little all sight of the study table and the faces round it. I just remembered who was WITH ME; in the freedom and joy of that presence both fears and loneliness seemed to fade away. 'I, the Lord, will hold thy right hand.' Yes, and I, a poor little child, put my hand in the hand of my great Leader, and felt safe and strong.

I found very soon I had enemies to meet that I had not yet reckoned with. The night passed peacefully enough; and the next day I was put in the schoolroom and found my place in the various classes. The schoolrooms were large and pleasant; large they had need to be, for the number of day scholars who attended in them was very great. They were many as well as spacious; different ages being parted off from each other. Besides the schoolrooms proper, there were rooms for recitation, where the classes met their teachers; so we had the change and variety of moving from one part of the house to another. We met Mlle. G  nevi  ve in one room, for mathematics and Italian; Mme. Jupon in another, for French. Miss Dumps seized us in another, for writing and geography, and made the most of us; she was a severe little person in her teaching and in her discipline; but she was good. We called her Miss Muria, in general.

Miss Babbitt had the history ; and she did nothing to make it intelligible or interesting. My best historical times thus far, by much, had been over my clay map and my red-headed and black-headed pins, studying the changes of England and her people. But Mlle. G  nevi  ve put a new life into mathematics. I could never love the study ; but she made it a great deal better than Miss Pinshon made it. Indeed I believe that to learn anything under Mlle. G  nevi  ve, would have been pleasant. She had so much fire and energy ; she taught with such a will ; her black eyes were so keen both for her pupils and her subject. One never thought of the discipline in Mlle. G  nevi  ve's room, but only of the study. I was young to be there, in the class where she put me ; but my training had fitted me for it. With Mme. Jupon also I had an easy time. She was good nature itself, and from the first shewed a particular favour and liking for me. And as I had no sort of wish to break rules, with Miss Maria too I got on well. It was out of school and out of study hours that my difficulties came upon me.

For a day or two I did not meet them. I was busy with the school routine, and beginning already to take pleasure in it. Knowledge was to be had here ; lay waiting to be gathered up ; and that gathering I always enjoyed. Miss Pinshon had kept me on short allowance. It was the third or fourth day after my arrival, that going up after dinner to get ready for a walk I missed my chinchilla cap from its peg. I sought for it in vain.

'Come, Daisy,' said Miss Lansing, 'make haste. Babbitt will be after you directly if you aren't ready. Put on your cap.'

‘I can’t find it,’ I said. ‘I left it here, in its place, but I can’t find it.’

There was a burst of laughter from three of my room-mates, as Miss St. Clair danced out from the closet with the cap on her own brows; and then with a caper of agility, taking it off, flung it up to the chandelier, where it hung on one of the burners.

‘For shame, Faustina, that’s too bad. How can she get it?’ said Miss Bentley.

‘I don’t want her to get it,’ said the St. Clair coolly.

‘Then how can she go to walk?’

‘I don’t want her to go to walk.’

‘Faustina, that isn’t right. Miss Randolph is a stranger; you shouldn’t play tricks on her.’

‘Roundheads were always revolutionists,’ said the girl recklessly. ‘*A la lanterne!* Heads or hats — it don’t signify which. That is an example of what our Madame calls “symbolism.”’

‘Hush — sh! Madame would call it something else. Now how are we going to get the cap down?’

For the lamp hung high, having been pushed up out of reach for the day. The St. Clair ran off, and Miss Macy followed; but the two others consulted, and Lansing ran down to waylay the chambermaid and beg a broom. By the help of the broom handle my cap was at length dislodged from its perch, and restored to me. But I was angry. I felt the fiery current running through my veins; and the unspeakable saucy glance of St. Clair’s eye, as I passed her to take my place in the procession, threw fuel on the fire. I think for years I had not been angry in such a fashion. The indignation I had at different times felt against the overseer at Magnolia was a justifiable thing. Now

I was angry and piqued. The feeling was new to me. I had been without it very long. I swallowed the ground with my feet during that walk; but before the walk came to an end the question began to come up in my mind, what was the matter? and whether I did well? These sprinklings of water on the flame I think made it leap into new life at first; but as they came and came again, I had more to think about than St. Clair, when I got back to the house. Yes, and as we were all taking off our things together I was conscious that I shunned her; that the sight of her was disagreeable; and that I would have liked to visit some gentle punishment upon her careless head. The bustle of business swallowed up the feeling for the rest of the time till we went to bed.

But then it rose very fresh, and I began to question myself about it in the silence and darkness. Finding myself inclined to justify myself, I bethought me to try this new feeling by some of the words I had been studying in my little book for a few days past. 'The entrance of thy words giveth light' — was the leading text for the day that had just gone; now I thought I would try it in my difficulty. The very next words on the page, I remembered were these.

'God is light, and in him is no darkness at all.'

It came into my mind as soon, that this feeling of anger and resentment which troubled me had to do with darkness, not with the light. In vain I reasoned to prove the contrary; I *felt* dark. I could not look up to that clear white light where God dwells, and feel at all that I was 'walking in the light as he is in the light.' Clearly Daisy Randolph was out of the way. And I went on with bitterness of heart to the next

words — ‘Ye *were* sometime darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord ; walk as children of light.’

And what then? was I to pass by quietly the insolence of St. Clair? was I to take it quite quietly, and give no sign even of annoyance? take no means of shewing my displeasure, or of putting a stop to the naughtiness that called it forth? My mind put these questions impatiently, and still, as it did so, an answer came from somewhere, — ‘Walk as children of light.’ I *knew* that children of light would reprove darkness only with light; and a struggle began. Other words came into my head then, which made the matter only clearer. ‘If any man smite thee on the one cheek, turn to him the other.’ ‘Love your enemies.’ Ah, but how could I? with what should I put out this fire kindled in my heart, which seemed only to burn the fiercer whatever I threw upon it? And then, other words still came sweeping upon me with their sweetness, and I remembered who had said, ‘I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee.’ I softly got out of bed, wrapped the coverlid round me, and knelt down to pray. For I had no time to lose. To-morrow I must meet my little companion, and to-morrow I *must* be ready to walk as a child of light, and to-night the fires of darkness were burning in my heart. I was long on my knees. I remember, in a kind of despair at last I flung myself on the word of Jesus, and cried to him as Peter did when he saw the wind boisterous. I remember, how the fire died out in my heart, till the very coals were dead; and how the day and the sunlight came stealing in, till it was all sunshine. I gave my thanks, and got into bed, and slept without a break the rest of the night.

CHAPTER XI.

A PLACE IN THE WORLD.

I WAS a humbler child when I got out of bed the next morning, I think, than ever I had been in my life before. But I had another lesson to learn.

I was not angry any more at Miss St. Clair. That was gone. Even when she did one or two other mischievous things to me, the rising feeling of offence was quickly got under; and I lived in great charity with her. My new lesson was of another sort.

Two or three days passed, and then came Sunday. It was never a comfortable day at Mme. Ricard's. We all went to church of course, under the care of one or other of the teachers; and we had our choice where to go. Miss Babbitt went to a Presbyterian church. Miss Maria to a high Episcopal. Mme. Jupon attended a little French Protestant chapel; and Mlle. G  nevi  ve and Mme. Ricard went to the Catholic church. The first Sunday I had gone with them, not knowing at all whither. I found that would not do; and since then I had tried the other parties. But I was in a strait; for Miss Maria's church seemed to me a faded image of Mlle. G  nevi  ve's; the Presbyterian church which Miss Babbitt went to was stiff and dull; I was not at home in either of them, and could not understand or enjoy what was spoken. The very music

had an air of incipient petrification, if I can speak so about sounds. At the little French chapel I could as little comprehend the words that were uttered. But in the pulpit there was a man with a shining face; a face full of love and truth and earnestness. He spoke out of his heart, and no set words; and the singing was simple and sweet and the hymns beautiful. I could understand them, for I had the hymn-book in my hands. Also I had the French Bible, and Mme. Jupon, delighted to have me with her, assured me that if I listened I would very soon begin to understand the minister's preaching just as well as if it were English. So I went with Mme. Jupon, and thereby lost some part of Mlle. G  n  vi  ve's favour; but that I did not understand till afterwards.

We had all been to church as usual, this Sunday, and we were taking off our hats and things up stairs, after the second service. My simple toilet was soon made; and I sat upon the side of my little bed, watching those of my companions. They were a contrast to mine. The utmost that money could do, to bring girls into the fashion, was done for these girls; for the patrons of Mme. Ricard's establishment were nearly all rich. Costly coats and cloaks, heavy trimmed, were surmounted with every variety of showy head gear, in every variety of unsuitableness. To study bad taste, one would want no better field than the heads of Mme. Ricard's seventy boarders dressed for church. Not that the articles which were worn on the heads were always bad; some of them came from irreproachable workshops; but there was everywhere the bad taste of overdressing, and nowhere the tact of appropriation. The hats were all on the wrong

heads. Everybody was a testimony of what money can do without art. I sat on my little bed, vaguely speculating on all this as I watched my companions' disrobing; at intervals humming the sweet French melody to which the last hymn had been sung; when St. Clair paused in her talk and threw a glance in my direction. It lighted on my plain plaid frock and undressed hair.

'Don't you come from the country, Miss Randolph?' she said, insolently enough.

I answered yes. And I remembered what my mantua-maker had said.

'Did you have that dress made there?'

'For shame, St. Clair!' said Miss Bentley; 'let Miss Randolph alone. I am sure her dress is very neat.'

'I wonder if women don't wear long hair where she came from—' said the girl turning away from me again. The others laughed.

I was as little pleased at that moment with the defence as with the attack. The instant thought in my mind was, that Miss Bentley knew no more how to conduct the one than Miss St. Clair to make the other; if the latter had no civility, the first had no style. Now the St. Clair was one of the best dressed girls in school and came from one of the most important families. I thought, if she knew where I came from, and who my mother was, she would change her tone. Nevertheless, I wished mamma would order me to let my hair grow, and I began to think whether I might not do it without order. And I thought also that the spring was advancing, and warm weather would soon be upon us; and that these girls would

change their talk and their opinion about me when they saw my summer frocks. There was nothing like *them* in all the school. I ran over in my mind their various elegance, of texture, and lace, and fine embroidery, and graceful, simple drapery. And also I thought, if these girls could see Magnolia, its magnificent oaks, and its acres of timber, and its sweeps of rich fields, and its troops of servants, their minds would be enlightened as to me and my belongings.

These meditations were a mixture of comfort and discomfort to me; but on the whole I was not comfortable. This process of comparing myself with my neighbours, I was not accustomed to; and even though its results were so favourable I did not like it. Neither did I quite relish living under a cloud; and my eyes being a little sharpened now, I could see that not by my young companions alone, but by every one of the four teachers, I was looked upon as a harmless little girl whose mother knew nothing about the fashionable world. I do not think that anything in my manner shewed either my pique or my disdain; I believe I went about just as usual; but these things were often in my thoughts, and taking by degrees more room in them.

It was not till the Sunday came round again, that I got any more light. The afternoon service was over; we had come home and laid off our bonnets and cloaks; for though we were in April it was cold and windy; and my schoolfellows had all gone down stairs to the parlour, where they had the privilege of doing what they pleased before tea. I was left alone. It was almost my only time for being alone in the whole week. I had an hour then; and I used to spend it in

my bedroom with my Bible. To-day I was reading the first epistle of John, which I was very fond of, and as my custom was, not reading merely, but pondering and praying over the words verse by verse. So I found that I understood them better and enjoyed them a great deal more. I came to these words, —

‘Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God; therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not.’

I had dwelt some time upon the first part of the verse, forgetting all my discomforts of the week past; and came in due course to the next words. I never shall forget how they swept in upon me. ‘*The world knoweth us not.*’ — What did that mean? ‘Because it knew him not.’ How did it not know him? He was in the midst of men; he lived no hidden life; the world knew him well enough as a benefactor, a teacher, a reprover; in what sense did it *not* know him? And I remembered, it did not know him as one of its own party. He was ‘this fellow,’ — and ‘the deceiver;’ — ‘the Nazarene;’ ‘they called the master of the house Beelzebub.’ And so, the world knoweth *us* not; and I knew well enough why; because we must be like him. And then, I found an unwillingness in myself to have these words true of me. I had been very satisfied under the slighting tones and looks of the little world around me, thinking that they were mistaken and would by and by know it; they would know that in all that they held so dear, of grace and fashion and elegance and distinguished appearance, my mother, and of course I, were not only their match but above them. Now

must I be content to have them never know it! But, I thought, I could not help their seeing the fact; if I dressed as my mother's child was accustomed to dress, they would know what sphere of life I belonged to. And then the words bore down upon me again, with their uncompromising distinctness, — '*the world knoweth us not.*' I saw it was a mark and character of those that belonged to Christ. I saw that, if I belonged to him, the world must not know me. The conclusion was very plain. And to secure the conclusion, the way was very plain too; I must simply not be like the world. I must not be of the world; and I must let it be known that I was not.

Face to face with the issue, I started back. For not to be of the world, meant, not to follow their ways. I did not want to follow some of their ways; I had no desire to break the Sabbath, for example; but I did like to wear pretty and elegant and expensive things, and fashionable things. It is very true, I had just denied myself this pleasure, and bought a plain dress and coat that did not charm me; but that was in favour of Margaret and to save money for her. And I had no objection to do the same thing again and again, for the same motive; and to deny myself to the end of the chapter, so long as others were in need. But that was another matter from shaking hands with the world at once, and being willing that for all my life it should never know me as one of those whom it honoured. Never *know* me, in fact. I must be something out of the world's consciousness, and of no importance to it. And to begin with, I must never try to enlighten my schoolfellows' eyes about myself. Let them think that Daisy Randolph came from some-

where in the country, and was accustomed to wear no better dresses in ordinary than her school plaid. Let them never be aware that I had ponies and servants and lands and treasures. Nay, the force of the words I had read went further than that. I felt it, down in my heart. Not only I must take no measures to proclaim my title to the world's regard; but I must be such and so unlike it in my whole way of life, dress and all, that the world would not wish to recognize me, nor have anything to do with me.

I counted the cost now, and it seemed heavy. There was Miss Bentley, with her clumsy finery, put on as it were one dollar above the other. She patronized me, as a little country-girl who knew nothing. Must I not undeceive her? There was Faustina St. Clair, really of a good family, and insolent on the strength of it; must I never let her know that mine was as good, and that my mother had as much knowledge of the proprieties and elegancies of life as ever hers had? These girls and plenty of the others looked down upon me as something inferior; not belonging to their part of society; must I be content henceforth to live so simply that these and others who judge by the outside would never be any wiser as to what I really was? Something in me rebelled. Yet the words I had been reading were final and absolute. 'The world knoweth us *not*;' and 'us,' I knew, meant the little band in whose hearts Christ is king. Surely I was one of them. But I was unwilling to slip out of the world's view and be seen by it no more. I struggled.

It was something very new in my experience. I had certainly felt struggles of duty in other times, but

they had never lasted long. This lasted. With an eye made keen by conscience, I looked now in my reading to see what else I might find that would throw light on the matter and perhaps soften off the uncompromising decision of the words of St. John. By and by I came to these words :

‘If ye were of the world, the world would love his own. But because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, *therefore the world hateth you.*’

I shut the book. The issue could not be more plainly set forth. I must choose between the one party and the other. Nay, I had chosen ; — but I must agree to belong but to one.

Would anybody say that a child could not have such a struggle? that fourteen years do not know yet what ‘the world’ means? Alas, it is a relative term ; and a child’s ‘world’ may be as mighty for her to face, as any other she will ever know. I think I never found any more formidable. Moreover, it is less unlike the big world than some would suppose.

On the corner of the street just opposite to our windows, stood a large handsome house which we always noticed for its flowers. The house stood in a little green courtyard, exquisitely kept, which at one side and behind gave room for several patches of flower beds, at this time filled with bulbous plants. I always lingered as much as I could in passing the iron railings, to have a peep at the beauty within. The grass was now of a delicious green, and the tulips and hyacinths and crocuses were in full bloom, in their different oval-shaped beds, framed in with the green. Besides these, from the windows of a greenhouse that

sketched back along the street, there looked over a brilliant array of other beauty; I could not tell what; great bunches of scarlet and tufts of white and gleamings of yellow, that made me long to be there.

‘Who lives in that house?’ Miss Bentley asked one evening. It was the hour before tea, and we were all at our room windows gazing down into the avenue.

‘Why don’t you know?’ said slow Miss Macy. ‘That’s Miss Cardigan’s house.’

‘I wonder who she is,’ said Miss Lansing. ‘It isn’t a New York name.’

‘Yes, it is,’ said Macy. ‘She’s lived there forever. She used to be there, and her flowers, when I was four years old.’

‘I guess she isn’t anybody, is she?’ said Miss Bentley. ‘I never see any carriages at her door. Hasn’t she a carriage of her own, I wonder, or how does she travel? Such a house ought to have a carriage.’

‘I’ll tell you,’ said the St. Clair, coolly as usual. ‘She goes out in a wagon with an awning to it. *She* don’t know anything about carriages.’

‘But she must have money, you know,’ urged Miss Bentley. ‘She couldn’t keep up that house, and the flowers, and the greenhouse and all, without money.’

‘She’s got money,’ said the St. Clair. ‘Her mother made it selling cabbages in the market. Very likely she sold flowers too.’

There was a general exclamation and laughter at what was supposed to be one of St. Clair’s flights of mischief; but the young lady stood her ground calmly, and insisted that it was a thing well known. ‘My grandmother used to buy vegetables from ol

Cardigan when we lived in Broadway,' she said. 'It's quite true. That's why she knows nothing about carriages.'

'That sort of thing don't hinder other people from having carriages,' said Miss Lansing. 'There's Mr. Mason, next door to Miss Cardigan, — his father was a tailor; and the Steppes, two doors off, do you know what they were? They were millers, a little way out of town; nothing else; had a mill and ground flour. They made a fortune I suppose, and now here they are in the midst of other people.'

'Plenty of carriages, too,' said Miss Macy; 'and everything else.'

'After all,' said Miss Bentley after a pause, 'I suppose everybody's money had to be made somehow, in the first instance. I suppose all the Millers in the world came from real millers once; and the Wheelwrights from wheelwrights.'

'And what a world of smiths there must have been, first and last,' said Miss Lansing. 'The world is full of their descendants.'

'*Everybody's* money wasn't made, though,' said the St. Clair, with an inexpressible attitude of her short upper lip.

'I guess it was, — if you go back far enough,' said Miss Macy, whom nothing disturbed. But I saw that while Miss Lansing and Miss St. Clair were at ease in the foregoing conversation, Miss Bentley was not.

'You *can't* go back far enough,' said the St. Clair haughtily.

'How then?' said the other. 'How do you account for it? Where did their money come from?'

'It grew,' said the St. Clair ineffably. 'They were lords of the soil.'

'Oh! — But it had to be dug out, I suppose,' said Miss Macy.

'There were others to do that.'

'After all,' said Miss Macy, 'how is money that grew any better than money that is made? It is all made by somebody, too.'

'If it is made by somebody else, it leaves your hands clean,' the St. Clair answered, with an insolence worthy of maturer years; for Miss Macy's family had grown rich by trade. She was of a slow temper however and did not take fire.

'My grandfather's hands were clean,' she said; 'yet he made his own money. Honest hands always are clean.'

'Do you suppose Miss Cardigan's were when she was handling her cabbages?' said St. Clair. 'I have no doubt Miss Cardigan's house smells of cabbages now.'

'O St. Clair!' — Miss Lansing said laughing.

'I always smell them when I go past,' said the other, elevating her scornful little nose; it was a handsome nose too.

'I don't think it makes any difference,' said Miss Bentley, 'provided people *have* money, how they came by it. Money buys the same things for one that it does for another.'

'Now my good Bentley, that is just what it *don't*,' said St. Clair, drumming upon the window-pane with the tips of her fingers.

'Why not?'

'Because! — people that have always had money

know how to use it; and people that have just come into their money, *don't* know. You can tell the one from the other as far off as the head of the avenue.'

'But what is to hinder their going to the same milliner and mantua-maker, for instance, or the same cabinet-maker, — and buying the same things?'

'Or the same jeweller, or the same — anything? So they could, if they knew which they were.'

'Which *what* were? It is easy to tell which is a fashionable milliner, or mantua-maker; everybody knows that.'

'It don't do some people any good,' said St. Clair turning away. 'When they get in the shop, they do not know what to buy; and if they buy it they can't put it on. People that are not fashionable can't *be* fashionable.'

I saw the glance that fell, scarcely touching, on my plain plaid frock. I was silly enough to feel it too. I was unused to scorn. St. Clair returned to the window, perhaps sensible that she had gone a little too far.

'I can tell you now,' she said, 'what that old Miss Cardigan has got in her house — just as well as if I saw it.'

'Did you ever go in?' said Lansing eagerly.

'We don't visit,' said the other. 'But I can tell you, just as well; and you can send Daisy Randolph some day to see if it is true.'

'Well, go on, St. Clair — what is there?' said Miss Macy.

'There's a marble hall of course; that the mason built; it isn't her fault. Then in the parlours there are thick carpets, that cost a great deal of money and

are as ugly as they can be, with every colour in the world. The furniture is red satin, or maybe blue, staring bright, against a light green wall panelled with gold. The ceilings are gold and white, with enormous chandeliers. On the wall there are some very big picture frames, with nothing in them — to speak of; there is a table in the middle of the floor with a marble top, and the piers are filled with mirrors down to the floor; and the second room is like the first and the third is like the second, and there is nothing else in any of the rooms but what I have told you.'

'Well, it is a very handsome house, I should think, if you have told true,' said Miss Bentley.

St. Clair left the window with a scarce perceptible but most wicked smile at her friend Miss Lansing; and the group scattered. Only I remained to think it over and ask myself, could I let go my vantage ground? could I make up my mind to do forever without the smile and regard of that portion of the world which little St. Clair represented? It is powerful, even in a school!

I had seen how carelessly this undoubted child of birth and fashion wielded the lash of her tongue; and how others bowed before it. I had seen Miss Bentley wince, and Miss Macy bite her lip; but neither of them dared affront the daughter of Mrs. St. Clair. Miss Lansing was herself of the favoured class and had listened lightly. Fashion was power, that was plain. Was I willing to forego it? was I willing to be one of those whom fashion passes by as St. Clair had glanced on my dress — as something not worthy a thought?

I was not happy, those days. Something within me was struggling for self-assertion. It was new to me;

for until then I had never needed to assert my claims to anything. For the first time, I was looked down upon, and I did not like it. I do not quite know why I was made to know this so well. My dress, if not showy or costly, was certainly without blame in its neatness and niceness, and perfectly becoming my place as a school-girl. And I had very little to do at that time with my schoolmates, and that little was entirely friendly in its character. I am obliged to think, looking back at it now, that some rivalry was at work. I did not then understand it. But I was taking a high place in all my classes. I had gone past St. Clair in two or three things. Miss Lansing was too far behind in her studies to feel any jealousy on that account; but besides that, I was an unmistakeable favourite with all the teachers. They liked to have me do anything for them or with them; if any privilege was to be given, I was sure to be one of the first names called to share it; if I was spoken to for anything, the manner and tone were in contrast with those used towards almost all my fellows. It may have been partly for these reasons that there was a little positive element in the slights which I felt. The effect of the whole was to make a long struggle in my mind. 'The world knoweth us not' — gave the character and condition of that party to which I belonged. I was feeling now what those words mean, — and it was not pleasant.

This struggle had been going on for several weeks, and growing more and more wearying, when Mrs. Sandford came one day to see me. She said I did not look very well, and obtained leave for me to take a walk with her. I was glad of the change. It was a

pleasant bright afternoon; we strolled up the long avenue, then gay and crowded with passers to and fro in every variety and in the height of the mode; for our avenue was a favourite and very fashionable promenade. The gay world nodded and bowed to each other, the sun streamed on satins and laces, flowers and embroidery; elegant toilettes passed and repassed each other, with smiling recognition; the street was a show. I walked by Mrs. Sandford's side in my chinchilla cap, for I had not got a straw hat yet though it was time; thinking, — 'The world knoweth us not' — and carrying on the struggle in my heart all the while. By and by we turned to come down the avenue.

'I want to stop a moment here on some business,' said Mrs. Sandford, as we came to Miss Cardigan's corner; 'would you like to go in with me, Daisy?'

I was pleased, and moreover glad that it was the hour for my companions to be out walking. I did not wish to be seen going in at that house and to have all the questions poured on me that would be sure to come. Moreover I was curious to see how far Miss St. Clair's judgment would be verified. The marble hall was undoubted; it was large and square, with a handsome staircase going up from it; but the parlour, into which we were ushered the next minute, crossed all my expectations. It was furnished with dark chintz; no satin, red or blue, was anywhere to be seen; even the curtains were chintz. The carpet was not rich; the engravings on the walls were in wooden frames varnished; the long mirror between the windows, for that was there, reflected a very simple mahogany table, on which lay a large work basket, some rolls of muslin and flannel, work cut and uncut,

shears and spools of cotton. Another smaller table held books and papers and writing materials. This was shoved up to the corner of the hearth, where a fire — a real, actual fire of sticks — was softly burning. The room was full of the sweet smell of the burning wood. Between the two tables, in a comfortable large chair, sat the lady we had come to see. My heart warmed at the look of her immediately. Such a face of genial gentle benevolence; such a healthy sweet colour in the old cheeks; such a hearty, kind, and withal shrewd and sound, expression of eye and lip. She was stout and dumpy in figure, rather fat; with a little plain cap on her head and a shawl pinned round her shoulders. Somebody who had never been known to the world of fashion. But oh, how homely and comfortable she and her room looked! she and her room and her cat; for a great white cat sat with her paws doubled under her in front of the fire.

‘My sister begged that I would call and see you, Miss Cardigan,’ Mrs. Sandford began, ‘about a poor family named Whittaker, that live somewhere in Ellen Street.’

‘I know them. Be seated,’ said our hostess. ‘I know them well. But I don’t know this little lady.’

‘A little friend of mine, Miss Cardigan; she is at school with your neighbour opposite, — Miss Daisy Randolph.’

‘If nearness made neighbourhood,’ said Miss Cardigan laughing, ‘Mme. Ricard and I would be neighbours; but I am afraid the rule of the Good Samaritan would put us far apart. Miss Daisy — do you like my cat; or would you like maybe to go in and look at my flowers? — yes? — Step in that way, dear;

just go through that room, and on, straight through; you'll smell them before you come to them.'

I gladly obeyed her, stepping in through the darkened middle room where already the greeting of the distant flowers met me; then through a third smaller room, light and bright and full of fragrance, and to my surprise, lined with books. From this an open glass door let me into the greenhouse and into the presence of the beauties I had so often looked up to from the street. I lost myself then. Geraniums breathed over me; roses smiled at me; a daphne at one end of the room filled the whole place with its fragrance. Amaryllis bulbs were magnificent; fuchsias dropped with elegance; jonquils were shy and dainty; violets were good; hyacinths were delicious; tulips were splendid. Over and behind all these and others, were wonderful ferns, and heaths most delicate in their simplicity, and myrtles most beautiful with their shining dark foliage and starry white blossoms. I lost myself at first, and wandered past all these new and old friends in a dream; then I waked up to an intense feeling of homesickness. I had not been in such a greenhouse in a long time; the geraniums and roses and myrtles summoned me back to the years when I was a little happy thing at Melbourne House—or summoned the images of that time back to me. Father and mother and home—the delights and the freedoms of those days—the carelessness, and the care—the blessed joys of that time before I knew Miss Pinshon, or school, and before I was perplexed with the sorrows and the wants of the world, and before I was alone—above all, when papa and mamma and I were *at home*. The geraniums and the roses set me back there so

sharply that I felt it all. I had lost myself at first going into the greenhouse; and now I had quite lost sight of everything else, and stood gazing at the faces of the flowers with some tears on my own, and, I suppose, a good deal of revelation of my feeling; for I was unutterably startled by the touch of two hands upon my shoulders and a soft whisper in my ear. 'What is it, my bairn?'

It was Miss Cardigan's soft Scotch accent, and it was besides a question of the tenderest sympathy.. I looked at her, saw the kind and strong grey eyes which were fixed on me wistfully; and hiding my face in her bosom I sobbed aloud.

I don't know how I came to be there, in her arms, nor how I did anything so unlike my habit; but there I was, and it was done, and Miss Cardigan and I were in each other's confidence. It was only for one moment that my tears came; then I recovered myself.

'What sort of discourse did the flowers hold to you, little one?' said Miss Cardigan's kind voice; while her stout person hid all view of me that could have been had through the glass door.

'Papa is away,' I said, forcing myself to speak, — 'and mamma; — and we used to have these flowers —'

'Yes, yes; I know. I know very well,' said my friend. 'The flowers didn't know but you were there yet. They hadn't discretion. Mrs. Sandford wants to go, dear. Will you come again and see them? They will say something else next time.'

'O, may I?' I said.

'Just whenever you like, and as often as you like. So I'll expect you.'

I went home, very glad at having escaped notice

from my schoolmates, and firmly bent on accepting Miss Cardigan's invitation at the first chance I had. I asked about her of Mrs. Sandford in the first place; and learned that she was 'a very good sort of person; a little queer, but very kind; a person that did a great deal of good and had plenty of money. Not in society, of course,' Mrs. Sandford added; 'but I dare say she don't miss that; and she is just as useful as if she were.'

'Not in society.' That meant, I supposed, that Miss Cardigan would not be asked to companies where Mrs. Randolph would be found, or Mrs. Sandford; that such people would not 'know' her, in fact. That would certainly be a loss to Miss Cardigan; but I wondered how much? 'The world knoweth us not,' — the lot of all Christ's people, — could it involve anything in itself very bad? My old Juanita, for example, who held herself the heir to a princely inheritance, was it any harm to her that earthly palaces knew her only as a servant? But then, what did not matter to Juanita or Miss Cardigan, might matter to somebody who had been used to different things. I knew how it had been with myself for a time past. I was puzzled. I determined to wait and see, if I could, how much it mattered to Miss Cardigan.

CHAPTER XII.

FRENCH DRESSES.

My new friend had given me free permission to come and see her whenever I found myself able. Saturday afternoon we always had to ourselves in the school; and the next Saturday found me at Miss Cardigan's door again as soon as my friends and room-mates were well out of my way. Miss Cardigan was not at home, the servant said, but she would be in presently. I was just as well pleased. I took off my cap, and carrying it in my hand I went back through the rooms to the greenhouse. All still and fresh and sweet, it seemed more delightful than ever, because I knew there was nobody near. Some new flowers were out. An azalea was in splendid beauty, and a white French rose, very large and fair, was just blossoming, and with the red roses and the hyacinths and the violets and the daphne and the geraniums, made a wonderful sweet place of the little greenhouse. I lost myself in delight again; but this time the delight did not issue in homesickness. The flowers had another message for me to-day. I did not heed it at first, busy with examining and drinking in the fragrance and the loveliness about me; but even as I looked and drank, the flowers began to whisper to me. With their wealth of perfume, with all their various, glorious beauty, one and another leaned towards me

or bent over me with the question — ‘Daisy are you afraid? — Daisy, are you afraid? — The good God who has made us so rich, do you think he will leave you poor? He loves you, Daisy. You needn’t be a bit afraid but that He is enough, even if the world does not know you. He is rich enough for you as well as for us.’

I heard no voice, but surely I heard that whisper, plain enough. The roses seemed to kiss me with it. The sweet azalea repeated it. The hyacinths stood witnesses of it. The gay tulips and amaryllis held up a banner before me on which it was blazoned.

I was so ashamed, and sorry, and glad, all at once, that I fell down on my knees there, on the stone matted floor, and gave up the world from my heart and forever and stretched out my hands for the wealth that does not perish and the blessing that has no sorrow with it.

I was afraid to stay long on my knees; but I could hardly get my eyes dry again, I was so glad and so sorry. I remember I was wiping a tear or two away when Miss Cardigan came in. She greeted me kindly.

‘There’s a new rose out, did ye see it?’ she said; ‘and this blue hyacinth has opened its flowers. Isn’t that bonny?’

‘What is *bonny*, ma’am?’ I asked.

Miss Cardigan laughed, the heartiest, sonsiest low laugh.

‘There’s a many things the Lord has made bonny,’ she said; ‘I thank him for it. Look at these violets — they’re bonny; and this sweet red rose.’ She broke it off the tree and gave it to me. ‘It’s bad

that it shames your cheeks so. What's the matter wi' 'em, my bairn?'

Miss Cardigan's soft finger touched my cheek as she spoke; and the voice and tone of the question were so gently, tenderly kind that it was pleasant to answer. I said I had not been very strong.

'Nor just weel in your mind. No, no. Well, what did the flowers say to you to-day, my dear? Eh? They told you something?'

'O yes!' I said.

'Did they tell you that "the Lord is good; a stronghold in the day of trouble; and he knoweth them that trust in him"?''

'O yes,' I said, looking up at her in surprise. 'How did you know?'

For all answer, Miss Cardigan folded her two arms tight about me and kissed me with earnest good will.

'But they told me something else,' I said, struggling to command myself; — 'they told me that I had *not* "trusted in him."'

'Ah my bairn!' she said. 'But the Lord is good.'

There was so much both of understanding and sympathy in her tones, that I had a great deal of trouble to control myself. I felt unspeakably happy too, that I had found a friend that could understand. I was silent, and Miss Cardigan looked at me.

'Is it all right, noo?' she asked.

'Except *me*, —' I said with my eyes swimming.

'Ah well,' she said. 'You've seen the sky all black and covered with the thick clouds — that's like our sins; but, "I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins." You know how it is when the wind comes and clears the clouds

all off, and you can look up through the blue, till it seems as if your eye would win into heaven itself. Keep the sky clear, my darling, so that you can always see up straight to God, with never the fleck of a cloud between. But do you ken what will clear the clouds away?’

And I looked up now with a smile and answered, ‘“The precious blood of Christ”’ — for the two texts had been close together in one of the pages of my little book not long before.

Miss Cardigan clapped her hands together softly and laughed. ‘Ye’ve got it!’ she said. ‘Ye have gotten the pearl of great price. And where did ye find it, my dear?’

‘I had a friend, that taught me in a Sunday school, four years ago, —’ I said.

‘Ah, there weren’t so many Sunday schools in my day,’ said Miss Cardigan. ‘And ye have found, maybe, that this other sort of a school, that ye have gotten to now, isn’t helpful altogether? Is it a rough road, my bairn?’

‘It is my own fault,’ I said looking at her gratefully. The tender voice went right into my heart.

‘Well, noo, ye’ll just stop and have tea with me here; and whenever the way is rough, ye’ll come over to my flowers and rest yourself. And rest me too; it does me a world o’ good to see a young face. So take off your coat, my dear, and let us sit down and be comfortable.’

I was afraid at first that I could not; I had no liberty to be absent at tea-time. But Miss Cardigan assured me I should be home in good season; the school tea was at seven, and her own was always

served at six. So very gladly, with an inexpressible sense of freedom and peace, I took off my coat and gloves, and followed my kind friend back to the parlour where her fire was burning. For although it was late in April, the day was cool and raw; and the fire one saw nowhere else was delightful in Miss Cardigan's parlour.

Every minute of that afternoon was as bright as the fire glow. I sat in the midst of that, on an ottoman, and Miss Cardigan, busy between her two tables, made me very much interested in her story of some distressed families for whom she was working. She asked me very little about my own affairs; nothing that the most delicate good breeding did not warrant; but she found out that my father and mother were at a great distance from me and I almost alone, and she gave me the freedom of her house. I was to come there whenever I could and liked; whenever I wanted to 'rest my feet,' as she said; especially I might spend as much of every Sunday with her as I could get leave for. And she made this first afternoon so pleasant to me with her gentle beguiling talk, that the permission to come often was like the entrance into a whole world of comfort. She had plenty to talk about; plenty to tell, of the poor people to whom she and others were ministering; of plans and methods to do them good; all which somehow she made exceedingly interesting. There was just a little accent to her words, which made them, in their peculiarity, all the more sweet to me; but she spoke good English; the 'noo' which slipped out now and then, with one or two other like words, came only, I found, at times when the fountain of feeling was more full than ordinary, and so flowed over

into the disused old channel. And her face was so fresh, rosy, round and sweet, withal strong and sound, that it was a perpetual pleasure to me.

As she told her stories of New York needy and suffering, I mentally added my poor people at Magnolia, and began to wonder with myself, was all the world so? Were these two spots but samples of the whole? I got into a brown study, and was waked out of it by Miss Cardigan's 'What is it, my dear?'

'Ma'am?' I said.

'Ye are studying some deep question,' she said smiling. 'Maybe it's too big for you.'

'So it is,' said I sighing. 'Is it so everywhere, Miss Cardigan?'

'So how, my bairn?'

'Is there so much trouble everywhere in the world?'

Her face clouded over.

'Jesus said, "The poor ye have always with you, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good."'

'But that is what I don't understand about,' I said. '*How much* ought one to do, Miss Cardigan?'

There came a ray of infinite brightness over her features; I can hardly describe it; it was warm with love, and bright with pleasure, and I thought sparkled with a little amusement.

'Have you thought upon that?' she said.

'Yes,' I said, — 'very much.'

'It is a great question!' she said, her face becoming grave again.

'I know,' I said, 'of course one ought to do all one can. But what I want to know is, how much one *can*. How much ought one to spend, for such things?'

It's a great question,' Miss Cardigan repeated,

more gravely than before. 'For when the King comes, to take account of his servants, he will want to know what we have done with every penny. Be sure, he will.'

'Then how can one tell?' said I, hoping earnestly that now I was going to get some help in my troubles. 'How can one know? It is very difficult.'

'I'll no say it's not difficult,' said Miss Cardigan, whose thoughts seemed to have gone into the recesses of her own mind. 'Dear, it's nigh our tea-time. Let us go in.'

I followed her, much disappointed, and feeling that if she passed the subject by so, I could not bring it up again. We went through to the inner room; the same from which the glass door opened to the flowers. Here a small table was now spread. This room was cosy. I had hardly seen it before. Low bookcases lined it on every side; and above the bookcases hung maps; maps of the city and of various parts of the world where missionary stations were established. Along with the maps, a few engravings and fine photographs. I remember one of the Colosseum, which I used to study; and a very beautiful engraving of Jerusalem. But the one that fixed my eyes this first evening, perhaps because Miss Cardigan placed me in front of it, was a picture of another sort. It was a good photograph, and had beauty enough besides to hold my eyes. It shewed a group of three or four. A boy and girl in front, handsome, careless, and well-to-do, passing along, with wandering eyes. Behind them and disconnected from them by her dress and expression, a tall woman in black robes with a baby on her breast. The hand of the woman was stretched out with a coin

which she was about dropping into an iron-bound coffer which stood at the side of the picture. It was 'the widow's mite;' and her face, wan, sad, sweet, yet loving and longing, told the story. The two coins were going into the box with all her heart.

'You know what it is?' said my hostess.

'I see, ma'am,' I replied; 'it is written under.'

'That box is the Lord's treasury.'

'Yes, ma'am,' I said, — 'I know.'

'Do you remember how much that woman gave?'

'Two mites,' — I said.

'It was something more than that,' said my hostess.

'It was more than anybody else gave that day. Don't you recollect? It was *all her living*.'

I looked at Miss Cardigan, and she looked at me. Then my eyes went back to the picture, and to the sad yet sweet and most loving face of the poor woman there.

'Ma'am,' said I, 'do you think people that are *rich* ought to give all they have?'

'I only know, my Lord was pleased with her,' said Miss Cardigan softly; 'and I always think I should like to have him pleased with me too.'

I was silent, looking at the picture and thinking.

'You know what made that poor widow give her two mites?' Miss Cardigan asked presently.

'I suppose she wanted to give them,' I said.

'Ay,' said my hostess turning away, — 'she loved the Lord's glory beyond her own comfort. Come my love, and let us have some tea. She gave all she had, Miss Daisy, and the Lord liked it; do ye think you and me can do less?'

'But that is what I do not understand,' I said, fol-

lowing Miss Cardigan to the little tea-table, and watching with great comfort the bright unruffled face which promised to be such a help to me.

‘Now you’ll sit down there,’ said my hostess, ‘where you can see my flowers while I can see you. It’s poor work eating, if we cannot look at something or hear something at the same time; and maybe we’ll do the two things. And ye’ll have a bit of honey — here it is. And Lotty will bring us up a bit of hot toast — or is the bread better, my dear? Now ye’re at home; and maybe you’ll come over and drink tea with me whenever you can run away from over there. I’ll have Lotty set a place for you. And then, when ye think of the empty place you will know you had better come over and fill it. See — you could bring your study book and study here in this quiet little corner by the flowers.’

I gave my very glad thanks. I knew I could often do this.

‘And now for the “not understanding,”’ said Miss Cardigan, when tea was half over. ‘How was it, my dear?’

‘I have been puzzled,’ I said, ‘about giving — how much one ought to give, and how much one ought to spend — I mean, for oneself.’

‘Well,’ said Miss Cardigan brightly, ‘we have fixed that. The poor woman gave *all her living*.’

‘But one must spend *some* money for oneself,’ I said. ‘One must have bonnets and cloaks and dresses.’

‘And houses, and books, and pictures,’ said Miss Cardigan, looking around her. ‘My lamb, let us go to the Bible again. That says, “whether ye eat, or drink,

or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." So I suppose we must buy cloaks and bonnets on the same principle.'

I turned this over in mind. Had I done this, when I was choosing my chinchilla cap and grey cloak? A little ray of infinite brightness began to steal in upon their quiet colours and despised forms.

'If the rich are to give their all, as well as the poor, it doesn't say — mind you — that they are to give it all to the hungry, or all to the destitute; but only, they are to give it all to *Christ*. Then, he will tell them what to do with it; do ye understand, my dear?'

Miss Cardigan's eye was watching me, not more kindly than keen. A wise and clear grey eye it was.

'But isn't it difficult to know sometimes what to do?' I said. 'I have been so puzzled to know about dresses. Mamma is away, and I had to decide.'

'It's no very difficult,' said Miss Cardigan, — 'if once ye set your face in the right *airth* — as we speak. My dear, there's a great many sorts of dresses and bonnets and things; and I'd always buy just that bonnet and that gown, in which I thought I could do most work for my Master; and that wouldn't be the same sort of bonnet for you and for me,' she said with a merry smile. 'Now ye'll have another cup of tea, and ye'll tell me if my tea's good.'

It was wonderfully good to me. I felt like a plant dried up for want of water, suddenly set in a spring shower. Refreshment was all around me, without and within. The faces of the flowers looked at me through the glass, and the sweet breath of them came from the open door. The room where I was sitting pleased me mightily, in its comfortable and pretty simplicity; and

I had found a friend, even better than my old Maria and Darry at Magnolia. It was not very long before I told all about these to my new counsellor.

For the friendship between us ripened and grew. I often found a chance to fill my place at the dear little tea-table. Sundays I could always be there; and I went there straight from afternoon church, and rested among Miss Cardigan's books and in her sweet society and in the happy freedom and rest of her house, with an intensity of enjoyment which words can but feebly tell. So in time I came to tell her all my troubles and the perplexities which had filled me; I was willing to talk to Miss Cardigan about things that I would have breathed to no other ear upon earth. She was so removed from all the sphere of my past or present life, so utterly disconnected from all the persons and things with which I had had to do, it was like telling about them to a being of another planet. Yet she was not so removed but that her sympathies and her judgment could be living and full grown for my help; all ready to take hold of the facts and to enter into the circumstances, and to give me precious comfort and counsel. Miss Cardigan and I came to be very dear to each other.

All this took time. Nobody noticed at first, or seemed to notice, my visits to the 'house with the flowers,' as the girls called it. I believe, in my plain dress, I was not thought of importance enough to be watched. I went and came very comfortably; and the weeks that remained before the summer vacation slipped away in quiet order.

Just before the vacation, my aunt came home from Europe. With her came the end of my obscurity. She

brought me, from my mother, a great supply of all sorts of pretty French dresses, hats, gloves, and varieties. Chosen by my mother; as pretty and elegant, and simple too, as they could be; but once putting them on, I could never be unnoticed by my schoolmates any more. I knew it, with a certain feeling that was not displeasure. Was it pride? Was it anything more than my pleasure in all pretty things? I thought it was something more. And I determined that I would not put on any of them till school was broken up. If it *was* pride, I was ashamed of it. But besides French dresses, my aunt brought me a better thing; a promise from my father.

‘He said I was to tell you, Daisy my dear, — and I hope you will be a good child and take it as you ought, — but dear me! how she is growing,’ said Mrs. Gary turning to Mme. Ricard; ‘I cannot talk about Daisy as a “child” much longer. She’s tall.’

‘Not too tall,’ said madame.

‘No, but she is going to be tall. She has a right; her mother is tall, and her father. Daisy my dear, I do believe you are going to look like your mother. You’ll be very handsome if you do. And yet, you look different —’

‘Miss Randolph will not shame anybody belonging to her,’ said Mme. Ricard graciously.

‘Well, I suppose not,’ said my aunt. ‘I was going to tell you what your father said, Daisy. He said — you know it takes a long while to get to China and back, and if it does him good he will stay a little while there; and then there’s the return voyage, and there may be delays; so altogether it was impossible to say

exactly how long he and your mother will be gone. I mean, it was impossible to know certainly that they would be able to come home by next summer; indeed I doubt if your father ever does come home.'

I waited, in silence.

'So altogether,' my aunt went on, turning for a moment to Mme. Ricard, 'there was a doubt about it; and your father said, he charged me to tell Daisy, that if she will make herself contented — that is, supposing they cannot come home next year, you know, — if she will make herself happy and be patient and bear one or two years more and stay at school and do the best she can, *then*, the year after next or the next year, he will send for you, your father says, *unless* they come home themselves, — they will send for you; and then, your father says, he will give you any request you like to make of him. Ask anything you can think of, that you would like best, and he will do it or get it, whatever it is. He didn't say like king Herod, "to the half of his kingdom," but I suppose he meant that. And meanwhile, you know you have a guardian now, Daisy, and there is no use for me in your affairs; and having conveyed to you your mother's gifts and your father's promises, I suppose there is nothing further for me to do.'

I was silent yet, thinking. Two years more would be a dear purchase of any pleasure that might come after. Two years! And four were gone already. It seemed impossible to wait or to bear it. I heard no more of what my aunt was saying, till she turned to me again and asked,

'Where are you going to pass the vacation?'

I did not know, for Mrs. Sandford was obliged to be

with her sister still, so that I could not go to Melbourne.

‘Well if your new guardian thinks well of it — you can consult him if it is necessary — and if he does not object, you can be with me if you like. Preston has leave of absence this summer, I believe; and he will be with us.’

It was in effect arranged so. My aunt took me about the country from one watering place to another; from Saratoga to the White Mountains; and Preston’s being with us made it a gay time. Preston had been for two years at West Point; he was grown and improved everybody said; but to me he was just the same. If anything, *not* improved; the old grace and graciousness of his manner was edged with an occasional hardness or abruptness which did not use to belong to him; and which I did not understand. There seemed to be a latent cause of irritation somewhere.

However, my summer went off smoothly enough. September brought me back to Mme. Ricard’s, and in view of Miss Cardigan’s late roses and budding chrysanthemums. I was not sorry. I had set my heart on doing as much as could be done in these next two years, if two they must be.

I was the first in my room; but before the end of the day they all came pouring in; the two older and the two younger girls. ‘Here’s somebody already,’ exclaimed Miss Macy as she saw me. ‘Why Daisy Randolph! is it possible that’s you? Is it Daisy Randolph? what have you done to yourself? How you *have* improved!’

‘She is very much improved,’ said Miss Bentley more soberly.

'She has been learning the fashions,' said Miss Lansing, her bright eyes dancing as good-humouredly as ever. 'Daisy, now when your hair gets long you'll look quite nice. That frock is made very well.'

'She is changed —' said Miss St. Clair, with a look I could not quite make out.

'No,' I said, — 'I hope I am not changed.'

'Your dress is,' said St. Clair.

I thought of Dr. Sandford's '*L'habit c'est l'homme*.' 'My mother had this dress made,' I said; 'and I ordered the other one; that is all the difference.'

'You're on the right side of the difference, then,' said Miss St. Clair.

'Has your mother come back, Daisy?' Miss Lansing asked.

'Not yet. She sent me this from Paris.'

'It's very pretty!' she said; with, I saw, an increase of admiration; but St. Clair gave me another strange look. 'How much prettier Paris things are than American!' Lansing went on. 'I wish I could have all my dresses from Paris. Why, Daisy, you've grown handsome.'

'Nonsense!' said Miss Macy; 'she always was, only you didn't see it.'

'Style is more than a face,' remarked Miss St. Clair cavalierly. Somehow I felt that this little lady was not in a good mood towards me. I boded mischief; for being nearly of an age, we were together in most of our classes, studied the same things and recited at the same times. There was an opportunity for clashing.

They soon ran off, all four, to see their friends and acquaintances and learn the news of the school. I

was left alone, making my arrangement of clothes and things in my drawer and my corner of the closet; and I found that some disturbance, in those few moments, had quite disarranged the thoughts in my heart. They were peaceful enough before. There was some confusion now. I could not at first tell what was uppermost; only that St. Clair's words were those that most returned to me. 'She has changed.' *Had I changed?* or was I going to change? was I going to enter the lists of fashion with my young companions and try who would win the race? No doubt my mother could dress me better than almost any of their mothers could dress them; what then? would this be a triumph? or was this the sort of name and notoriety that became and befitted a servant of Jesus? I could not help my dresses being pretty; no, but I could help making much display of them. I could wear my own school plaid when the weather grew cooler; and one or two others of my wardrobe were all I need shew. 'Style is more than a face.' No doubt. What *then*? Did I want style and a face too? Was I wishing to confound St. Clair? Was I escaping already from that bond and mark of a Christian, — 'The world knoweth us not'? I was startled and afraid. I fell down on my knees by the side of my bed, and tried to look at the matter as God looked at it. And the Daisy I thought he would be pleased with, was one who ran no race for worldly supremacy. I resolved she should not. The praise of God, I thought, was far better than the praise of men.

My mind was quite made up when I rose from my knees; but I looked forward to a less quiet school term than the last had been. Something told me that

the rest of the girls would take me up now, for good and for evil. My Paris dress set me in a new position, no longer beneath their notice. I was an object of attention. Even that first evening I felt the difference.

‘Daisy, when is your mother coming home?’—‘O she is gone to China; Daisy’s mother is gone to China!’—‘She’ll bring you lots of queer things, won’t she?’—‘What a sweet dress!’—‘*That* didn’t come from China?’—‘Daisy, who’s head in mathematics, you or St. Clair? I hope you will get before her!’

‘Why?’ I ventured to ask.

‘O, you’re the best of the two; everybody knows that. But St. Clair is smart, isn’t she?’

‘She thinks she is,’ answered another speaker; ‘she believes she’s at the tip top of creation; but she never had such a pretty dress on as that in her days; and she knows it and she don’t like it. It’s real fun to see St. Clair beat! she thinks she is so much better than other girls, and she has such a way of twisting that upper lip of hers. Do you know how St. Clair twists her upper lip? Look!—she’s doing it now.’

‘She’s handsome though, aint she?’ said Miss Macy. ‘She’ll be beautiful.’

‘No,’ said Mlle. Gèneviève; ‘not that. Never that. She will be handsome; but beauty is a thing of the soul. *She* will not be beautiful. Daisy, are you going to work hard this year?’

‘Yes, mademoiselle.’

‘I believe you,’ she said, taking my face between her two hands and kissing it.

‘Who ever saw Mlle. Gèneviève do that before!’ said Miss Macy, as the other left us. ‘She is not apt to like the scholars.’

I knew she had always liked me. But everybody had always liked me, I reflected; this time at school was the first of my knowing anything different. And in this there now came a change. Since my wearing and using the Paris things sent me by my mother, which I dared not fail to use and wear, I noticed that my company was more sought in the school. Also my words were deferred to, in a way they had not been before. I found, and it was not an unpleasant thing, that I had grown to be a person of consequence. Even with the French and English teachers; I observed that they treated me with more consideration. And so, I reflected within myself again over Dr. Sandford's observation, '*L'habit, c'est l'homme.*' Of course, it was a consideration given to my clothes, a consideration also to be given up if I did not wear such clothes. I saw all that. The world *knew me*, just for the moment.

Well, the smooth way was very pleasant. I had it with everybody for a time.

My little room-mate and classmate St. Clair was perhaps the only exception to the general rule. I never felt that she liked me much. She let me alone however; until one unlucky day — I do not mean to call it unlucky, either — when we had, as usual, compositions to write, and the theme given out was 'Ruins.' It was a delightful theme to me. I did not always enjoy writing compositions; this one gave me permission to roam in thoughts and imaginations that I liked. I went back to my old Egyptian studies at Magnolia, and wrote my composition about 'Karnak.' The subject was full in my memory; I had gone over and over and all through it; I had measured the enormous

pillars and great gateways, and studied the sculptures on the walls, and paced up and down the great avenue of sphinxes. Sethos, and Amunoph and Rameses, the second and third, were all known and familiar to me; and I knew just where Shishak had recorded his triumphs over the land of Judea. I wrote my composition with the greatest delight. The only danger was that I might make it too long.

One evening I was using the last of the light, writing in the window recess of the school parlour, when I felt a hand laid on my shoulders.

‘You are so hard at work!’ said the voice of Mlle. Gèneviève.

‘Yes, mademoiselle, I like it.’

‘Have you got all the books and all that you want?’

‘Books, mademoiselle?’ — I said wondering.

‘Yes; have you got all you want?’

‘I have not got any books,’ I said; ‘there are none that I want in the school library.’

‘Have you never been in madame’s library?’

‘No, mademoiselle.’

‘Come!’

I jumped up and followed her, up and down stairs and through halls and turnings, till she brought me into a pretty room lined with books from floor to ceiling. Nobody was there. Mademoiselle lit the gas with great energy and then turned to me, her great black eyes shining.

‘Now what do you want, *mon enfant*? here is everything.’

‘Is there anything about Egypt?’

‘Egypt! Are you in Egypt? — See here — look,

here is Denon — here is Laborde ; here is two or three more. Do you like that? Ah ! I see by the way your grey eyes grow big — Now sit down, and do what you like. Nobody will disturb you. You can come here every evening for the hour before tea.'

Mademoiselle scarce staid for my thanks, and left me alone. I had not seen either Laborde or Denon in my grandfather's library at Magnolia ; they were after his time. The engravings and illustrations also had not been very many or very fine in his collection of travellers' books. It was the greatest joy to me to see some of those things in Mme. Ricard's library, that I had read and dreamed about so long in my head. It was adding eyesight to hearsay. I found a good deal too that I wanted to read, in these later authorities. Evening after evening I was in madame's library, lost among the halls of the old Egyptian conquerors.

The interest and delight of my work quite filled me, so that the fate of my composition hardly came into my thoughts, or the fact that other people were writing compositions too. And when it was done, I was simply very sorry that it was done. I had not written it for honour or for duty, but for love. I suppose that was the reason why it succeeded. I remember I was anything but satisfied with it myself, as I was reading it aloud for the benefit of my judges. For it was a day of prize compositions ; and before the whole school and even some visitors, the writings of the girls were given aloud, each by its author. I thought, as I read mine, how poor it was, and how magnificent my subject demanded that it should be. Under the shade of the great columns, before those fine old sphinxes, my words and myself seemed very small.

I sat down in my place again, glad that the reading was over.

But there was a little buzz; then a dead expectant silence; then Mme. Ricard arose. My composition had been the last one. I looked up, with the rest, to hear the award that she would speak; and was at first very much confounded to hear my own name called. 'Miss Randolph —' It did not occur to me what it was spoken for; I sat still a moment in a maze. Mme. Ricard stood waiting; all the room was in a hush.

'Don't you hear yourself called?' said a voice behind me. 'Why don't you go?'

I looked round at Miss Macy, who was my adviser, then doubtfully I looked away from her and caught the eyes of Mlle. G  nevi  ve. She nodded and beckoned me to come forward. I did it hastily then and found myself curtsying in front of the platform where stood madame.

'The prize is yours, Miss Randolph,' she said graciously. 'Your paper is approved by all the judges.'

'Quite artistic,' — I heard a gentleman say at her elbow.

'And it shews an amount of thorough study and perfect preparation, which I can but hold up as a model to all my young ladies. You deserve this, my dear.'

I was confounded; and a low curtsy was only a natural relief to my feelings. But madame unhappily took it otherwise.

'This is yours,' she said, putting into my hands an elegant little bronze standish; — 'and if I had another prize to bestow for grace of good manners, I am sure I would have the pleasure of giving you that too.'

I bent again before madame, and got back to my seat as I could. The great business of the day was over, and we soon scattered to our rooms. And I had not been in mine five minutes before the penalties of being distinguished began to come upon me.

‘Well, Daisy! —’ said Miss Lansing — ‘you’ve got it. How pretty! isn’t it, Macy?’

‘It isn’t a bit prettier than it ought to be, for a prize in such a school,’ said Miss Macy. ‘It will do.’

‘I’ve seen handsomer prizes,’ said Miss Bentley.

‘But you’ve got it, more ways than one, Daisy,’ Miss Lansing went on. ‘I declare! Aren’t you a distinguished young lady! Madame, too! Why, we all used to think we behaved pretty well *before company*, — didn’t we, St. Clair?’

‘I hate favour and favouritism!’ said that young lady, her upper lip taking the peculiar turn to which my attention had once been called. ‘Madame likes whatever is French.’

‘But Randolph is not French, are you, Randolph?’ said Black-eyes, who was good-natured through everything.

‘Madame is not French herself,’ said Miss Bentley.

‘I hate everything at school!’ St. Clair went on.

‘It is too bad,’ said her friend. ‘Do you know, Daisy, St. Clair always has the prize for compositions. What made you go and write that long stuff about Rameses? the people didn’t understand it, and so they thought it was fine.’

‘I am sure there was a great deal finer writing in Faustina’s composition,’ said Miss Bentley.

I knew very well that Miss St. Clair had been accustomed to win this half yearly prize for good writing.

I had expected nothing but that she would win it this time. I had counted neither on my own success nor on the displeasure it would raise. I took my hat and went over to my dear Miss Cardigan; hoping that ill-humour would have worked itself out by bedtime. But I was mistaken.

St. Clair and I had been pretty near each other in our classes, though once or twice lately I had got an advantage over her; but we had kept on terms of cool social distance until now. Now the spirit of rivalry was awake. I think it began to stir at my Paris dresses and things; Karnak and Mme. Ricard finished the mischief.

On my first coming to school I had been tempted, in my horror at the utter want of privacy, to go to bed without prayer; waiting till the rest were all laid down and asleep and the lights out, and then slipping out of bed with great care not to make a noise and watching that no whisper of my lips should be loud enough to disturb anybody's slumbers. But I was sure, after a while, that this was a cowardly way of doing; and I could not bear the words, 'Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father.' I determined in the vacation that I would do so no more, cost what it might the contrary. It cost a tremendous struggle. I think, in all my life I have done few harder things, than it was to me then to kneel down by the side of my bed in full blaze of the gas-lights and with four curious pairs of eyes around to look on; to say nothing of the four busy tongues wagging about nothing all the time. I remember what a hush fell upon them the first night; while beyond the

posture of prayer I could do little. Only unformed or half formed thoughts and petitions struggled in my mind, through a crowd of jostling regrets and wishes and confusions, in which I could hardly distinguish anything. But no explosion followed, of either ridicule or amusement, and I had been suffered from that night to do as I would, not certainly always in silence, but quite unmolested.

I had carried over my standish to Miss Cardigan to ask her to take care of it for me; I had no place to keep it. But Miss Cardigan was not satisfied to see the prize; she wanted to hear the essay read; and was altogether so elated that a little undue elation perhaps crept into my own heart. It was not a good preparation for what was coming.

I went home in good time. In the hall however Mlle. G  nevi  ve seized upon me; she had several things to say, and before I got up stairs to my room all the rest of its inmates were in bed. I hoped they were asleep. I heard no sound while I was undressing, nor while I knelt, as usual now, by my bedside. But as I rose from my knees I was startled by a sort of grunt that came from St. Clair's corner.

‘Humph! — Dear me! we’re so good, — Grace and Devotion, — Christian grace, too!’

‘Hold your tongue, St. Clair,’ said Miss Macy, but not in a way, I thought, to check her; if she could have been checked.

‘But it’s too bad, Macy,’ said the girl. ‘We’re all so rough, you know. We don’t know how to behave ourselves; we can’t make curtsies; our mothers never taught us anything, — and dancing masters are no good. We ought to go to Egypt. There isn’t any-

thing so truly dignified as a pyramid. There is a great deal of *à plomb* there!

‘Who talked about *à plomb*?’ said Miss Bentley.

‘You have enough of that, at any rate, Faustina,’ said Lansing.

‘Mrs. St. Clair’s child ought to have that,’ said Miss Macy.

‘Ah, but it isn’t Christian grace, after all,’ persisted Faustina. ‘You want a cross at the top of a pyramid to make it perfect.’

‘Hush, Faustina!’ said Miss Macy.

‘It’s fair,’ — said Miss Bentley.

‘You had better not talk about Christian grace, girls. That isn’t a matter of opinion.’

‘O, isn’t it!’ cried St. Clair, half rising up in her bed. ‘What is it, then?’

Nobody answered.

‘I say! — Macy, what *is* Christian grace — if you know? If you *don’t* know, I’ll put you in the way to find out.’

‘How shall I find out?’

‘Will you do it, if I shew it to you?’

‘Yes.’

‘Ask Randolph. That’s the first step. Ask her, — yes! just ask her, if you want to know. I wish Mme. Ricard was here to hear the answer.’

‘Nonsense!’ said Macy.

‘Ask her! You said you would. Now ask her.’

‘What *is* Christian grace, Daisy?’ said Miss Bentley.

I heard, but I would not answer. I hoped the storm would blow over, after a puff or two. But Black-eyes, without any ill-nature I think, which was not in her.

had got into the gale. She slipped out of bed and came to my side, putting her hand on my shoulder and bringing her laughing mouth down near my ear. A very angry impulse moved me before she spoke.

‘Daisy!’ — she said laughing in a loud whisper, — ‘come, wake up! you’re not asleep, you know. Wake up and tell us; — everybody knows *you* know; — what is Christian grace? Daisy!’ —

She shook me a little.

‘If you knew, you would not ask me,’ — I said in great displeasure. But a delighted shout from all my room-mates answered this unlucky speech, which I had been too excited to make logical.

‘Capital!’ cried St. Clair. ‘That’s just it — we *don’t* know; and we only want to find out whether she does. Make her tell, Lansing — prick a little pin into her — that will bring it out.’

I was struggling between anger and sorrow, feeling very hurt, and at the same time determined not to cry. I kept absolutely still, fighting the fight of silence with myself. Then Lansing, in a fit of thoughtless mischief, finding her shakes and questions vain, actually put in practice St. Clair’s suggestion and attacked me with a pin from the dressing table. The first prick of it overthrew the last remnant of my patience.

‘Miss Lansing!’ — I exclaimed, rousing up in bed and confronting her. They all shouted again.

‘Now we’ll have it!’ cried St. Clair. ‘Keep cool, Black-eyes; let’s hear — we’ll have an exposition now. Theme, Christian grace.’

Ah, there rushed through my heart with her words a remembrance of other words — a fluttering vision of

something 'gentle and easy to be entreated' — 'first pure, then peaceable' — 'gentleness, goodness, meekness.' — But the grip of passion held them all down or kept them all back. After St. Clair's first burst, the girls were still and waited for what I would say. I was facing Miss Lansing, who had taken her hand from my shoulder.

'Are you not ashamed of yourself?' I said; and I remember I thought how my mother would have spoken to them. 'Miss Lansing's good nature' — I went on slowly, — 'Miss Macy's kindness — Miss Bentley's independence — and Miss St. Clair's good breeding!' —

'And Miss Randolph's religion!' echoed the last-named, with a quiet distinctness which went into my heart.

'What about my independence?' said Miss Bentley.

'Now we've got enough, girls, — lie down and go to sleep,' said Miss Macy. 'There's quite enough of this. There was too much before we began. Stop where you are.'

They did not stop, however, without a good deal of noisy chaffing and arguing, none of which I heard. Only the words, 'Miss Randolph's religion,' rung in my ears. I lay down with them lying like lead on my heart. I went to sleep under them. I woke up early, while all the rest were asleep, and began to study them.

'Miss Randolph's religion!' If it had been only that, only mine. But the religion I professed was the religion of Christ; the name I was called by was *his* name; the thing I had brought into discredit was his truth. I hope in all my life I may never know again the heart-pangs that this thought cost me. I studied

how to undo the mischief I had done. I could find no way. I had seemed to prove my religion an unsteady, superficial thing; the evidence I had given I could not withdraw; it must stand. I lay thinking, with the heartache, until the rousing bell rang, and the sleepers began to stir from their slumbers. I got up and began to dress with the rest.

‘What was it all that happened last night?’ said Miss Lansing.

‘Advancement in knowledge,’ — said Miss St. Clair.

‘Now girls — don’t begin again,’ said Miss Macy.

‘Knowledge is a good thing,’ said the other with pins in her mouth. ‘I intend to take every opportunity that offers of increasing mine; especially I mean to study Egyptians and Christians. I haven’t any Christians among my own family or acquaintance — so you see, naturally, Macy, I am curious; and when a good specimen offers —’

‘I am not a good specimen,’ I said.

‘People are not good judges of themselves, it is said,’ the girl went on. ‘Everybody considers Miss Randolph a sample of what that article ought to be.’

‘You don’t use the word right,’ remarked Miss Macy. ‘A *sample* is taken from what is, — not from what ought to be.’

‘I don’t care,’ was St. Clair’s reply.

‘I did not behave like a Christian last night,’ I forced myself to say. ‘I was impatient.’

‘Like an impatient Christian then, I suppose,’ said St. Clair.

I felt myself getting impatient again, with all my sorrow and humiliation of heart. And yet more humbled at the consciousness, I hastened to get out of

the room. It was a miserable day, that day of my first school triumphs, and so were several more that followed. I was very busy; I had no time for recollection and prayer; I was in the midst of gratulations and plaudits from my companions and the teachers; and I missed, O how I missed, the praise of God. I felt like a traitor. In the heat of the fight, I had let my colours come to the ground. I had dishonoured my Captain. Some would say it was a little thing; but I felt then and I know now, there are no little things; I knew I had done harm; how much, it was utterly beyond my reach to know.

As soon as I could I seized an opportunity to get to Miss Cardigan. I found her among her flowers, nipping off here a leaf and there a flower that had passed its time; so busy, that for a few moments she did not see that I was different from usual. Then came the question which I had been looking for.

‘Daisy, you are not right to-day?’

‘I haven’t been right since I got that standish,’ I burst forth.

Miss Cardigan looked at me again, and then did what I had not expected; she took my head between her two hands and kissed me. Not loosening her hold, she looked into my face.

‘What is it, my pet?’

‘Miss Cardigan,’ I said, ‘can any one be a Christian and yet — yet —’

‘Do something unworthy a Christian?’ she said. ‘I wot well, they can! But then, they are weak Christians.’

I knew that before. But somehow, hearing her say it brought the shame and the sorrow more fresh to the

surface. The tears came. Miss Cardigan pulled me into the next room and sat down, drawing me into her arms; and I wept there with her arms about me.

‘What then, Daisy?’ she asked at length, as if the suspense pained her.

‘I acted so, Miss Cardigan,’ I said; and I told her about it.

‘So the devil has found a weak spot in your armour,’ she said. ‘You must guard it well, Daisy.’

‘How can I?’

‘How can you? Keep your shield before it, my bairn. What is your shield for? The Lord has given you a great strong shield, big enough to cover you from head to foot, if your hands know how to manage it.’

‘What is that, Miss Cardigan?’

‘The shield of *faith*, dear. Only believe. According to your faith be it unto you.’

‘Believe what?’ I asked, lifting my head at last.

‘Believe that if you are a weak little soldier, your Captain knows all about it; and any fight that you go into for his sake, he will bear you through. I don’t care what. Any fight, Daisy.’

‘But I got impatient,’ I said, ‘at the girls’ way of talking.’

‘And perhaps you were a wee bit set up in your heart because you had got the prize of the day.’

‘*Proud?*’ said I.

‘Don’t it look like it? Even proud of being a Christian, mayhap.’

‘Could I!’ — I said. ‘Was I?’

‘It wouldn’t be the first time one with as little cause

had got puffed up a bit. But heavenly charity "is not puffed up."

'I know that' — I said; and my tears started afresh.

'How shall I help it in future?' I asked after a while, during which my friend had been silent.

'Help it?' she said cheerfully. 'You can't help it, — but Jesus can.'

'But my impatience, and — my pride,' I said, very downcast.

"Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy; when I fall I shall arise." But there is no need you should fall, Daisy. Remember, "The Lord is able to make him stand" — may be said of every one of the Lord's people.'

'But will he keep me from impatience, and take pride out of my heart? Why, I did not know it was there, Miss Cardigan.'

'Did he say, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, I will do it"? And when he has written "Whatsoever," are you going to write it over and put "anything not too hard"? Neither you nor me, Daisy!'

"Whatsoever" — Miss Cardigan?' I said slowly.

'He said so. Are you going to write it over again?'

'No,' I said. 'But then, may one have *anything* one asks for?'

'Anything in the world — if it is not contrary to his will — provided we ask in faith, nothing doubting. "For he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed. For let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord."'

'But how can we *know* what is according to his will?'

‘*This* is, at any rate,’ said Miss Cardigan; ‘for he has commanded us to be holy as he is holy.’

‘But — other things?’ I said. ‘How can one ask for everything “in faith, nothing wavering”? How can one be sure?’

‘Only just this one way, Daisy my dear,’ Miss Cardigan answered; and I remember to this day the accent of her native land which touched every word. ‘If ye’re wholly the Lord’s — wholly, mind, — ye’ll not like ought but what the Lord likes; ye’ll know what to ask for, and ye’ll know the Lord will give it to you, — that is, if ye want it *enough*. But a “double-minded man is unstable in all his ways;” and his prayers can’t hit the mark, no more than a gun that’s twisted when it’s going off.’

‘Then,’ — I began and stopped, looking at her with my eyes full of tears.

‘Ay!’ she said, — ‘just so. There’s no need that you nor me should be under the power of the evil one, for we’re *free*. The Lord’s words aren’t too good to be true; every one of ’em is as high as heaven; and there isn’t a sin nor an enemy but you and I may be safe from, if we trust the Lord.’

I do not remember any more of the conversation. I only know that the sun rose on my difficulties, and the shadows melted away. I had a happy evening with my dear old friend, and went home quite heart-whole.

CHAPTER XIII.

GREY COATS.

I WENT back to school comforted. I had got strength to face all that might be coming in the future. And life has been a different thing to me ever since. Paul's words, 'I can do all things through Christ,'—I have learned are not his words any more than mine.

From that time I grew more and more popular in the school. I cannot tell why; but popularity is a thing that grows upon its own growth. It was only a little while before my companions almost all made a pet of me. It is humbling to know that this effect was hastened by some of the French dresses my mother had sent me, and which convenience obliged me to wear. They were extremely pretty; the girls came round me to know where I got them, and talked about who I was; and 'Daisy Randolph,' was the name most favoured by their lips from that time until school closed. With the exception, I must add, of my four room-mates. Miss St. Clair held herself entirely aloof from me, and the others chose her party rather than mine. St. Clair never lost, I think, any good chance or omitted any fair scheme to provoke me; but all she could do had lost its power. I tried to soften her; but Faustina was a rock to my advances. I knew I had done irrep-

arable wrong that evening ; the thought of it was almost the only trouble I had during those months.

An old trouble was brought suddenly home to me one day. I was told a person wanted to speak to me in the lower hall. I ran down, and found Margaret. She was in the cloak and dress I had bought for her ; looking at first very gleeful, and then very business-like, as she brought out from under her cloak a bit of paper folded with something in it.

‘What is this?’ I said, finding a roll of bills.

‘It’s my wages, Miss Daisy. I only kept out two dollars, ma’am — I wanted a pair of shoes so bad — and I couldn’t be let go about the house in them old shoes with holes in ’em ; there was holes in both of ’em, Miss Daisy.’

‘But your wages, Margaret?’ I said — ‘I have nothing to do with your wages.’

‘Yes, Miss Daisy — they belongs to master, and I allowed to bring ’em to you. They’s all there so fur. It’s all right.’

I felt the hot shame mounting to my face. I put the money back in Margaret’s hand, and hurriedly told her to keep it ; we were not at Magnolia ; she might do what she liked with the money ; it was her own earnings.

I shall never forget the girl’s confounded look, and then her grin of brilliant pleasure. I could have burst into tears as I went up the stairs, thinking of others at home. Yet the question came too, would my father like what I had been doing? He held the girl to be his property and her earnings his earnings. Had I been giving Margaret a lesson in rebellion, and preparing her to claim her rights at some future day?

Perhaps. And I made up my mind that I did not care. Live upon stolen money I would not, — any more than I could help. But was I not living on it all the while? The old subject brought back! I worried over it all the rest of the day, with many a look forward and back.

As the time of the vacation drew near, I looked hard for news of my father and mother, or tidings of their coming home. There were none. Indeed, I got no letters at all. That was nothing to cause uneasiness; the intervals were often long between one packet of letters and the next; but now I wanted to hear of some change, now that the school year was ended. It had been a good year to me. In that little world I had met and faced some of the hardest temptations of the great world; they could never be new to me again; and I had learned both my weakness and my strength.

No summons to happiness reached me that year. My vacation was spent again with my aunt Gary, and without Preston. September saw me quietly settled at my studies for another school year; to be gone through with what patience I might.

That school year had nothing to chronicle. I was very busy, very popular, kindly treated by my teachers, and happy in a smooth course of life. Faustina St. Clair had been removed from the school; to some other I believe; and with her went all my causes of annoyance. The year rolled round, my father and mother in China or on the high seas; and my sixteenth summer opened upon me.

A day or two before the close of school, I was called to the parlour to see a lady. Not my aunt; it was Mrs. Sandford; and the doctor was with her.

I had not seen Mrs. Sandford, I must explain, for nearly a year; she had been away in another part of the country, far from New York.

‘Why Daisy! — is this Daisy?’ she exclaimed.

‘Is it not?’ I asked.

‘Not the old Daisy. You are so grown, my dear! — so — That’s right, Grant; let us have a little light to see each other by.’

‘It is Miss Randolph —’ said the doctor, after he had drawn up the window shade.

‘Like her mother! isn’t she? and yet, not like —’

‘Not at all like.’

‘She is, though, Grant; you are mistaken; she is like her mother; though as I said, she isn’t. I never saw anybody so improved. My dear, I shall tell all my friends to send their daughters to Mme. Ricard.’

‘Dr. Sandford,’ said I, ‘Mme. Ricard does not like to have the sun shine into this room.’

‘It’s Daisy too,’ said the doctor smiling, as he drew down the shade again. ‘Don’t *you* like it, Miss Daisy?’

‘Yes, of course,’ I said; ‘but she does not.’

‘It is not at all a matter of course,’ said he; ‘except as you are Daisy. Some people, as you have just told me, are afraid of the sun.’

‘O that is only for the carpets,’ I said.

Dr. Sandford gave me a good look, like one of his looks of old times, that carried me right back somehow to Juanita’s cottage.

‘How do you do, Daisy?’

‘A little pale,’ said Mrs. Sandford.

‘Let her speak for herself.’

I said I did not know I was pale.

‘Did you know you had headache a good deal of the time?’

‘Yes, Dr. Sandford, I knew that. It is not very bad.’

‘Does not hinder you from going on with study?’

‘O no, never.’

‘You have a good deal of time for study at night too, do you not? — after the lights are out?’

‘At night? how did you know that? But it is not always *study*.’

‘No. You consume also a good deal of beef and mutton, now-a-days? you prefer substantials in food as in everything else?’

I looked at my guardian, very much surprised that he should see all this in my face, and with a little of my childish fascination about those steady blue eyes. I could not deny that in these days I scarcely lived by eating. But in the eagerness and pleasure of my pursuits I had not missed it, and amid my many busy and anxious thoughts I had not cared about it.

‘That will do,’ said the doctor. ‘Daisy, have you heard lately from your father or mother?’

My breath came short, as I said no.

‘Nor have I. Failing orders from them, you are bound to respect mine; and I order you change of air, and to go wherever Mrs. Sandford proposes to take you.’

‘Not before school closes, Dr. Sandford?’

‘Do you care about that?’

‘My dear child,’ said Mrs. Sandford, ‘we are going to West Point — and we want to take you with us. I know you will enjoy it, my dear; and I shall be delighted to have you. But we want to go next week.’

‘Do you care, Daisy?’ Dr. Sandford repeated.

I had to consider. One week more, and the examination would be over and the school term ended. I was ready for the examination; I expected to keep my standing, which was very high; by going away now I should lose that, and miss some distinction. So at least I thought. I found that several things were at work in my heart that I had not known were there. After a minute I told Mrs. Sandford I would go with her when she pleased.

‘You have made up your mind that you do not care about staying to the end here?’ said the doctor.

‘Dr. Sandford,’ I said, ‘I believe I *do* care; but not about anything worth while.’

He took both my hands, standing before me, and looked at me, I thought, as if I were the old little child again.

‘A course of fresh air,’ he said, ‘will do you more good than a course of any other thing just now. And we may find “wonderful things” at West Point, Daisy.’

‘I expect you will enjoy it, Daisy,’ Mrs. Sandford repeated.

There was no fear. I knew I should see Preston at any rate; and I had been among brick walls for many months. I winced a little at thought of missing all I had counted upon at the close of term; but it was mainly pride that winced, so it was no matter.

We left the city three or four days later. It was a June day — can I ever forget it? What a brilliance of remembrance comes over me now! The bustle of the close schoolrooms, the heat and dust of the sunny city streets, were all left behind in an hour; and New York was nowhere! The waves of the river sparkled under

a summer breeze; the wall of the palisades stretched along, like the barriers of fairyland; so they seemed to me; only the barrier was open and I was about to enter. So till their grey and green ramparts were passed, and the broader reaches of the river beyond, and as evening began to draw in we came to higher shores and a narrower channel and were threading our way among the lights and shadows of opposing headlands and hilltops. It grew but more fresh and fair as the sun got lower. Then in a place where the river seemed to come to an end, the 'Pipe of Peace' drew close in under the western shore, to a landing. Buildings of grey stone clustered and looked over the bank. Close under the bank's green fringes a little boat-house and large clean wooden pier received us; from the landing a road went steeply sloping up. I see it all now in the colours which clothed it then. I think I entered fairyland when I touched foot to shore. Even down at the landing, everything was clean and fresh and in order. The green branches of that thick fringe which reached to the top of the bank had no dust on them; the rocks were parti-coloured with lichens; the river was bright, flowing and rippling past; the 'Pipe of Peace' had pushed off and sped on and in another minute or two was turning the point, and then — out of sight. Stillness seemed to fill the woods and the air as the beat of her paddles was lost. I breathed stillness. New York was fifty miles away, physically and morally at the antipodes.

I find it hard to write without epithets. As I said I was in fairyland; and how shall one describe fairyland?

Dr. Sandford broke upon my reverie by putting me

into the omnibus. But the omnibus quite belonged to fairyland too; it did not go rattling and jolting, but stole quietly up the long hill; letting me enjoy a view of the river and the hills of the opposite shore, coloured as they were by the setting sun, and crisp and sharp in the cool June air. Then a great round-topped building came in place of my view; the road took a turn behind it.

‘What is that?’ I asked the doctor.

‘I am sorry, Daisy, I don’t know. I am quite as ignorant as yourself.’

‘That is the riding-hall,’ I heard somebody say.

One omnibus full had gone up before us; and there were only two or three people in ours besides our own party. I looked round, and saw that the information had been given by a young man in a sort of uniform; he was all in grey, with large round gilt buttons on his coat, and a soldier’s cap. The words had been spoken in a civil tone, that tempted me on.

‘Thank you!’ I said. ‘The riding-hall! — who rides in it?’

‘We do,’ he said, and then smiled, — ‘the cadets.’

It was a frank smile and a pleasant face and utterly the look of a gentleman. So, though I saw that he was very much amused, either at himself or me, I went on.

‘And those other buildings?’

‘Those are the stables.’

I wondered at the neat beautiful order of the place. Then, the omnibus slowly mounting the hill, the riding hall and stables were lost to sight. Another building, of more pretension, appeared on our left hand, on the brow of the ascent; our road turned the corner round

this building, and beneath a grove of young trees the gothic buttresses and windows of grey stone peeped out. Carefully dressed green turf, with gravelled walks leading from different directions to the doors, looked as if this was a place of business. Somebody pulled the string here and the omnibus stopped.

‘This is the library,’ my neighbour in grey remarked; and with that rising and lifting his cap, he jumped out. I watched him rapidly walking into the library; he was tall, very erect, with a fine free carriage and firm step. But then the omnibus was moving on and I turned to the other side. And the beauty took away my breath. There was the green plain, girdled with trees and houses, beset with hills the tops of which I could see in the distance, with the evening light upon them. The omnibus went straight over the plain; green and smooth and fresh, it lay on the one side and on the other side of us, excepting one broad strip on the right. I wondered what had taken off the grass there; but then we passed within a hedge enclosure and drew up at the hotel steps.

‘Have you met an acquaintance already, Daisy?’ Dr. Sandford asked as he handed me out.

‘An acquaintance?’ said I. ‘No, but I shall find him soon, I suppose.’ For I was thinking of Preston. But I forgot Preston the next minute. Mrs. Sandford had seized my hand and drew me up the piazza steps and through the hall, out to the piazza at the north side of the house. I was in fairyland surely! I had thought so before, but I knew it now. Those grand hills, in the evening colours, standing over against each other on the east and on the west, and the full magnificent river lying between them, bright and stately,

were like nothing I had ever seen or imagined. My memory goes back now to point after point of delight which bewildered me. There was a dainty little sail sweeping across just at the bend of the river; I have seen many since; I never forget that one. There was a shoulder of one of the eastern hills, thrown out towards the southwest, over which the evening light fell in a mantle of soft gold, with a fold of shadow on the other side. The tops of those eastern hills were warm with sunlight, and here and there a slope of the western hills. There was a point of lower ground, thrust out into the river between me and the eastern shore, which lay wholly in shadow, one soft mass of dusky green, rounding out into a promontory. Above it, beyond it, at the foot of the hills, a white church spire rose sharp as a needle. It is all before me, even the summer stillness in which my senses were rapt. There was a clatter in the house behind me, but I did not hear it then.

I was obliged to go away to get ready for tea. The house was full; only one room could be spared for Mrs. Sandford and me. That one had been engaged beforehand, and its window looked over the same view I had seen from the piazza. I took my post at this window while waiting for Mrs. Sandford. Cooler and crisper the lights, cooler and grayer the shadows had grown; the shoulder of the east mountain had lost its mantle of light; just a gleam rested on a peak higher up; and my single white sail was getting small in the distance, beating up the river. I was very happy. My school year, practically, was finished, and I was vaguely expecting some order or turn of affairs which would join me to my father and mother. I remember

well what a flood of satisfied joy poured into my heart as I stood at the window. I seemed to myself so very rich, to taste all that delight of hills and river ; the richness of God's giving struck me with a sort of wonder. And then, being so enriched, and tasting the deep treasures of heaven and earth which I had been made to know, happy so exceedingly,—it came to my heart with a kind of pang, the longing to make others know what I knew ; and the secret determination to use all my strength as Christ's servant,—in bringing others to the joy of the knowledge of him.

I was called from my window then, and my view was exchanged for the crowded dining-room, where I could eat nothing. But after tea we got out upon the piazza again, and a soft northwest breeze seemed to be food and refreshment too. Mrs. Sandford soon found a colonel and a general to talk to ; but Dr. Sandford sat down by me.

‘How do you like it, Daisy?’

I told him, and thanked him for bringing me.

‘Are you tired?’

‘No — I don't think I am tired.’

‘You are not hungry of course, for you can eat nothing. Do you think you shall sleep?’

‘I don't feel like it now. I do not generally get sleepy till a great while after this.’

‘You will go to sleep somewhere about nine o'clock,’ said the doctor ; ‘and not wake up till you are called in the morning.’

I thought he was mistaken, but as I could not prove it I said nothing.

‘Are you glad to get away from school?’

‘On some accounts. I like school too, Dr. Sandford; but there are some things I do not like.’

‘That remark might be made, Daisy, about every condition of life with which I am acquainted.’

‘I could not make it just now,’ I said. He smiled.

‘Have you secured a large circle of friends among your schoolmates, — that are to last for ever?’

‘I do not think they love me well enough for that,’ I said, wondering somewhat at my guardian’s questioning mood.

‘Nor you them?’

‘I suppose not.’

‘Why Daisy,’ said Mrs. Sandford, ‘I am surprised. I thought you used to love everybody.’

I tried to think how that might be, and whether I had changed. Dr. Sandford interrupted my thoughts again.

‘How is it with friends out of school?’

‘O I have none,’ I said; thinking only of girls like myself.

‘None?’ he said. ‘Do you really know nobody in New York?’

‘Nobody, — but one old lady.’

‘Who is that, Daisy?’

He asked short and coolly, like one who had a right to know; and then I remembered he had the right. I gave him Miss Cardigan’s name and number.

‘Who is she? and who lives with her?’

‘Nobody lives with her; she has only her servants.’

‘What do you know about her then, besides what she has told you? Excuse me, and please have the grace to satisfy me.’

‘I know I must,’ I said half laughing.

‘*Must?*’

‘You know I must too, Dr. Sandford.’

‘I don’t know it indeed,’ said he. ‘I know I must ask; but I do not know what power can force you to answer.’

‘Isn’t it my duty, Dr. Sandford?’

‘Nobody but Daisy Randolph would have asked that question,’ he said. ‘Well, if duty is on my side, I know I am powerful. But Daisy, you always used to answer me, in times when there was no duty in the case.’

‘I remember,’ I said, smiling to think of it; ‘but I was a child then, Dr. Sandford.’

‘Oh! — Well, apropos of duty, you may go on about Miss Cardigan.’

‘I do not know a great deal to tell. Only that she is very good, very kind to me and everybody; very rich, I believe; and very wise, I think. I know nothing more — except the way her money was made.’

‘How was it?’

‘I have heard that her mother was a marketwoman,’ I said very unwillingly; for I knew the conclusions that would be drawn.

‘Is it likely,’ Dr. Sandford said slowly, ‘that the daughter of a marketwoman should be a good friend in every respect for the daughter of Mrs. Randolph?’

‘It may not be *likely*,’ I answered with equal slowness; — ‘but it is true.’

‘Can you prove your position, Daisy?’

‘What is your objection to her, Dr. Sandford?’

‘Simply what you have told me. The different classes of society are better apart.’

I was silent. If Miss Cardigan was not of my class,

I knew I wanted to be of hers. There were certain words running in my head about 'a royal priesthood, a peculiar people,' and certain other words too — which I thought it was no use to tell Dr. Sandford.

'She has no family, you say, nor friends who live with her, or whom you meet at her house?'

'None at all. I think she is quite alone.'

There was silence again. That is, between the doctor and me. Mrs. Sandford and her officers kept up a great run of talk hard by.

'Now Daisy,' said the doctor, 'you have studied the matter, and I do not doubt have formed a philosophy of your own by this time. Pray make me the wiser.'

'I have no philosophy of my own, Dr. Sandford.'

'Your own thus far, that nobody shares it with you.'

'Is that your notion of me,' I said laughing.

'A very good notion. Nothing is worse than commonplace people. Indulge me, Daisy.'

So I thought I had better.

'Dr. Sandford, — if you will indulge me. What is *your* notion of dignity?'

He passed his hand over his hair, with a comical face. It was a very fine face, as I knew long ago; even a noble face. A steady, clear blue eye like his, gives one a sure impression of power in the character, and of sweetness too. I was glad he had asked me the question, but I waited for him to answer mine first.

'My notion of dignity!' he exclaimed. 'I don't believe I have any, Daisy.'

'No, but we are talking seriously.'

'Very. We always are, when you are one of the talkers.'

'Then please explain your notion of dignity.'

‘I know it when I see it,’ said the doctor; ‘but faith! I don’t know what makes it.’

‘Yes, but you think some people, or some classes, are set up above others.’

‘So do you.’

‘What do you think makes the highest class, then?’

‘You are going too deep, or too high, which is the same thing. All I mean is, that certain feet which fate has planted on lofty levels, ought not to come down from them.’

‘But it is good to know where we stand.’

‘Very,’ said Dr. Sandford laughing. That is, in his way of laughing. It was never loud.

‘I will tell you where I want to stand,’ I went on. ‘It is the highest level of all. The Lord Jesus said, “Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is MY BROTHER, and MY SISTER, and MOTHER.” I want to be one of those.’

‘But Daisy,’ said Dr. Sandford, ‘the society of the world is not arranged on that principle.’

I knew it very well. I said nothing.

‘And you cannot, just yet, go out of the world.’

It was no use to tell Dr. Sandford what I thought. I was silent still.

‘Daisy,’ said he, ‘you are worse than you used to be.’ And I heard a little concern in his words, only half hid by the tone.

‘You do not suppose that such words as those you quoted just now, were meant to be a practical guide in the daily affairs of life? Do you?’

‘How can I help it, Dr. Sandford?’ I answered. ‘I

would like to have my friends among those whom the King will call his sisters and brothers.'

'And what do you think of correct grammar, and clean hands?' he asked.

'Clean hands!' I echoed.

'You like them,' he said smiling. 'The people you mean often go without them — if report says true.'

'Not the people *I* mean,' I said.

'And education, Daisy; and refined manners; and cultivated tastes; what will you do without all these? In the society you speak of they are seldom found.'

'You do not know the society I speak of, Dr. Sandford; and Miss Cardigan has all these, more or less; besides something a great deal better.'

Dr. Sandford rose up suddenly and introduced me to a Captain Southgate who came up; and the conversation ran upon West Point things and nothings after that. I was going back over my memory, to find in how far religion had been associated with some other valued things in the instances of my experience, and I heard little of what was said. Mr. Dinwiddie had been a gentleman, as much as any one I ever knew; he was the first. My old Juanita had the manners of a princess, and the tact of a fine lady. Miss Cardigan was a capital compound of sense, goodness, business energies, and gentle wisdom. The others, — well, yes, they were of the despised orders of the world. My friend Darry, at the stables of Magnolia, — my friend Maria, in the kitchen of the great house, — the other sable and sober faces that came around theirs in memory's grouping, — they were not educated nor polished nor elegant. Yet well I knew, that having owned Christ before men, he would own them before

the angels of heaven ; and what would they be in that day ! I was satisfied to be numbered with them.

I slept, as Dr. Sandford had prophesied I would, that night. I awoke to a vision of beauty.

My remembrance of those days that followed is like a summer morning, with a diamond hanging to every blade of grass.

I awoke suddenly, that first day, and rushed to the window. The light had broken, the sun was up ; the crown of the morning was upon the heads of the hills ; here and there a light wreath of mist lay along their sides, floating slowly off, or softly dispersing ; the river lay in quiet beauty waiting for the gilding that should come upon it. I listened — the brisk notes of a drum and fife came to my ear, playing one after another joyous and dancing melody. I thought that never was a place so utterly delightful as this place. With all speed I dressed myself, noiselessly, so as not to waken Mrs. Sandford ; and then I resolved I would go out and see if I could not find a place where I could be by myself ; for in the house there was no chance of it. I took Mr. Dinwiddie's Bible and stole down stairs. From the piazza where we had sat last night, a flight of steps led down. I followed it, and found another flight, and still another. The last landed me in a gravelled path ; one track went down the steep face of the bank, on the brow of which the hotel stood ; another track crossed that and wound away to my right, with a gentle downward slope. I went this way. The air was delicious ; the woods were musical with birds ; the morning light filled my pathway and glancing from trees or rocks ahead of me, lured me on with a promise of glory. I seemed to gather the promise as I

went, and still I was drawn further and further. Glimpses of the river began to shew through the trees; for all this bank side was thickly wooded. I left walking and took to running. At last I came out upon another gravelled walk, low down on the hill-side, lying parallel with the river and open to it. Nothing lay between but some masses of granite rock, grey and lichened, and a soft fringe of green underbrush and small wood in the intervals. Moreover, I presently found a comfortable seat on a huge grey stone, where the view was uninterrupted by any wood growth; and if I thought before that this was fairyland, I now almost thought myself a fairy. The broad river was at my feet; the morning light was on all the shores, sparkled from the granite rocks below me and flashed from the polished leaves, and glittered on the water; filling all the blue above with radiance; touching here and there a little downy cloud; entering in and lying on my heart. I shall never forget it. The taste of the air was as one tastes life and strength and vigour. It all rolled in on me a great burden of joy.

It was not the worst time or place in the world to read the Bible. But how all the voices of nature seemed to flow in and mix with the reading, I cannot tell, no more than I can number them; the whirr of a bird's wing, the liquid note of a wood thrush, the stir and movement of a thousand leaves, the gurgle of rippling water, the crow's call, and the song sparrow's ecstasy. Once or twice the notes of a bugle found their way down the hill, and reminded me that I was in a place of delightful novelty. It was just a fillip to my enjoyment, as I looked on and off my page alternately.

By and by I heard footsteps, quick yet light footsteps, sounding on the gravel. Measured and quick they came; then two figures rounded a point close by me. There were two, but their footfalls had sounded as one. They were dressed alike, all in grey, like my friend in the omnibus. As they passed me, the nearest one hastily pulled off his cap, and I caught just a flash from a bright eye. It was the same. I looked after them as they left my point and were soon lost behind another; thinking that probably Preston was dressed so and had been taught to walk so; and with renewed admiration of a place where the inhabitants kept such an exquisite neatness in their dress and moved like music. There was a fulness of content in my mind, as at length I slowly went back up my winding path to the hotel, warned by the furious sounds of a gong that breakfast was in preparation.

As I toiled up the last flight of steps I saw Dr. Sandford on the piazza. His blue eye looked me all over and looked me through, I felt. I was accustomed to that, both from the friend and the physician, and rather liked it.

‘What is on the other side of the house?’ I asked.

‘Let us go and see.’ And as we went, the doctor took my book from my hand to carry it for me. He opened it too and looked at it. On the other side or two sides of the house stretched away the level greer plain. At the back of it, stood houses half hidden by trees; indeed all round two sides of the plain there was a border of buildings and of flourishing trees as well. Down the north side, from the hotel where we were, a road went winding; likewise under arching trees; here and there I could see cannon and a bit of

some military work. All the centre of the plain was level and green, and empty ; and from the hotel to the library stretched a broad strip of bare ground, brown and dusty, alongside of the road by which we had come across last night. In the morning sun, as indeed under all other lights and at all other hours, this scene was one of satisfying beauty. Behind the row of houses at the western edge of the plain, the hills rose up, green and wooded, height above height ; and an old fortification stood out now under the eastern illumination, picturesque and grey, high up among them. As Dr. Sandford and I were silent and looking, I saw another grey figure pass down the road.

‘ Who are those people that wear grey, with a black stripe down the leg ? ’ I asked.

‘ Grey ? ’ said the doctor. ‘ Where ? ’

‘ There is one yonder under the trees,’ I said, ‘ and there was one in the omnibus yesterday. Are those the cadets ? ’

‘ I suppose so.’

‘ Then Preston wears that dress. I wonder how I shall find him, Dr. Sandford ? ’

‘ Find whom ? ’ said the doctor waking up.

‘ My cousin Preston — Preston Gary. He is here.’

‘ Here ? ’ repeated the doctor.

‘ Yes — he is a cadet — didn’t you know it ? He has been here a long while ; he has only one more year, I believe. How can we find him, Dr. Sandford ? ’

‘ I am ignorant, Daisy.’

‘ But we must find him,’ I said, ‘ for of course he will want to see me, and I want to see him, very much.’

The doctor was silent, and I remember an odd sense I had that he was not pleased. I cannot tell how I

got it; he neither did nor said anything to make me think so; he did not even look anywise different from usual; yet I felt it and was sure of it, and unspeakably mystified at it. Could Preston have been doing anything wrong? Yet the doctor would not know that, for he was not even aware that Preston was in the Military Academy till I told him.

‘I do not know, Daisy,’ he said at last; ‘but we can find out. I will ask Capt. Southgate or somebody else.’

‘Thank you,’ I said. ‘Who are those, Dr. Sandford, those others dressed in dark frock coats, with bright bars over their shoulders? — like that one just now going out of the gate?’

‘Those are officers of the army.’

‘There are a good many of them. What are they here for? Are there many soldiers here?’

‘No —,’ said the doctor — ‘I believe not. I think these gentlemen are put here to look after the grey coats — the cadets, Daisy. The cadets are here in training, you know.’

‘But that officer who just went out — who is walking over the plain now — he wore a sword, Dr. Sandford; and a red sash. They do not all wear them. What is that for?’

‘What is under discussion?’ said Mrs. Sandford coming out. ‘How well Daisy looks this morning, don’t she?’

‘She has caught the military fever already,’ said the doctor. ‘I brought her here for a sedative; but I find it is no such matter.’

‘Sedative!’ — said Mrs. Sandford; but at this instant my ears were ‘caught’ by a burst of music on

the plain. Mrs. Sandford broke into a fit of laughter. The doctor's hand touched my shoulder.

'Get your hat, Daisy,' he said. 'I will go with you to hear it.'

I might tell of pleasure from minute to minute of that day, and of the days following. The breath of the air, the notes of the wind instruments, the flicker of sunlight on the gravel, all come back to me as I write, and I taste them again. Dr. Sandford and I went down the road I have described, leading along the edge of the plain at its northern border; from which the view up over the river, between the hills, was very glorious. Fine young trees shaded this road; on one side a deep hollow or cup in the green plain excited my curiosity; on the other, lying a little down the bank, a military work of some odd sort planted with guns. Then one or two little pyramidal heaps of cannon-balls by the side of the road, marked this out as unlike all other roads I had ever traversed. At the further side of the plain we came to the row of houses I had seen from a distance, which ran north and south, looking eastward over all the plain. The road which skirted these houses was shaded with large old trees; and on the edge of the greensward under the trees, we found a number of iron seats placed for the convenience of spectators. And here, among many others, Dr. Sandford and I sat down.

There was a long line of the grey uniforms now drawn up in front of us; at some little distance; standing still and doing nothing, that I could see. Nearer to us and facing them stood a single grey figure; I looked hard, but could not make out that it was Preston. Nearer still, stood with arms folded one of

those who the doctor had said were army officers ; I thought, the very one I had seen leave the hotel ; but all like statues, motionless and fixed. Only the band seemed to have some life in them.

‘What is it, Dr. Sandford?’ I whispered, after a few minutes of intense enjoyment.

‘Don’t know, Daisy.’

‘But what are they doing?’

‘I don’t know, Daisy.’

I nestled down into silence again, listening, almost with a doubt of my own senses, as the notes of the instruments mingled with the summer breeze and filled the June sunshine. The plain looked most beautiful, edged with trees on three sides, and bounded to the east, in front of me, by a chain of hills soft and wooded, which I afterwards found were beyond the river. Near at hand, the order of military array, the flash of a sword, the glitter of an epaulette, the glance of red sashes here and there, the regularity of a perfect machine. I said nothing more to Dr. Sandford ; but I gathered drop by drop the sweetness of the time.

The statues broke into life a few minutes later, and there was a stir of business of some sort ; but I could make out nothing of what they were doing. I took it on trust, and enjoyed everything to the full till the show was over.

CHAPTER XIV.

YANKEES.

For several days I saw nothing of Preston. He was hardly missed.

I found that such a parade as that which pleased me the first morning, came off twice daily; and other military displays, more extended and more interesting, were to be looked for every day at irregular times. I failed not of one. So surely as the roll of the drum or a strain of music announced that something of the sort was on hand, I caught up my hat and was ready. And so was Dr. Sandford. Mrs. Sandford would often not go; but the doctor's hat was as easily put on as mine, and as readily; and he attended me, I used to think, as patiently as a great Newfoundland dog. As patient, and as supreme. The evolutions of soldiers and clangour of martial music were nothing to *him*; but he must wait upon his little mistress. I mean of course the Newfoundland dog; not Dr. Sandford.

'Will you go for a walk, Daisy?' he said the morning of the third or fourth day. 'There is nothing doing on the plain, I find.'

'A walk? O yes!' I said. 'Where shall we go?'

'To look for wonderful things,' he said.

'Only don't take the child among the rattlesnakes,' said Mrs. Sandford. '*They* are wonderful, I sup-

pose, but not pleasant. You will get her all tanned, Grant !'

But I took these hints of danger as coolly as the doctor himself did ; and another of my West-Point delights began.

We went beyond the limits of the post, passed out at one of the gates which shut it in from the common world, and forgot for the moment drums and fifes. Up the mountain side, under the shadow of the trees most of the time, though along a good road ; with the wild hill at one hand rising sharp above us. Turning round that, we finally plunged down into a grand dell of the hills, leaving all roads behind and all civilization, and having a whole mountain between us and the West-Point plain. I suppose it might have been a region for rattlesnakes, but I never thought of them. I had never seen such a place in my life. From the bottom of the gorge where we were, the opposite mountain side sloped up to a great height ; wild, lonely, green with a wealth of wood, stupendous, as it seemed to me, in its towering expanse. At our backs, a rocky and green precipice rose up more steeply yet, though to a lesser elevation, topped with the grey walls of the old fort the other face of which I had seen from our hotel. A wilderness of nature it was ; wild and stern. I feasted on it. Dr. Sandford was moving about, looking for something ; he helped me over rocks and jumped me across morasses and kept watchful guard of me ; but else he let me alone ; he did not talk ; and I had quite enough without. The strong delight of the novelty, the freedom, the delicious wild things around, the bracing air, the wonderful lofty

beauty, made me as happy as I thought I could be. I feasted on the rocks and wild verdure, the mosses and ferns and lichen, the scrub forest and tangled undergrowth, among which we plunged and scrambled; above all, on those vast leafy walls which shut in the glen, and almost took away my breath with their towering lonely grandeur. All this time Dr. Sandford was as busy as a bee, in quest of something. He was a great geologist and mineralogist; a lover of all natural science, but particularly of chemistry and geology. When I stopped to look at him, I thought he must have put his own tastes in his pocket for several days past, that he might gratify mine. I was standing on a rock, high and dry and grey with lichen; he was poking about in some swampy ground.

‘Are you tired, Daisy?’ he said looking up.

‘My feet are tired,’ I said.

‘That is all of you that can be tired. Sit down where you are — I will come to you directly.’

So I sat down, and watched him, and looked off between whiles to the wonderful green walls of the glen. The summer blue was very clear overhead; the stillness of the place very deep; insects, birds, a flutter of leaves, and the grating of Dr. Sandford’s boot upon a stone, all the sound that could be heard.

‘Why you are warm, as well as tired, Daisy,’ he said coming up to my rock at last.

‘It is warm,’ I answered.

‘Warm?’ said he. ‘Look here, Daisy!’

‘Well, what in the world is that?’ I said laughing.

‘A little mud or earth is all that I can see.’

‘Ah, your eyes are not good for much, Daisy — except to look at.’

‘Not good for much for *that*,’ I said, amused; for his eyes were bent upon the earth in his hand.

‘I don’t know’ — said he, getting up on the rock beside me and sitting down. ‘I used to find strange things in them once. But this is something you will like, Daisy.’

‘Is it?’

‘If you like wonderful things as well as ever.’

‘O I do!’ I said. ‘What is it, Dr. Sandford?’

He carefully wrapped up his treasure in a bit of paper and put it in his pocket; then he cut down a small hickory branch and began to fan me with it; and while he sat there fanning me he entered upon a lecture such as I had never listened to in my life. I had studied a little geology of course, as well as a little of everything else; but no lesson like this had come in the course of my experience. Taking his text from the very wild glen where we were sitting and the mountain sides upon which I had been gazing, Dr. Sandford spread a clear page of nature before me and interpreted it. He answered unspoken questions; he filled great vacancies of my ignorance; into what had been abysms of thought he poured a whole treasury of intelligence and brought floods of light. All so quietly, so luminously, with such a wealth of knowledge and facility of giving it, that it is a simple thing to say no story of Eastern magic was ever given into more charmed ears around an Arabian desert fire. I listened, and he talked and fanned me. He talked like one occupied with his subject and not with me; but he met every half uttered doubt or question, and before he had done he satisfied it fully. I had always liked Dr. Sandford; I had never liked him so much. I had never, since the

old childish times, had such a free talk with him. And now, he did not talk to me as a child or a very young girl, except in bending himself to my ignorance; but as one who loves knowledge likes to give it to others, so he gave it to me. Only I do not remember seeing him like to give it in such manner to anybody else. I think the novelty added to the zest when I thought about it; at the moment I had no time for side thoughts. At the moment my ears could but receive the pearls and diamonds of knowledge which came from the speaker's lips, set in silver of the simplest clear English. I notice that the people who have the most thorough grasp of a subject make ever least difficulty of words about it.

The sun was high and hot when we returned, but I cared nothing for that. I was more than ever sure that West Point was fairyland. The old spring of childish glee seemed to have come back to my nerves.

'Dinner is just ready,' said Mrs. Sandford, meeting us in the hall. 'Why where *have* you been? And look at the colour of Daisy's face! O Grant, what have you done with her?'

'Very good colour —' said the doctor, peering under my hat.

'She's all flushed and sunburnt, and overheated.'

'Daisy is never anything but cool;' he said, 'unless when she gets hold of a principle, and somebody else gets hold of the other end. We'll look at these things after dinner, Daisy.'

'Principles?' half exclaimed Mrs. Sandford, with so dismayed an expression that the doctor and I both laughed.

‘Not exactly,’ said the doctor putting his hand in his pocket. ‘Look here.’

‘I see nothing but a little dirt.’

‘You shall see something else by and by—if you will.’

‘You have never brought your microscope here, Grant? Where in the world will you set it up?’

‘In your room—after dinner—if you permit.’

Mrs. Sandford permitted; and though she did not care much about the investigations that followed, the doctor and I did. As delightful as the morning had been, the long afternoon stretched its bright hours along; till Mrs. Sandford insisted I must be dressed, and pushed the microscope into a corner and ordered the doctor away.

That was the beginning of the pleasantest course of lessons I ever had in my life. From that time Dr. Sandford and I spent a large part of every day in the hills; and often another large part over the microscope. No palace and gardens in the Arabian nights were ever more enchanting, than the glories of nature through which he led me; nor half so wonderful. ‘A little dirt,’ as it seemed to ordinary eyes, was the hidden entrance way oftentimes to halls of knowledge more magnificent and more rich than my fancy had ever dreamed of.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Sandford found a great many officers to talk to.

It was not till the evening of the next day following my first walk into the mountains, that I saw Preston. It was parade time; and I was sitting as usual on one of the iron settees which are placed for the convenience of spectators. I was almost always there at parade

and guardmounting. The picture had a continual fascination for me, whether under the morning sun, or the evening sunset; and the music was charming. This time I was alone, Dr. and Mrs. Sandford being engaged in conversation with friends at a little distance. Following with my ear the variations of the air the band were playing, my mind was at the same time dwelling on the riches it had just gained in the natural history researches of the day, and also taking in half consciously the colours of the hills and the light that spread over the plain; musing, in short, in a kind of dream of delight; when a grey figure came between me and my picture. Finding that it did not move, I raised my eyes.

‘The same Daisy as ever!’ said Preston, his eyes all alight with fun and pleasure. ‘The same as ever! And how came you here? and when did you come? and *how* did you come?’

‘We have been here ever since Friday. Why haven’t you been to see me? Dr. Sandford sent word to you.’

‘Dr. Sandford!’ said Preston, taking the place by my side. ‘How did you come here, Daisy?’

‘I came by the boat, last Friday. How should I come?’

‘Who are you with?’

‘Dr. Sandford — and Mrs. Sandford.’

‘Mrs. Sandford, and Dr. Sandford,’ said Preston pointedly. ‘You are not with the doctor, I suppose.’

‘Why yes I am,’ I answered. ‘He is my guardian — don’t you know, Preston? He brought me. How tall you have grown!’

‘A parcel of Yankees,’ said Preston. ‘Poor little Daisy.’

‘What do you mean by “Yankees”?’ I said. ‘You do not mean just people at the North, for you speak as if it was something bad.’

‘It is. So I do,’ said Preston. ‘They are a mean set — fit for nothing but to eat codfish and scrape. I wish you had nothing to do with Yankees.’

I thought how all the South lived upon stolen earnings. It was a disagreeable turn to my meditations for a moment.

‘Where have you hid yourself since you have come here?’ Preston went on. ‘I have been to the hotel time and again to find you.’

‘Have you!’ I said. ‘O I suppose I was out walking.’

‘With whom were you walking?’

‘I don’t know anybody here, but those I came with. But Preston, why are you not over yonder with the others?’

I was looking at the long grey line formed in front of us on the plain.

‘I got leave of absence, to come and see you, Daisy. And *you* have grown, and improved. You’re wonderfully improved. Are you the very same Daisy? and what are you going to do here?’

‘O I’m enjoying myself. Now Preston, why does that man stand so?’

‘What man?’

‘That officer — here in front, standing all alone, with the sash and sword. Why does he stand so?’

‘Hush. That is Captain Percival. He is the officer in charge.’

‘What is that?’

‘O he looks after the parade, and things.’

‘But why does he stand so, Preston?’

‘Stand how?’ said Preston unsympathizingly.
‘That is good standing.’

‘Why, with his shoulders up to his ears,’ I said;
‘and his arms lifted up as if he was trying to put his
elbows upon a high shelf. It is *very* awkward.’

‘They all stand so,’ said Preston. ‘That’s right
enough.’

‘It is ungraceful.’

‘It is military.’

‘Must one be ungraceful in order to be military?’

‘*He* isn’t ungraceful. That is Percival — of South
Carolina.’

‘The officer yesterday stood a great deal better,’ I
went on.

‘Yesterday? That was Blunt. He’s a Yankee.’

‘Well, what then, Preston?’ I said laughing.

‘I despise them!’

‘Aren’t there Yankees among the cadets?’

‘Of course; but they are no count — only here and
there there’s one of good family. Don’t you have
anything to do with them, Daisy! — mind; — not with
one of them, unless I tell you who he is.’

‘With one of whom? what are you speaking of?’

‘The cadets.’

‘Why I have nothing to do with them,’ I said.
‘How should I?’

Preston looked at me curiously.

‘Nor at the hotel, neither, Daisy — more than you
can help. Have nothing to say to the Yankees.’

I thought Preston had taken a strange fancy. I was silent.

'It is not fitting,' he went on. 'We are going to change all that. I want to have nothing to do with Yankees.'

'What are you going to change?' I asked. 'I don't see how you can help having to do with them. They are among the cadets, and they are among the officers.'

'We have our own set,' said Preston. 'I have nothing to do with them in the corps.'

'Now Preston, look; what are they about? All the red sashes are getting together.'

'Parade is dismissed. They are coming up to salute the officer in charge.'

'It is so pretty!' I said, as the music burst out again, and the measured steps of the advancing line of 'red sashes' marked it. 'And now Captain Percival will unbend his stiff elbows. Why could not all that be done easily, Preston?'

'Nonsense, Daisy! — it is military.'

'Is it? But Mr. Blunt did it a great deal better. Now they are going — Must you go?'

'Yes. What are you going to do to-morrow?'

'I don't know — I suppose, we shall go into the woods again.'

'When the examination is over, I can attend to you. I haven't much time just now. But there is really nothing to be done here, since one can't get on horse-back out of the hours.'

'I don't want anything better than I can get on my own feet,' I said joyously. 'I find plenty to do.'

'Look here, Daisy,' said Preston — 'don't you turn into a masculine, muscular woman, that can walk her

twenty miles and wear hob-nailed shoes—like the Yankees you are among. Don't forget that you are the daughter of a Southern gentleman—'

He touched his cap hastily and turned away—walking with those measured steps towards the barracks; whither now all the companies of grey figures were in full retreat. I stood wondering, and then slowly returned with my friends to the hotel; much puzzled to account for Preston's discomposure and strange injunctions. The sunlight had left the tops of the hills; the river slept in the gathering grey shadows, soft, tranquil, reposeful. Before I got to the hotel, I had quite made up my mind that my cousin's eccentricities were of no consequence.

They recurred to me, however, and were as puzzling as ever. I had no key at the time.

The next afternoon was given to a very lively show: the light artillery drill before the board of Visitors. We sat out under the trees to behold it; and I found out now the meaning of the broad strip of plain between the hotel and the library, which was brown and dusty in the midst of the universal green. Over this strip, round and round, back and forth and across, the light artillery wagons rushed, as if to shew what they could do in time of need. It was a beautiful sight, exciting and stirring; with the beat of horses' hoofs, the clatter of harness, the rumble of wheels tearing along over the ground, the flash of a sabre now and then, the ringing words of command, and the soft shrill echoing bugle which repeated them. I only wanted to understand it all; and in the evening I plied Preston with questions. He explained things to me patiently.

‘I understand,’—I said at last,—‘I understand what it would do in war time. But we are not at war, Preston.’

‘No.’

‘Nor in the least likely to be.’

‘We can’t tell. It is good to be ready.’

‘But what do you mean?’ I remember saying. ‘You speak as if we might be at war. Who is there for us to fight?’

‘Anybody that wants putting in order,’ said Preston. ‘The Indians.’

‘O Preston, Preston!’ I exclaimed. ‘The Indians! when we have been doing them wrong ever since the white men came here; and you want to do them more wrong!’

‘I want to hinder them from doing us wrong. But I don’t care about the Indians, little Daisy. I would just as lief fight the Yankees.’

‘Preston, I think you are very wrong.’

‘You think all the world is,’ he said.

We were silent, and I felt very dissatisfied. What *was* all this military schooling a preparation for, perhaps? How could we know. Maybe these heads and hands, so gay to-day in their mock fight, would be grimly and sadly at work by and by, in real encounter with some real enemy.

‘Do you see that man, Daisy?’ whispered Preston suddenly in my ear. ‘That one talking to a lady in blue’—

We were on the parade ground, among a crowd of spectators, for the hotels were very full, and the Point very gay now. I said I saw him.

‘That is a great man.’

'Is he?' I said, looking and wondering if a great man could hide behind such a physiognomy.

'Other people think so, I can tell you,' said Preston. 'Nobody knows what that man can do. That is Davis of Mississippi.'

The name meant nothing to me then. I looked at him as I would have looked at another man. And I did not like what I saw. Something of sinister, nothing noble, about the countenance; power there might be — Preston said there was — but the power of the fox and the vulture it seemed to me; sly, crafty, false, selfish, cruel.

'If nobody knows what he can do, how is it so certain that he is a great man?' I asked. Preston did not answer. 'I hope there are not many great men that look like him,' I went on.

'Nonsense, Daisy!' said Preston in an energetic whisper. 'That is Davis of Mississippi.'

'Well?' said I. 'That is no more to me than if he were Jones of New York.'

'Daisy!' said Preston. 'If you are not a true Southerner, I will never love you any more.'

'What do you mean by a true Southerner? I do not understand.'

'Yes you do. A true Southerner is always a Southerner, and takes the part of a Southerner in every dispute, — right or wrong.'

'What makes you dislike Northerners so much?'

'Cowardly Yankees!' was Preston's reply.

'You must have an uncomfortable time among them, if you feel so,' I said.

'There are plenty of the true sort here. I wish you were in Paris, Daisy; or somewhere else.'

‘Why?’ I said, laughing.

‘Safe with my mother, or *your* mother. You want teaching. You are too latitudinarian. And you are too thick with the Yankees, by half.’

I let this opinion alone, as I could do nothing with it; and our conversation broke off with Preston in a very bad humour.

The next day, when we were deep in the woods, I asked Dr. Sandford if he knew Mr. Davis of Mississippi. He answered yes, rather drily. I knew the doctor knew everybody.

I asked, why Preston called him a great man.

‘Does he call him a great man?’ Dr. Sandford asked.

‘Do you?’

‘No, not I, Daisy. But that may not hinder the fact. And I may not have Mr. Gary’s means of judging.’

‘What means can he have?’ I said.

‘Daisy,’ said Dr. Sandford suddenly, when I had forgotten the question in plunging through a thicket of brushwood, — ‘if the North and the South should split on the subject of slavery, what side would you take?’

‘What do you mean by a “split”?’ I asked slowly, in my wonderment.

‘The States are not precisely like a perfect crystal, Daisy; and there is an incipient cleavage somewhere about Mason and Dixon’s line.’

‘I do not know what line that is.’

‘No. Well, for practical purposes, you may take it as the line between the slave States and the free.’

‘But how could there be a split?’ I asked.

‘There is a wedge applied even now, Daisy — the question whether the new States forming out of our Western territories, shall have slavery in them or shall be free States.’

I was silent upon this ; and we walked and climbed for a little distance, without my remembering our geological or mineralogical, or any other objects in view.

‘The North say,’ Dr. Sandford then went on, ‘that these States shall be free. The South — or some men at the South — threaten that if they be, the South will split from the North, have nothing to do with us, and set up for themselves.’

‘Who is to decide it?’ I asked.

‘The people. This fall the election will be held for the next President ; and that will shew. If a slavery man is chosen, we shall know that a majority of the nation go with the Southern view.’

‘If not?’ —

‘Then there may be trouble, Daisy.’

‘What sort of trouble?’ I asked hastily.

Dr. Sandford hesitated, and then said, ‘I do not know how far people will go.’

I mused, and forgot the sweet flutter of green leaves, and smell of moss and of hemlock, and golden bursts of sunshine, amongst which we were pursuing our way. Preston’s strange heat and sudden Southernism, Mr. Davis’s wife and greatness, a coming disputed election, quarrels between the people where I was born and the people where I was brought up, divisions and jealousies, floated before my mind in unlovely and confused visions. Then remembering my father and my mother and Gary McFarlane, and others whom I had known, I spoke again.

‘Whatever the Southern people say, they will do, Dr. Sandford.’

‘*Provided* —’ said the doctor.

‘What, if you please?’

‘Provided the North will let them; Daisy.’

I thought privately they could not hinder. I thought they could not. Would there be a trial? Could it be possible there would be a trial.

‘But you have not answered my question,’ said the doctor. ‘Aren’t you going to answer it?’

‘What question?’

‘As to the side you would take.’

‘I do not want any more slave States, Dr. Sandford.’

‘I thought so. Then you would be with the North.’

‘But people will never be so foolish as to come to what you call a “split,” Dr. Sandford.’

‘Upon my word, Daisy, as the world is at present, the folly of a thing is no presumptive argument against its coming into existence. Look — here we shall get a nice piece of quartz for your collection.’

I came back to the primary rocks, and for the present dismissed the subject of the confusions existing on the surface of the earth; hoping sincerely that there would be no occasion for calling it up again.

For some time I saw very little of Preston. He was busy, he said. My days flowed on like the summer sunshine, and were as beneficent. I was gaining strength every day. Dr. Sandford decreed that I must stay as long as possible. Then Mr. Sandford came, the doctor’s brother, and added his social weight to our party. Hardly needed, for I perceived that we were very much sought after; at least my companions.

The doctor in especial was a very great favourite, both with men and women; who I notice are most ready to bestow their favour where it is least cared for. I don't know but Dr. Sandford cared for it; only he did not shew that he did. The claims of society however began to interfere with my geological and other lessons.

A few days after his brother's arrival, the doctor had been carried off by a party of gentlemen who were going back in the mountains to fish in the White Lakes. I was left to the usual summer delights of the place; which indeed to me were numberless; began with the echo of the morning gun, (or before) and ended not till the three taps of the drum at night. The cadets had gone into camp by this time; and the taps of the drum were quite near, as well as the shrill sweet notes of the fife at reveille and tattoo. The camp itself was a great pleasure to me; and at guardmounting or parade I never failed to be in my place. Only to sit in the rear of the guard tents and watch the morning sunlight on the turf, and on the hills over the river, and shining down the camp alleys, was a rich satisfaction. Mrs. Sandford laughed at me; her husband said it was 'natural,' though I am sure he did not understand it a bit; but the end of all was, that I was left very often to go alone down the little path to the guard-tents among the crowd that twice a day poured out there from our hotel and met the crowd that came up from Cozzens's hotel below.

So it was, one morning that I remember. Guardmounting was always late enough to let one feel the sun's power; and it was a sultry morning, this. We were in July now, and misty, vapourous clouds moved slowly over the blue sky, seeming to intensify the

heat of the unclouded intervals. But wonderful sweet it was; and I under the shade of my flat hat, with a little help from the foliage of a young tree, did not mind it at all. Every bit of the scene was a pleasure to me; I missed none of the details. The files of cadets in the camp alleys getting their arms inspected; the white tents themselves, with curtains tightly done up; here and there an officer crossing the campground and stopping to speak to an orderly; then the coming up of the band, the music, the marching out of the companies; the leisurely walk from the camp of the officer in charge, drawing on his white gloves; his stand and his attitude; and then the pretty business of the parade. All under that July sky; all under that flicker of cloud and sun, and the soft sweet breath of air that sometimes stole to us to relieve the hot stillness; and all with that setting and background of cedars and young foliage and bordering hills over which the cloud shadows swept. Then came the mounting guard business. By and by Preston came to me.

‘Awfully hot, Daisy!’ he said.

‘Yes, you are out in it,’ I said compassionately.

‘What are *you* out in it for?’

‘Why, I like it,’ I said. ‘How come you to be one of the red sashes this morning?’

‘I have been an officer of the guard this last twenty-four hours.’

‘Since yesterday morning?’

‘Yes.’

‘Do you like it, Preston?’

‘*Like* it!’ he said. ‘Like guard duty! Why Daisy, when a fellow has left his shoe string untied, or

something or other like that, they put him on extra guard duty to punish him.'

'Did you ever do so, Preston?'

'Did I ever do so?' he repeated savagely. 'Do you think I have been raised like a Yankee, to take care of my shoes? That Blunt is just fit to stand behind a counter and measure inches!'

I was very near laughing, but Preston's mood would not bear that.

'I don't think it is beneath a gentleman to keep his shoe strings tied,' I said.

'A gentleman can't always think of everything!' was Preston's answer.

'Then you are glad you have only one year more at the Academy?'

'Of course I am glad! I'll never be under Yankee rule again; not if I know it.'

'Suppose they elect a Yankee President?' I said; but Preston's look was so eager and so sharp at me that I was glad to cover my rash suggestion under another subject as soon as possible.

'Are you going to be busy this afternoon?' I asked him.

'No, I reckon not.'

'Suppose you come and go up to the Fort with me?'

'What fort?'

'Fort Putnam. I have never been there yet.'

'There is nothing on earth to go there for,' said Preston shrugging his shoulders. 'Just broil yourself in the sun, and get nothing for it. It's an awful pull up hill; rough, and all that; and nothing at the top but an old stone wall.'

‘But there is the view!’ I said.

‘You have got it down here — just as good. Just climb up the hotel stairs fifty times without stopping, and then look out of the thing at top — and you have been to Fort Putnam.’

‘Why I want to go to the top of Crow’s Nest,’ I said.

‘Yes! I was ass enough to try that once,’ said Preston, ‘when I was just come, and thought I must do everything; but if anybody wants to insult me, let him just ask me to do it again!’

Preston’s mood was unmanageable. I had never seen him so in old times. I thought West Point did not agree with him. I listened to the band, just then playing a fine air, and lamented privately to myself that brass instruments should be so much more harmonious than human tempers. Then the music ceased and the military movements drew my attention again.

‘They all walk like you,’ I observed carelessly, as I noticed a measured step crossing the camp ground.

‘Do they?’ said Preston sneeringly. ‘I flatter myself I do not walk like *all* of them. If you notice more closely, Daisy, you will see a difference. You can tell a Southerner, on foot or on horseback, from the sons of tailors and farmers — strange if you couldn’t!’

‘I think you are unjust, Preston,’ I said. ‘You should not talk so. Major Blunt walks as well and stands much better than any officer I have seen; and he is from Vermont; and Capt. Percival is from South Carolina, and Mr. Hunter is from Virginia, and Col Forsyth is from Georgia. They are all of them less graceful than Major Blunt.’

‘What do you think of Dr. Sandford?’ said Preston in the same tone; but before I could answer I heard a call of ‘Gary! — Gary!’ I looked round. In the midst of the ranks of spectators to our left stood a cadet, my friend of the omnibus. He was looking impatiently our way, and again exclaimed in a sort of suppressed shout — ‘Gary!’ Preston heard him that time; started from my side, and placed himself immediately beside his summoner, in front of the guard tents and spectators. The two were in line, two or three yards separating them, and both facing towards a party drawn up at some little distance on the camp ground, which I believe were the relieving guard. I moved my own position to a place immediately behind them, where I spied an empty camp stool, and watched the two with curious eyes. Uniforms, and military conformities generally, are queer things if you take the right point of view. Here were these two, a pair, and not a pair. The grey coat, and the white pantaloons, (they had all gone into white now) the little soldier’s cap, were a counterpart in each of the other; the two even stood on the ground as if they were bound to be patterns each of the other; and when my acquaintance raised his arms and folded them after the approved fashion, to my great amusement Preston’s arms copied the movement; and they stood like two brother statues, still from their heels to their cap rims. Except when once the right arm of my unknown friend was unbent to give a military sign, in answer to some demand or address from somebody, in front of him, which I did not hear. Yet as I watched, I began to discern how individual my two statues really were. I could not see faces, of course. But the grey coat on

the one looked as if its shoulders had been more carefully brushed than had been the case with the other; the spotless pantaloons, which seemed to be just out of the laundress's basket, as I suppose they were, sat with a trimmer perfection in one case than in the other. Preston's pocket gaped, and was, I noticed, a little bit ripped; and when my eye got down to the shoes, his had not the black gloss of his companion's. With that one there was not, I think, a thread awry. And then, there was a certain relaxation in the lines of Preston's figure impossible to describe, stiff and motionless though he was; something which prepared one for a lax and careless movement when he moved. Perhaps this was fancy and only arose from my knowledge of the fact; but with the other no such fancy was possible. Still, but alert; motionless, but full of vigour; I expected what came; firm, quick, and easy action, as soon as he should cease to be a statue.

So much for a back view of character; which engrossed me till my two statues went away.

A little while after Preston came to me. 'Are you here yet?' he said.

'Don't you like to have me here?'

'It's hot. And it is very stupid for you, I should think. Where is Mrs. Sandford?'

'She thinks as you do, that it is stupid.'

'You ought not to be here without some one.'

'Why not? What cadet was that who called you, Preston?'

'Called me? Nobody called me.'

'Yes he did. When you were sitting with me. Who was it?'

‘I don’t know!’ said Preston. ‘Good bye. I shall be busy for a day or two.’

‘Then you cannot go to Fort Putnam this afternoon?’

‘Fort Putnam! I should think not. It is going to be broiling to-day.’

And he left me. Things had gone wrong with Preston lately, I thought. But before I had made up my mind to move, two other cadets came before me. One of them Mrs. Sandford knew, and I slightly.

‘Miss Randolph, my friend Mr. Thorold has begged me to introduce him to you.’

It was *my* friend of the omnibus. I think we liked each other at this very first moment. I looked up at a manly, well-featured face, just then lighted with a little smile of deference and recognition; but permanently lighted with the brightest and quickest hazel eyes that I ever saw. Something about the face pleased me on the instant. I believe it was the frankness.

‘I have to apologize for my rudeness, in calling a gentleman away from you, Miss Randolph, in a very unceremonious manner, a little while ago.’

‘O I know,’ I said. ‘I saw what you did with him.’

‘Did I do anything with him!’

‘Only called him to his duty, I suppose.’

‘Precisely. He was very excusable for forgetting it; but it might have been inconvenient.’

‘Do you think it is ever excusable to forget duty?’ I asked; and I was rewarded with a swift flash of fun in the hazel eyes, that came and went like forked lightning.

‘It is not easily pardoned here,’ he answered.

‘People don’t make allowances?’

‘Not officers,’ he said with a smile. ‘Soldiers lose the character of men, when they are on duty; they are only reckoned machines.’

‘You do not mean that exactly, I suppose.’

‘Indeed I do!’ he said with another slighter corrugation. ‘Intelligent machines, of course, but with no more latitude of action.—You would not like that life?’

‘I should think you would not.’

‘Ah, but we hope to rise to the management of the machines, some day.’

I thought I saw in his face that he did. I remarked that I should not think the management of mere machines could be very pleasant.

‘Why not?’

‘It is degrading to the machines,—and so, I should think, it would not be very elevating to those who make them machines.’

‘That is exactly the use they propose them to serve, though,’ he said looking amused; ‘the elevation of themselves.’

‘I know’—I said, thinking that the end was ignoble too.

‘You do not approve it?’ he said.

I felt those brilliant eyes dancing all over me, and I fancied, over my thoughts too. I felt a little shy of going on to explain myself to one whom I knew so little. He turned the conversation, by asking me if I had seen all the lions yet?

I said, I supposed not.

‘Have you been up to the old fort?’

‘I want to go there,’ I said; ‘but somebody told me to-day, there was nothing worth going for.’

‘Has his report taken away your desire to make the trial?’

‘No, for I do not believe he is right.’

‘Might I offer myself as a guide? I can be disengaged this afternoon; and I know all the ways to the fort. It would give me great pleasure.’

I felt it would give me great pleasure too, and so I told him. We arranged for the hour, and Mr. Thorold hastened away.

CHAPTER XV.

FORT PUTNAM.

‘I AM going to Fort Putnam this afternoon, with Mr. Thorold,’ — I announced to Mrs. Sandford, after dinner.

‘Who is Mr. Thorold?’

‘One of the cadets.’

‘One of the cadets! So it has got hold of you at last, Daisy!’

‘What, Mrs. Sandford?’

‘But Fort Putnam? My dearest child, it is very hot!’

‘O, yes, ma’am — I don’t mind it.’

‘Well, I am very glad, if you don’t,’ said Mrs. Sandford. ‘And I am very glad Grant has taken himself off to the White Lakes. He gave nobody else any chance. It will do you a world of good.’

‘What will?’ I asked, wondering.

‘Amusement, dear, — amusement. Something a great deal better than Grant’s ’elogies and ’ologies. Now this would never have happened if he had been at home.’

I did not understand her, but then I knew she did not understand the pursuits she so slighted; and it was beyond my powers to enlighten her. So I did not try.

Mr. Thorold was punctual, and so was I; and we set forth at five o'clock, I at least as happy as it was possible to be. Warm it was, yet; we went slowly down the road, in shadow and sunshine; tasting the pleasantness, it seems to me, of every tree, and feeling the sweetness of each breath; in that slight exhilaration of spirits which loses nothing and forgets nothing. At least I have a good memory for such times. There was a little excitement, no doubt, about going this walk with a cadet and a stranger, which helped the whole effect.

I made use of my opportunity to gain a great deal of information which Dr. Sandford could not give. I wanted to understand the meaning and the use of many things I saw about the Point. Batteries and fortifications were a mysterious jumble to me; shells were a horrible novelty; the whole art and trade of a soldier, something well worth studying, but difficult to see as a reasonable whole. The adaptation of parts to an end, I could perceive; the end itself puzzled me.

‘Yet there has always been fighting,’—said my companion.

‘Yes,’—I assented.

‘Then we must be ready for it.’

But I was not prepared in this case with my answer.

‘Suppose we were unjustly attacked?’—said Mr. Thorold; and I thought every one of the gilt buttons on his grey jacket repelled the idea of a peaceable composition.

‘I don’t know,’—said I pondering. ‘Why should

the rule be different for nations and for individual people?’

‘What is your rule for individual people?’ he asked, laughing and looking down at me, as he held the gate open. I can see the look and the attitude now.

‘It is not *my* rule,’ I said.

‘*The* rule, then. What should a man do, Miss Randolph, when he is unjustly attacked?’

I felt I was on very untenable ground, talking to a soldier. If I was right, what was the use of his grey coat, or of West Point itself. We were mounting the little steep pitch beyond the gate, where the road turns; and I waited till I got upon level footing. Then catching a bright inquisitive glance of the hazel eyes, I summoned up my courage and spoke.

‘I have no rule but the Bible, Mr. Thorold.’

‘The Bible! What does the Bible say? It tells of a great deal of fighting.’

‘Of bad men.’

‘Yes, but the Jews were commanded to fight, were they not?’

‘To punish bad men. But we have got another rule since that.’

‘What is it?’

‘If any man smite thee on the one cheek, turn to him the other also.’

‘Is it possible you think the Bible means that literally?’ he said.

‘Do you think it would say what it did not mean?’

‘But try it by the moral effect; what sort of a fellow would a man be who did so, Miss Randolph?’

‘I think he would be fine!’—I said; for I was thinking of One who ‘when he was reviled, reviled not

again; when he suffered, he threatened not.' But I could not tell all my thought to Mr. Thorold; no more than I could to Dr. Sandford.

'And would you have him stand by and see another injured?' my companion asked. 'Wouldn't you have him fight in such a case?'

I had not considered that question. I was silent.

'Suppose he sees wrong done; wrong that a few well planted blows — or shots, if you like; shots are but well directed blows,' he said, smiling; — 'wrong that a few well planted blows would prevent — Suppose somebody were to attack you now, for instance; ought I not to fight for it?'

'I should like to have you,' I said.

'Come!' he said laughing, and stretching out his hand to shake mine, — 'I see you will let me keep my profession, after all. And why should not a nation do, on a larger scale, what a man may do?'

'Why it may,' I said.

'Then West Point is justified.'

'But very few wars in the world are conducted on that principle,' I said.

'Very few. In fact I do not at this moment recollect the instances. But you would allow a man, or a nation to fight in self-defence, — would not you?'

I pondered the matter. 'I suppose he has a right to protect his life,' I said. 'But "if a man smite thee on the cheek," — *that* does not touch life.'

'What would you think of a man,' said my companion gravely, — 'who should suffer some one to give him such a blow, without taking any notice of it?'

'If he did it because he was *afraid*,' I said, 'of course I shouldn't like that. But if he did it to obey

the Bible—I should think it was noble. The Bible says “it is glory, to pass by a transgression.”’

‘But suppose he was afraid of being thought afraid?’

I looked at my companion, and felt instinctively sure that neither this nor my first supposed case would ever be true of him. Further, I felt sure that no one would ever be hardy enough to give the supposed occasion. I can hardly tell how I knew; it was by some of those indescribable natural signs. We were slowly mounting the hill; and in every powerful, lithe movement, in the very set of his shoulders and head, and as well in the sparkle of the bright eye which looked round at me, I read the tokens of a spirit which I thought neither had known nor ever would know the sort of indignity he had described. He was talking for talk’s sake. But while I looked, the sparkle of the eye grew very merry.

‘You are judging me, Miss Randolph,’ he said. ‘Judge me gently.’

‘No indeed,’ I said. ‘I was thinking that you are not speaking from experience.’

‘I am not better than you think me,’ he said, laughing and shaking his head. And the laugh was so full of merriment that it infected me. I saw he was very much amused; I thought he was a little interested too. ‘You know,’ he went on, ‘my education has been unfavourable. I have fought for a smaller matter than that you judge insufficient.’

‘Did it do any good?’ I asked.

He laughed again; picked up a stone and threw it into the midst of a thick tree to dislodge something—I did not see what; and finally looked round at me

with the most genial amusement and good nature mixed. I knew he was interested now.

‘I don’t know how much good it did to anybody but myself,’ he said. ‘It comforted me — at the time. Afterwards, I remember thinking it was hardly worth while. But if a fellow should suffer an insult, as you say, and not take any notice of it, what do you suppose would become of him in the corps — or in the world either?’

‘He would be a noble man, all the same,’ I said.

‘But people like to be well thought of by their friends and society.’

‘I know that.’

‘He would be sent to Coventry unmitigatedly.’

‘I cannot help it, Mr. Thorold,’ I said. ‘If anybody does wrong because he is afraid of the consequences of doing right, he is another sort of a coward — that is all!’

Mr. Thorold laughed, and catching my hand as we came to a turn in the road where the woods fell away right and left, brought me quick round the angle, without letting me go to the edge of the bank to get the view.

‘You must not look till you get to the top,’ he said.

‘What an odd road!’ I remarked. ‘It just goes by zigzags.’

‘The only way to get up at all, without travelling round the hill. That is, for horses.’

It was steep enough for foot way-farers, but the road was exceeding comfortable that day. We were under the shade of trees all the way; and talk never lagged. Mr. Thorold was infinitely pleasant to me; as well as unlike any one of all my former acquaintances.

There was a wealth of life in him, that delighted my quieter nature; an amount of animal spirits that were just a constant little impetus to me; and from the first I got an impression of strength, such as weakness loves to have near. Bodily strength he had also, in perfection; but I mean now the firm self-reliant nature, quick at resources, ready to act as to decide, and full of the power that has its spring and magazine in character alone. So, enjoying each other, we went slowly up the zigzags of the hill, very steep in places, and very rough to the foot; but the last pitch was smoother, and there the grey old bulwarks of the ruined fortification faced down upon us, just above.

‘Now,’ said Mr. Thorold, coming on the outside of me to prevent it,—‘don’t look!’—and we turned into the entrance of the fort, between two outstanding walls. Going through, we hurried up a little steep rise, till we got to a smooth spread of grass, sloping gently to a level with the top of the wall. Where this slope reached its highest, where the parapet (as Mr Thorold called it) commanded a clear view from the eastern side, there he brought me, and then permitted me to stand still. I do not know how long I stood quite still without speaking.

‘Will you sit down?’ said my companion; and I found he had spread a pocket-handkerchief on the bank for me. The turf in that place was about eighteen inches higher than the top of the wall, making a very convenient seat. I thought of Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh; but I also thought the most queenly thing I could do was to take the offered civility, and I sat down. My eyes were bewildered with the beauty; they turned from one point to another

with a sort of wondering, insatiable enjoyment. There, beneath our feet, lay the little level green plain; its roads and trees all before us as in a map, with the lines of building enclosing it on the south and west. A cart and oxen were slowly travelling across the road between the library and the hotel, looking like minute ants dragging a crumb along. Beyond them was the stretch of brown earth, where the cavalry exercises forbade a blade of grass to shew itself. And beyond that, at the further edge of the plain, the little white camp; its straight rows of tents and the alleys between all clearly marked out. Round all this the river curved, making a promontory of it; a promontory with fringed banks, and levelled at top, as it seemed, just to receive the Military Academy. On the other side the river, a long sweep of gentle hills, coloured in the fair colours of the evening; curving towards the northeast into a beautiful circle of soft outlines back of the mountain which rose steep and bold at the water's edge. This mountain was the first of the group I had seen from my hotel window. Houses and churches nestled in the curve of tableland, under the mountain. Due north, the parapet of the fort rising sharply at its northern angle a few feet from where I sat, hindered my full view. Southerly, the hills swept down, marking the course of the river for many a mile; but again from where I sat I could not see how far. With a sigh of pleasure my eye came back to the plain and the white tents.

'Is guard duty very disagreeable?' I asked, thinking of Preston's talk in the morning.

'Why at mid-day, with the thermometer at 90°, it

is not exactly the amusement one would choose,' said Mr. Thorold. 'I like it at night well enough.'

'What do you do?'

'Nothing, but walk up and down, two hours at a time.'

'What is the use of it?'

'To keep order, and make sure that nothing goes in or out that has no business to do it.'

'And they have to carry their guns,' I said.

'Their muskets — yes.'

'Are they very heavy?'

'No. Pretty heavy for an arm that is new to it. I never remember I have mine.'

'Mr. Caxton said,' (Mr. Caxton was the cadet who had introduced Mr. Thorold to me) — 'Mr. Caxton told Mrs. Sandford that the new cadets are sometimes so exhausted with their tour of duty that they have to be carried off the ground.'

Mr. Thorold looked at me, a very keen bright look of his hazel eyes; but he said nothing.

'And he said, that the little white boxes at the corners of the camp, were monuments to those who had fallen on duty.'

'Just four of them!' — said Mr. Thorold, settling his cap down over his brows; but then he laughed, and I laughed; how we laughed!

'Don't you want to see the rest of it?' he said, jumping up. I did not know there was anything more to see. Now however he brought me up to the high angle of the parapet that had intercepted my view to the north. I could hardly get away from there. The full magnificence of the mountains in that quarter; the river's course between them, the blue hills of the dis-

tant Shawangunk range, and the woody chasm immediately at my feet, stretching from the height where I stood over to the crest of the Crow's nest; it took away my breath. I sat down again, while Mr. Thorold pointed out localities; and did not move, till I had to make way for another party of visitors who were coming. Then Mr. Thorold took me all round the edge of the fort. At the south, we looked down into the woody gorge where Dr. Sandford and I had hunted for fossil infusoria. From here the long channel of the river running southerly, with its bordering ridge of hills, and above all, the wealth and glory of the woodland and the upheaved rocks before me, were almost as good as the eastern view. The path along the parapet in places was narrow and dizzy; but I did not care for it, and my companion went like a chamois. He helped me over the hard places; hand in hand we ran down the steep slopes; and as we went we got very well acquainted. At last we climbed up the crumbling masonry to a small platform which commanded the view both east and south.

‘What is this place for?’ I asked.

‘To plant guns on.’

‘They could not reach to the river, could they?’

‘Much further — the guns of now-a-days.’

‘And the old vaults under here — I saw them as we passed by, — were they prisons, places for prisoners?’

‘A sort of involuntary prisoners,’ said Mr. Thorold. ‘They are only casemates; prisons for our own men occasionally, when shot and shell might be flying too thick; hiding places, in short. Would you like to go to the laboratory some day, where we learn to make

different kinds of shot, and fire-works and such things?’

‘O very much! But, Mr. Thorold, Mr. Caxton told me that André was confined in one of these places under here; he said his name was written upon the stones in a dark corner, and that I would find it.’

Mr. Thorold looked at me, with an expression of such contained fun that I understood it at once; and we had another laugh together. I began to wonder whether every one that wore a uniform of grey and white with gilt buttons made it his amusement to play upon the ignorance of uninitiated people; but on reflection I could not think Mr. Thorold had done so. I resolved to be careful how I trusted the rest of the cadets, even Preston; and indeed my companion remarked that I had better not believe anything I heard without asking him. We ran down and inspected the casemates; and then took our seats again for one last look on the eastern parapet. The river and hills were growing lovely in cooler lights; shadow was stealing over the plain.

‘Shall I see you to-morrow evening?’ my companion asked suddenly.

‘To-morrow evening?’ I said. ‘I don’t know. I suppose we shall be at home.’

‘Then I shall *not* see you. I meant, at the hop.’

‘The hop?’ I repeated. ‘What is that?’

‘The cadets’ hop. During the encampment we have a hop three times a week — a cotillion party. I hope you will be there. Haven’t you received an invitation?’

‘I think not,’ I said. ‘I have heard nothing about it.’

‘I will see that that is set right,’ Mr. Thorold remarked. ‘And now, do you know we must go down? — that is, *I* must; and I do not think I can leave you here.’

‘O you have to be on parade!’ I exclaimed, starting up; ‘and it is almost time! —’

It was indeed, and though my companion put his own concerns in the background very politely, I would be hurried. We ran down the hill, Mr. Thorold’s hand helping me over the rough way and securing me from stumbling. In very few minutes we were again at the gate and entered upon the post limits. And there were the band, in dark column, just coming up from below the hill.

We walked the rest of the way in orderly fashion enough, till we got to the hotel gate; there Mr. Thorold touched his cap and left me, on a run, for the camp. I watched till I saw he got there in time; and then went slowly in; feeling that a great piece of pleasure was over.

I had had a great many pieces of pleasure in my life, but rarely a *companion*. Dr. Sandford, Miss Cardigan, my dear Capt. Drummond, were all much in advance of my own age; my servants were my servants, at Magnolia; and Preston had never associated with me on just the footing of equality. I went up stairs thinking that I should like to see a great deal more of Mr. Thorold.

Mrs. Sandford was on the piazza when I came down, and alone; everybody was gone to parade. She gave me a little billet.

‘Well Daisy! — are you walked to death, my dear? Certainly West Point agrees with you! What a

colour! And what a change! You are not the same creature that we brought away from New York. Well, was it worth going for, all the way to see that old ruin? My dear! I wish your father and mother could see you.'

I stood still, wishing they could.

'There is more pleasure for you' — Mrs. Sandford went on.

'What is this, ma'am?'

'An invitation. The cadets have little parties for dancing, it seems, three times a week, in summer; poor fellows! it is all the recreation they get, I suspect; and of course, they want all the ladies that can be drummed up, to help them dance. It's quite a charity, they tell me. I expect I shall have to dance myself.'

I looked at the note, and stood mute, thinking what I should do. Ever since Mr. Thorold had mentioned it, up on the hill, the question had been recurring to me. I had never been to a party in my life, since my childish days at Melbourne. Aunt Gary's parties at Magnolia had been of a different kind from this; not assemblies of young people. At Mme. Ricard's I had taken dancing lessons, at my mother's order; and in her drawing room I had danced quadrilles and waltzes with my schoolfellows; but Mme. Ricard was very particular, and nobody else was ever admitted. I hardly knew what it was to which I was now invited. To dance with the cadets! I knew only three of them; however, I supposed that I might dance with those three. I had an impression that amusements of this kind were rather found in the houses of the gay than the sober-minded; but this was peculiar, to help

the cadets dance, Mrs. Sandford said. I thought Mr Thorold wished I would come. I wondered Preston had not mentioned it. He, I knew, was very fond of dancing. I mused till the people came back from parade and we were called to tea; but all my musings went no further. I did not decide *not* to go.

‘Now, Daisy,’ said Mrs. Sandford the next morning, ‘if you are going to the hop to-night, I don’t intend to have you out in the sun burning yourself up. It will be terribly hot; and you must keep quiet. I am so thankful Grant is away! he would have you all through the woods, hunting for nobody knows what, and bring you home scorched.’

‘Dear Mrs. Sandford,’ I said, ‘I can dance just as well, if I *am* burnt.’

‘That’s a delusion, Daisy. You are a woman, after all, my dear, — or you will be; and you may as well submit to the responsibility. And you may not know it, but you have a wonderfully fine skin, my dear; it always puts me in mind of fresh cream.’

‘Cream is yellow,’ I said.

‘Not all the cream that ever *I* saw,’ said Mrs. Sandford. ‘Daisy, you need not laugh. You will be a queen, my dear, when you cease to be a child. What are you going to wear to-night?’

‘I don’t know, ma’am; anything cool, I suppose.’

‘It won’t matter much,’ Mrs. Sandford repeated.

But yet I found she cared and it did matter, when it came to the dressing time. However she was satisfied with one of the embroidered muslins my mother had sent me from Paris.

I think I see myself now, seated in the omnibus and trundling over the plain to the cadets’ dancing rooms.

The very hot, still July night seems round me again. Lights were twinkling in the camp, and across the plain in the houses of the professors and officers; lights above in the sky too, myriads of them, mocking the tapers that go out so soon. I was happy with a little flutter of expectation; quietly enjoying meanwhile the novel loveliness of all about me, along with the old familiar beauty of the abiding stars and dark blue sky. It was a five minutes of great enjoyment. But all natural beauty vanished from my thoughts when the omnibus drew up at the door of the Academic Building. I was entering on something untried.

At first sight, when we went into the room, it burst upon me that it was very pretty. The room was dressed with flags, — and evergreens, — and with uniforms; and undoubtedly there is charm in colour, and a gilt button and a gold strap do light up the otherwise sombre and heavy figures of our Western masculine costume. The white and rosy and blue draperies and scarfs that were floating around the forms of the ladies, were met and set off by the grey and white of the cadets and the heavier dark blue of the officers. I never anywhere else saw so pretty gatherings. I stood quite enchanted with the pleasure of the eye; till to my startled astonishment, Capt. Percival came up and asked me to dance the first dance with him. I had not expected to dance with anybody except Preston and Mr. Thorold, and perhaps Mr. Caxton. Mr. Thorold came up before the dance began, and I presented him to Mrs. Sandford. He asked me for the first dance, then for the second.

And there was no more time for anything, for the dancing began.

I had always liked dancing at school. Here the music was far better and the scene infinitely prettier; it was very pleasant, I thought. That is, when Capt. Percival did not talk; for he talked nothings. I did not know how to answer him. Of course it had been very hot to-day; and the rooms were very full; and there were a good many people at the hotel. I had nothing but an insipid affirmative to give to these propositions. Then said Capt. Percival insinuatingly —

‘You are from the South?’

I had nothing but an insipid assent again.

‘I was sure of it,’ he said. ‘I could not be mistaken.’

I wondered how he knew, but it did not suit me to ask him; and we danced on again till the dance came to an end. I was glad when it did. In a minute more I was standing by Mrs. Sandford and introduced to Capt. Boulanger, who also asked me to dance, and engaged me for the next but one; and then Mr. Caxton brought up one of his brother cadets and presented him, and *he* asked me, and looked disappointed when for both the next dances I was obliged to refuse him. I was quite glad when Mr. Thorold came and carried me off. The second quadrille went better than the first; and I was enjoying myself unfeignedly, when in a pause of the dance I remarked to my partner that there seemed to be plenty of ladies here to-night.

‘Plenty,’ he said. ‘It is very kind of them. What then?’

‘Only —’ I said — ‘so many people came and

asked me to dance in the few minutes I stood by Mrs. Sandford, and one of them looked quite disappointed that he could not have me.'

I was met by a look of the keenest inquiry, followed instantly and superseded by another flash of expression. I could not comprehend it at the time. The eyes which had startled me by their steely gleam, softened wonderfully with what looked like nothing so much as reverence, along with some other expression which I could neither read at the moment nor fathom afterwards. Both looks were gone before I could ask him what they meant, or perhaps I should have asked; for I was beginning to feel very much at my ease with Mr. Thorold. I trusted him.

'Did he want you for this dance?' was all he said.

'For this, and for the next,' I answered.

'Both gone! Well, may I have the third, and so disappoint somebody else?' he said laughing.

If I did not talk much with Mr. Thorold in intervals of dancing, at least we did not talk nonsense. In the next pause he remarked that he saw I was fond of this amusement.

'I think I like everything,' I told him.

'Are the hills better than this?' he whispered.

'O yes!' I said. 'Don't you think so?'

He smiled and said 'truly he did.' 'You have been over the Flirtation walk of course?' he added.

'I do not know which it is.'

He smiled again, that quick illuminating smile which seemed to sparkle in his hazel eyes; and nodded his head a little.

'I had the pleasure to see you there, very early one morning.'

‘O is that it?’ I said. ‘I have been down that way from the hotel very often.’

‘That way leads to it. You were upon it, where you were sitting. You have not been through it yet? May I shew it to you some day? To-morrow?’

I agreed joyfully; and then asked who were certain of the cadets whom I saw about the room, with rosettes of ribbon and long streamers on the breast of their grey coats?

‘Those are the Managers,’ said my companion. ‘You will see enough of them. It is their duty to introduce poor fellows who want partners.’

I did not see much of them however that evening. As soon as I was released from that dance, Capt. Percival brought up Capt. Lascelles; and somebody else, Mr. Sandford, I believe, introduced Lt. Vaux, and Major Fairbairn; and Major Pitt was another, I believe. And Col. Walruss brought up his son, who was in the corps of cadets. They all wanted to dance with me; so it was lucky Mr. Thorold had secured his second dance, or I could not have given it to him. I went over and over again the same succession of topics, in the intervals of standing still. How the day had been warm, and the evening kept up its character; the hotels were full now; the cadets well off to have so many ladies; dancing a pleasant pastime, and West Point a nice place. I got so accustomed to the remarks I might expect, that my mouth was ready with an assenting ‘yes’ before the speaker began. But the talking was a small part of the business after all; and the evening went merrily for me, till on a sudden a shrill piercing summons of drum and fife, rolling as it were into our very ears, put a stop to

proceedings. Midway in the movement the dancers stopped; there was a hurried bow and curtsey, and an instant scattering of all the grey-coated part of the assembly. The 'hop' was over. We went home in the warm moonlight, I thinking that I had had a very nice time, and glad that Mr. Thorold was coming to take me to walk to-morrow.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOPS.

THE afternoon was very sultry ; however Mr. Thorold came, and we went for our walk. It was so sultry we went very leisurely, and also met few people ; and instead of looking very carefully at the beauties of nature and art we had come to see, we got into a great talk as we strolled along ; indeed sometimes we stopped and sat down to talk. Mr. Thorold told me about himself, or rather, about his home in Vermont and his old life there. He had no mother, and no brothers nor sisters ; only his father. And he described to me the hills of his native country, and the farm his father cultivated, and the people, and the life on the mountains. Strong and free and fresh and independent and intelligent — that was the impression his talk made upon me, of the country and people and life alike. Sometimes my thoughts took a private turn of their own, branching off.

‘Mr. Thorold,’ said I, ‘do you know Mr. Davis, of Mississippi?’

‘Davis? No, I don’t know him,’ he said shortly.

‘You have seen him?’

‘Yes, I have seen him often enough ; and his wife too.’

‘Do you like his looks?’

‘I do not.’

‘He looks to me like a bad man —’ I said slowly. I said it to Mr. Thorold; I would hardly have made the remark to another at West Point.

‘He is about bad business —’ was my companion’s answer. ‘And yet — I do not know what he is about; but I distrust the man.’

‘Mr. Thorold,’ said I, beginning cautiously, ‘do you want to have slavery go into the territories?’

‘No!’ said he. ‘Do you?’

‘No. What do you think would happen if a Northern President should be elected in the fall?’

‘Then slavery would *not* go into the territories,’ he said, looking a little surprised at me. ‘The question would be settled.’

‘But do you know some people say — some people at the South say — that if a Northern President is elected, the Southern States will not submit to him?’

‘Some people talk a great deal of nonsense,’ said Mr. Thorold. ‘How could they help submitting?’

‘They say — it is said — that they would break off from the North and set up for themselves. It is not foolish people that say it, Mr. Thorold.’

‘Will you pardon me, Miss Randolph, but I think they would be very foolish people that would do it.’

‘O I think so too,’ I said. ‘I mean, that some people who are not foolish, believe that it might happen.’

‘Perhaps,’ said Mr. Thorold. ‘I never heard anything of it before. You are from the South yourself, Miss Randolph?’ he added, looking at me.

‘I was born there,’ I said. And a little silence fell between us. I was thinking. Some impression, got I suppose from my remembrance of father and mother,

Preston, and others whom I had known, forbade me to dismiss quite so lightly, as too absurd to be true, the rumour I had heard. Moreover, I trusted Dr. Sandford's sources of information, living as he did in habits of close social intercourse with men of influence and position at Washington, both Southern and Northern.

'Mr. Thorold'—I broke the silence,—'if the South should do such a thing, what would happen?'

'There would be trouble,' he said.

'What sort of trouble?'

'Might be all sorts,' said Mr. Thorold laughing; 'it would depend on how far people's folly would carry them.'

'But suppose the Southern States should just do that;—say they would break off and govern themselves?'

'They would be like a bad boy that has to be made to take medicine.'

'How could you *make* them?' I asked, feeling unreasonably grave about the question.

'You can see, Miss Randolph, that such a thing could not be permitted. A Government that would let any part of its subjects break away at their pleasure from its rule, would deserve to go to pieces. If one part might go, another part might go. There would be no nation left.'

'But how could you *help* it?' I asked.

'I don't know whether we could help it,' he said; 'but we would try.'

'You do not mean, that it would come to *fighting*?'

'I do not think they would be such fools. I hope we are supposing a very unlikely thing, Miss Randolph.'

I hoped so. But that impression of Southern character troubled me yet. Fighting! I looked at the peaceful hills, feeling as if indeed 'all the foundations of the earth' would be 'out of course.'

'What would *you* do in case it came to fighting?' said my neighbour. The words startled me out of my meditations.

'I could not do anything.'

'I beg your pardon. Your favour — your countenance, would do much; on one side or the other. You would fight — in effect — as surely as I should.'

I looked up. 'Not against you,' I said; for I could not bear to be misunderstood.

There was a strange sparkle in Mr. Thorold's eye; but those flashes of light came and went so like flashes, that I could not always tell what they meant. The tone of his voice however I knew expressed pleasure.

'How comes that?' he said. 'You *are* Southern?'

'Do I look it?' I asked.

'Pardon me — yes.'

'How, Mr. Thorold?'

'You must excuse me. I cannot tell you. But you *are* South?'

'Yes,' I said. 'At least all my friends are Southern. I was born there.'

'You have *one* Northern friend,' said Mr. Thorold, as we rose up to go on. He said it with meaning. I looked up and smiled. There was a smile in his eyes, mixed with something more. I think our compact of friendship was made and settled then and at once.

He stretched out his hand as if for a further ratification. I put mine in it, while he went on, —

‘How comes it then that you take such a view of such a question?’

There had sprung up a new tone in our intercourse, of more familiarity, and more intimate trust. It gave infinite content to me; and I went on to answer, telling him about my Northern life. Drawn on, from question to question, I detailed at length my Southern experience also, and put my new friend in possession not only of my opinions, but of the training under which they had been formed. My hand, I remember, remained in his while I talked, as if he had been my brother; till he suddenly put it down and plunged into the bushes for a bunch of wild roses. A party of walkers came round an angle a moment after; and, waking up to a consciousness of our surroundings, we found, or *I* did, that we were just at the end of the rocky walk, where we must mount up and take to the plain.

The evening was falling very fair over plain and hill when we got to the upper level. Mr. Thorold proposed that I should go and see the camp, which I liked very much to do. So he took me all through it, and shewed and explained all sorts of things about the tents and the way of life they lived in them. He said he should like it very much, if he only had more room; but three or four in one little tent nine feet by nine, gave hardly, as he said, ‘a chance to a fellow.’ The tents and the camp alleys were full of cadets, loitering about, or talking, or busy with their accoutrements; here and there I saw an officer. Captain Percival bowed, Captain Lascelles spoke. I looked for Preston, but I could see him nowhere. Then Mr. Thorold brought me into his own tent, introduced one or two cadets who

were loitering there and who immediately took themselves away; and made me sit down on what he called a 'locker.' The tent curtains were rolled tight up, as far as they would go, and so were the curtains of every other tent; most beautiful order prevailed everywhere and over every trifling detail.

'Well,' said Mr. Thorold, sitting down opposite me on a candle-box — 'how do you think you would like camp life?'

'The tents are too close together,' I said.

He laughed, with a good deal of amusement.

'That will do!' he said. 'You begin by knocking the camp to pieces.'

'But it is beautiful,' I went on.

'And not comfortable. Well it is pretty comfortable,' he said.

'How do you do when it storms very hard — at night?'

'Sleep.'

'Don't you ever get wet?'

'That makes no difference.'

'Sleep in the wet!' said I. And he laughed again at me. It was not banter. The whole look and air of the man testified to a thorough soldierly, manly contempt of little things — of all things that might come in the way of order and his duty. An intrinsic independence and withal control of circumstances, in so far as the mind can control them. I read the power to do it. But I wondered to myself if he never got homesick in that little tent and full camp. It would not do to touch the question.

'Do you know Preston Gary?' I asked. 'He is a cadet.'

‘I know him.’

I thought the tone of the words, careless as they were, signified little value for the knowledge.

‘I have not seen him anywhere,’ I remarked.

‘Do you want to see him? He has seen you.’

‘No, he cannot,’ I said, ‘or he would have come to speak to me.’

‘He would if he could,’ replied Mr. Thorold, — ‘no doubt; but the liberty is wanting. He is on guard. We crossed his path as we came into the camp.’

‘On guard!’ I said. ‘Is he? Why, he was on guard only a day or two ago. Does it come so often?’

‘It comes pretty often in Gary’s case,’ said my companion.

‘Does it?’ I said. ‘He does not like it.’

‘No,’ said Mr. Thorold merrily. ‘It is not a favourite amusement in most cases.’

‘Then why does he have so much of it?’

‘Gary is not fond of discipline.’

I guessed this might be true. I knew enough of Preston for that. But it startled me.

‘Does he not obey the regulations?’ I asked presently in a lowered tone.

Mr. Thorold smiled. ‘He is a friend of yours, Miss Randolph?’

‘Yes,’ I said. ‘He is my mother’s nephew.’

‘Then he is your cousin?’ said my companion. Another of those penetrative glances fell on me. They were peculiar; they flashed upon me, or through me, as keen and clear as the flash of a sabre in the sun; and out of eyes in which a sunlight of merriment or benignity was even then glowing. Both glowed

upon me just at this moment, so I did not mind the keen investigation. Indeed I never minded it. I learned to know it as one of Mr. Thorold's peculiarities. Now Dr. Sandford had a good eye for reading people, but it never flashed, unless under strong excitement. Mr. Thorold's were dancing and flashing and sparkling with fifty things by turns; their fund of amusement and power of observation were the first things that struck me, and they attracted me too.

'Then he is your cousin?'

'Of course, he is my cousin.'

I thought Mr. Thorold seemed a little bit grave and silent for a moment; then he rose up, with that benign look of his eyes glowing all over me, and told me there was the drum for parade. 'Only the first drum,' he added; so I need not be in a hurry. 'Would I go home before parade?'

I thought I would. If Preston was pacing up and down the side of the camp ground, I thought I did not want to see him nor to have him see me; as he was there for what I called disgrace. Moreover I had a secret presentiment of a breezy discussion with him the next time there was a chance.

And I was not disappointed. The next day, in the afternoon he came to see us. Mrs. Sandford and I were sitting on the piazza, where the heat of an excessively sultry day was now relieved a little by a slender breeze coming out of the north-west. It was very hot still. Preston sat down and made conversation in an abstracted way for a little while.

'We did not see you at the hop the other night, Mr. Gary,' Mrs. Sandford remarked.

'No. Were you there?' said Preston.

‘Everybody was there — except you.’

‘And Daisy? Were *you* there, Daisy?’

‘Certainly,’ Mrs. Sandford responded. ‘Everybody else could have been better missed.’

‘I did not know you went there,’ said Preston, in something so like a growl that Mrs. Sandford lifted her eyes to look at him.

‘I do not wonder you are jealous,’ she said composedly.

‘Jealous!’ said Preston, with growl the second.

‘You had more reason than you knew.’

Preston grumbled something about the hops being ‘stupid places.’ I kept carefully still.

‘Daisy, did *you* go?’

I looked up and said yes.

‘Whom did you dance with?’

‘With everybody,’ said Mrs. Sandford. ‘That is, so far as the length of the evening made it possible. Blue and grey, and all colours.’

‘I don’t want you to dance with everybody,’ said Preston, in a more undertone growl.

‘There is no way to prevent it,’ said Mrs. Sandford, ‘but to be there and ask her yourself.’

I did not thank Mrs. Sandford privately for this suggestion; which Preston immediately followed up by enquiring ‘if we were going to the hop to-night?’

‘Certainly,’ Mrs. Sandford said.

‘It’s too confounded hot!’

‘Not for us who are accustomed to the climate,’ Mrs. Sandford said with spirit.

‘It’s a bore altogether,’ muttered Preston. ‘Daisy, are you going to-night?’

‘I suppose so.’

‘Well, if you must go, you may as well dance with me as with anybody. So tell anybody else that you are engaged. I will take care of you.’

‘Don’t you wish to dance with anybody except me?’

‘I do not,’ said Preston slowly. ‘As I said, it is too hot. I consider the whole thing a bore.’

‘You shall not be bored for me,’ I said. ‘I refuse to dance with you. I hope I shall not see you there at all.’

‘Daisy!’

‘Well?’

‘Come down and take a little walk with me.’

‘You said, it is too hot.’

‘But you will dance?’

‘You will not dance.’

‘I want to speak to you, Daisy.’

‘You may speak,’ I said. I did not want to hear him, for there were no indications of anything agreeable in Preston’s manner.

‘Daisy!’ he said, — ‘I do not know you.’

‘You used to know her,’ said Mrs. Sandford; ‘that is all.’

‘Will you come and walk with me?’ said Preston almost angrily.

‘I do not think it would be pleasant,’ I said.

‘You were walking yesterday afternoon.’

‘Yes.’

‘Come and walk up and down the piazza, anyhow. You can do that.’

I could, and did not refuse. He chose the sunny western side, because no one was there. However, the sun’s rays were obscured under a thick haze and had been all day.

‘Whom were you with?’ Preston enquired as soon as we were out of earshot.

‘Do you mean yesterday?’

‘Of course I mean yesterday! I saw you cross in to the camp. With whom were you going there?’

‘Why did you not come to speak to me?’ I said.

‘I was on duty. I could not.’

‘I did not see you anywhere.’

‘I was on guard. You crossed my path not ten feet off.’

‘Then you must know whom I was with, Preston,’ I said looking at him.

‘You don’t know — that is the thing. It was that fellow Thorold.’

‘How came you to be on guard again so soon? You were on guard just a day or two before.’

‘That is all right enough. It is about military things, that you do not understand. It is all right enough, except these confounded Yankees. And Thorold is another.’

‘Who is *one*?’ I said laughing. ‘You say he is *another*.’

‘Blunt is one.’

‘I like Major Blunt.’

‘Daisy,’ said Preston, stopping short, ‘you ought to be with your mother. There is nobody to take care of you here. How came you to know that Thorold?’

‘He was introduced to me. What is the matter with him?’

‘You ought not to be going about with him. He is a regular Yankee, I tell you.’

‘What does that mean?’ I said. ‘You speak it as if you meant something very objectionable.’

‘I do. They are a cowardly set of tailors. They have no idea what a gentleman means, not one of them, unless they have caught the idea from a Southerner. I don’t want you to have anything to do with them, Daisy. You *must* not dance with them, and you must not be seen with this Thorold. Promise me you will not.’

‘Dr. Sandford is another,’ I said.

‘I can’t help Dr. Sandford. He is your guardian. You must not go again with Thorold!’

‘Did you ever know *him* cowardly?’ I asked.

I was sure that Preston coloured; whether with any feeling beside anger I could not make out; but the anger was certain.

‘What do you know about it?’ he asked.

‘What do you?’ I rejoined. But Preston changed more and more.

‘Daisy, promise me you will not have anything to do with these fellows. You are too good to dance with them. There are plenty of Southern people here now, and lots of Southern cadets.’

‘Mr. Caxton is one,’ I said. ‘I don’t like him.’

‘He is of an excellent Georgia family,’ said Preston.

‘I cannot help that. He is neither gentlemanly in his habits, nor true in his speech.’

Preston hereupon broke out into an untempered abuse of Northern things in general and Northern cadets in particular, mingled with a repetition of his demands upon me. At length I turned from him.

‘This is very tiresome, Preston,’ I said; ‘and this side of the house is very warm. Of course I must dance with whoever asks me.’

‘Well, I have asked you for this evening,’ he said following me.

‘You are not to go,’ I said. ‘I shall not dance with you once,’ and I took my former place by Mrs. Sandford. Preston fumed; declared I was just like a piece of marble; and went away. I did not feel quite so impassive as he said I looked.

‘What are you going to wear to-night, Daisy?’ Mrs. Sandford asked presently.

‘I don’t know, ma’am.’

‘But you must know soon, my dear. Have you agreed to give your cousin half the evening?’

‘No, ma’am — I could not — I am engaged for every dance, and more.’

‘More!’ said Mrs. Sandford.

‘Yes ma’am — for the next time.’

‘Preston has reason!’ she said laughing. ‘But I think, Daisy, Grant will be the most jealous of all. Do him good. What will become of his sciences and his microscope now?’

‘Why I shall be just as ready for them,’ I said.

Mrs. Sandford shook her head. ‘You will find the hops will take more than that,’ she said. ‘But now, Daisy, think what you will wear; for we must go soon and get ready.’

I did not want to think about it. I expected of course to put on the same dress I had worn the last time. But Mrs. Sandford objected very strongly.

‘You must not wear the same thing twice running,’ she said; ‘not if you can help it.’

I could not imagine why not.

‘It is quite nice enough,’ I urged. ‘It is scarcely the least mussed in the world.’

‘People will think you have not another, my dear.’

‘What matter would that be?’ I said, wholly puzzled.

‘Now my dear Daisy!’ said Mrs. Sandford half laughing, — ‘you are the veriest Daisy in the world, and do not understand the world that you grow in. No matter; just oblige me, and put on something else to-night. What have you got?’

I had other dresses like the rejected one. I had another still, white like them, but of different make and quality. I hardly knew what it was, for I had never worn it; to please Mrs. Sandford I took it out now. She was pleased. It was, like the rest, out of the store my mother had sent me; a soft India muslin, of beautiful texture, made and trimmed as my mother and a Parisian artist could manage between them. But no Parisian artist could know better than my mother how a thing should be.

‘That will do!’ said Mrs. Sandford approvingly. ‘Dear me, what lace! What lace you Southern ladies do wear, to be sure! A blue sash, now, Daisy?’

‘No ma’am, I think not.’

‘Rose? It must be blue or rose.’

But I thought differently and kept it white.

‘No colour?’ said Mrs. Sandford. ‘None at all? Then just let me put this little bit of green in your hair.’

As I stood before the glass and she tried various positions for some geranium leaves, I felt that would not do either. Any dressing of my head would commonize the whole thing. I watched her fingers and the geranium leaves going from one side of my head to the other, watched how every touch changed the

tone of my costume, and felt that I could not suffer it ; and then it suddenly occurred to me that I, who a little while before had not cared about my dress for the evening, now did care, and that determinedly. I knew I would wear no geranium leaves, not even to please Mrs. Sandford. And for the first time a question stole into my mind, what was I, Daisy, doing? But then I said to myself, that the dress without this head adorning was perfect in its elegance ; it suited me ; and it was not wrong to like beauty nor to dislike things in bad taste. Perhaps I was too handsomely dressed, but I could not change that now. Another time I would go back to my embroidered muslins, and stay there.

‘ I like it better without anything, Mrs. Sandford,’ I said, removing her green decorations and turning away from the glass. Mrs. Sandford sighed, but said ‘ it would do without them,’ and away we went.

I can see it all again ; I can almost feel the omnibus roll with me over the plain, that still sultry night. All those nights were sultry. Then as we came near the Academic Building, I could see the lights in the upper windows ; here and there an officer sitting in a window-sill, and the figures of cadets passing back and forth. Then we mounted to the hall above, filled with cadets in a little crowd, and words of recognition came, and Preston meeting us almost before we got out of the dressing room.

‘ Daisy, you dance with me?’

‘ I am engaged, Preston, for the first dance.’

‘ Already ! The second, then, and all the others?’

‘ I am engaged ’ — I repeated, and left him, for Mr. Thorold was at my side.

I forgot Preston the next minute. It was easy to forget him, for all the first half of the evening I was honestly happy in dancing. In talking too, whenever Thorold was my partner; other people's talk was very tiresome. They went over the platitudes of the day; or they started subjects of interest that were not interesting to me. Bits of gossip—discussions of fashionable amusements with which I could have nothing to do; frivolous badinage, which was of all things most distasteful to me. Yet amid it all, I believe, there was a subtle incense of admiration which by degrees and insensibly found its way to my senses. But I had two dances with Thorold, and at those times I was myself and enjoyed unalloyed pleasure. And so I thought did he.

I saw Preston, when now and then I caught a glimpse of him, looking excessively glum. Midway in the evening it happened that I was standing beside him for a few moments, waiting for my next partner.

'You are dancing with nobody but that man whom I hate!' he grumbled. 'Who is it now?'

'Capt. Vaux.'

'Will you dance with me after that?'

'I cannot, Preston. I must dance with Major Banks.'

'You seem to like it pretty well,' he growled.

'No wonder,' said Mrs. Sandford. 'You were quite right about the geranium leaves, Daisy; you do not want them. You do not want anything, my dear,' she whispered.

At this instant a fresh party entered the room, just as my partner came up to claim me.

‘There are some handsome girls,’ said the captain. ‘Two of them, really!’

‘People from Cozzens’s,’ said Mrs. Sandford, ‘who think the cadets keep New York hours.’

It was Faustina St. Clair and Mary Lansing, with their friends and guardians, I don’t know whom. And as I moved to take my place in the dance, I was presently confronted by my school adversary and the partner she had immediately found. The greeting was very slight and cool on her side.

‘Excessively handsome,’ whispered the captain. ‘A friend of yours?’

‘A schoolfellow,’ I said.

‘Must be a pleasant thing, I declare, to have such handsome schoolfellows,’ said the captain. ‘Beauty is a great thing, isn’t it? I wonder sometimes how the ladies can make up their minds to take up with such great rough ugly fellows as we are, for a set. How do you think it is?’

I thought it was wonderful too, when they were like him. But I said nothing.

‘Dress too,’ said the captain. ‘Now look at our dress! Straight and square and stiff; and no variety in it. While our eyes are delighted on the other side with soft draperies and fine colours, and combinations of grace and elegance, that are fit to put a man in Elysium!’

‘Did you notice the colour of the haze in the west, this evening at sunset?’ I asked.

‘Haze? No, really. I didn’t know there was any haze, really, except in my head. I get hazy amidst these combinations. Seriously, Miss Randolph, what do you think of a soldier’s life?’

‘It depends on who the soldier is,’ I said.

‘Cool, really!’ said the captain. ‘Cool! Ha! ha! —’

And he laughed, till I wondered what I could have said to amuse him so much.

‘Then you have learned to individualize soldiers already?’ was his next question, put with a look which seemed to me inquisitive and impertinent. I did not know how to answer it, and left it unanswered; and the captain and I had the rest of our dance out in silence. Meanwhile, I could not help watching Faustina. She was so very handsome, with a marked, dashing sort of beauty that I saw was prodigiously admired. She took no notice of me, and barely touched the tips of my fingers with her glove as we passed in the dance.

As he was leading me back to Mrs. Sandford, the captain stooped his head to mine. ‘Forgive me’ — he whispered. ‘So much gentleness cannot bear revenge. I am only a soldier.’

‘Forgive you what, sir?’ I asked. And he drew up his head again, half laughed, muttered that I was worse than grape or round shot, and handed me over to my guardian.

‘My dear Daisy,’ said Mrs. Sandford, ‘if you were not so sweet as you are, you would be a queen. There, now! do not lift up your grey eyes at me like that, or I shall make you a reverence the first thing I do, and fancy that I am one of your dames d’honneur. Who is next? Major Banks? Take care, Daisy, or you’ll do some mischief.’

I had not time to think about her words; the dances went forward, and I took my part in them with great pleasure until the tattoo summons broke us up. In-

deed my pleasure lasted until we got home to the hotel and I heard Mrs. Sandford saying in an aside to her husband, amid some rejoicing over me,—‘I was dreadfully afraid she wouldn’t go.’ The words, or something in them, gave me a check. However, I had too many exciting things to think of to take it up just then; and my brain was in a whirl of pleasure till I went to sleep.

CHAPTER XVII.

OBEYING ORDERS.

As I roomed with Mrs. Sandford, of course I had very scant opportunities of being by myself. In the delightful early mornings I was accustomed to take my book therefore and go down where I had gone the first morning, to the rocks by the river's side. Nobody came by that way at so early an hour ; I had been seen by nobody except that one time, when Thorold and his companion passed me ; and I felt quite safe. It was pleasanter down there than can be told. However sultry the air on the heights above, so near the water there was always a savour of freshness ; or else I fancied it, in the hearing of the soft liquid murmur of the little wavelets against the shore. But sometimes it was so still I could hear nothing of that ; then birds and insects, or the faint notes of a bugle call, were the only things to break the absolute hush ; and the light was my refreshment, on river and tree and rock and hill ; one day sharp and clear, another day fairyland-like and dreamy through golden mist.

It was a good retiring place in any case, so early in the day. I could read and pray there better than in a room, I thought. The next morning after my second dancing party, I was there as usual. It was a sultry July morning, the yellow light in the haze on the hills

threatening a very hot day. I was very happy, as usual; but somehow my thoughts went roaming off into the yellow haze as if the landscape had been my life, and I were trying to pick out points of light here and there, and sporting on the gay surface. I danced my dances over again in the flow of the river; heard soft words of kindness or admiration in the song of the birds; wandered away in mazes of speculative fancy among the thickets of tree stems and underbrush. The sweet wonderful note of a wood thrush, somewhere far out of sight, assured me, what everything conspired to assure me, that I was certainly in fairyland, not on the common earth. But I could not somehow get on with my Bible. Again and again I began to read; then a bird or a bough or a ripple would catch my attention, and straightway I was off on a flight of fancy or memory, dancing over again my dances with Mr. Thorold, dwelling upon the impression of his figure and dress, and the fascination of his brilliant, changing hazel eyes; or recalling Captain Vaux's or somebody else's insipid words and looks, or Faustina St. Clair's manner of ill will; or on the other hand giving a passing thought to the question, how I should dress the next hop night. After a long wandering I would come back and begin at my Bible again, but only for a little; my fancy could not be held to it; and a few scarcely read verses and a few half-uttered petitions were all I had accomplished before the clangour of the hotel gong sounding down even to me, warned me that my time was gone. And the note of the wood thrush as I slowly mounted the path, struck reproachfully and rebukingly upon the ear of my conscience.

How had this come about? I mused as I went up the hill. What was the matter? What had bewitched me? No pleasure in my Bible; no time for prayer; and only the motion of feet moving to music, only the flutter of lace and muslin, and the flashing of hazel eyes, filling my brain? What was wrong? Nay, something! And why had Mrs. Sandford 'feared' I would not go to the hops? Were they not places for Christians to go to? What earthly harm? Only pleasure. But what if, pleasure that marred better pleasure—that interrupted duty? And why was I ruminating on styles and colours, and proposing to put on another dress that should be more becoming the next time? and thinking that it would be well it should be a contrast to Faustina St. Clair? What! entering the lists with her, on her own field? No, no; I could not think it. But what then? And what was this little flutter at my heart about gentlemen's words and looks of homage and liking? What could it be to me, that such people as Captain Vaux or Captain Lascelles liked me? Captain Lascelles, who when he was not dancing or flirting was pleased to curl himself up on one of the window seats like a monkey and take a grinning survey of what went on. Was I flattered by such admiration as his?—or *any* admiration? I liked to have Mr. Thorold like me; yes, I was not wrong to be pleased with that; besides, that was *liking*; not empty compliments. But for my lace and my India muslin and my 'Southern elegance'—I knew Colonel Walrus meant me when he talked about that,—was I thinking of admiration for such things as these, and thinking so much, that my Bible reading had lost its

charm? What was in fault? Not the hops? They were too pleasant. It could not be the hops.

I mounted the hill slowly and in a great maze, getting more and more troubled. I entering the lists with Faustina St. Clair, going in her ways? I knew these were her ways. I had heard scraps enough of conversation among the girls about these things, which I then did not understand. And another word came therewith into my mind, powerful once before and powerful now to disentangle the false from the true. 'The world knoweth us not.' Did it not know me, last night? Would it not, if I went there again? But the hops were so pleasant!

It almost excites a smile in me now to think how pleasant they were. I was only sixteen. I had seen no dancing parties other than the little school assemblages at Mme. Ricard's; and I was fond of the amusement even there. Here, it seemed to me then as if all prettiness and pleasantness that could come together in such a gathering, met, in the dancing room of the cadets. I think not very differently now, as to that point. The pretty accompaniments of uniform; the simple style and hours; the hearty enjoyment of the occasion; were all a little unlike what is found at other places. And to me, and to increase my difficulty, came a crowning pleasure; I met Thorold there. To have a good dance and talk with him was worth certainly all the rest. Must I give it up?

I could not bear to think so, but the difficulty helped to prick my conscience. There had been only two hops, and I was so enthralled already. How would it be if I had been to a dozen? and where might it end? And the word stands,—'the world knoweth us *not*.'

It must not know me, Daisy Randolph, as in any sort belonging to it or mixed up with it; and therefore — Daisy Randolph must go to the hop no more. I felt the certainty of the decision growing over me, even while I was appalled by it. I staved off consideration all that day.

In the afternoon Mr. Thorold came and took me to see the laboratory, and explained for me a number of curious things. I should have had great enjoyment, if Preston had not taken it into his head, unasked, to go along; being unluckily with me when Thorold came. He was a thorough marplot; saying nothing of consequence himself, and only keeping a grim watch — I could take it as nothing else — of everything we said and did. Consequently, Mr. Thorold's lecture was very proper and grave, instead of being full of fun and amusement as well as instruction. I took Preston to task about it when we got home.

'You hinder pleasure when you go in that mood,' I told him.

'What mood?'

'You know. You never are pleasant when Mr. Thorold is present or when he is mentioned.'

'He is a cowardly Yankee!' was Preston's rejoinder.

'*Cowardly, Gary?*' — said somebody near; and I saw a cadet whom I did not know, who came from behind us and passed by on the piazza. He did not look at us, and staid not for any more words; but turning to Preston, I was surprised to see his face violently flushed.

'Who was that?'

'No matter — impertinence!' he muttered.

‘But what is the matter? and what did he mean?’

‘He is one of Thorold’s set,’ said Preston; ‘and I tell you, Daisy, you shall not have anything to do with them. Aunt Felicia would never allow it. She would not look at them herself. You shall not have anything more to do with them.’

How could I, if I was going no more to the hops? How could I see Thorold, or anybody? The thought struck to my heart, and I made no answer. Company however kept me from considering the matter all the evening.

But the next day, early, I was in my usual place; near the river side, among the rocks, with my Bible; and I resolved to settle the question there as it ought to be settled. I was resolved; but to do what I had resolved, was difficult. For I wanted to go to the hop that evening very much. Visions of it floated before me; snatches of music and gleams of light; figures moving in harmony; words, and looks; and — my own white little person. All these made a kind of quaint mosaic with flashes of light on the river, and broad warm bands of sunshine on the hills, and the foliage of trees and bushes, and the grey lichened rocks at my foot. It was confusing; but I turned over the leaves of my Bible to see if I could find some undoubted direction as to what I ought to do, or perhaps rather some clear permission for what I wished to do. I could not remember that the Bible said anything about dancing, pro or con; dancing, I thought, could not be wrong; but this confusion in my mind was not right. I fluttered over my leaves a good while with no help; than I thought I might as well take a chapter somewhere and study it through. The whole chapter, it

was the third of Colossians, did not seem to me to go favourably for my pleasure ; but the seventeenth verse brought me to a point, — ‘ Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus.’

There was no loophole here for excuses or getting off, ‘ *Whatsoever ye do.*’ Did I wish it otherwise? No, I did not. I was content with the terms of service ; but now about dancing, or rather the dancing party? ‘ In the name of the Lord Jesus.’ Could I go there in that name? as the servant of my Master, busy about his work, or taking pleasure that He had given me to take? That was the question. And all my visions of gay words and gay scenes, all the flutter of pleased vanity and the hope of it, rose up and answered me. By that thought of the pretty dress I would wear, I knew I should not wear it ‘ in the name of the Lord Jesus ;’ for my thought was of honour to myself, not to him. By the fear which darted into my head, that Mr. Thorold might dance with Faustina if I were not there, I knew I should not go ‘ in the name of the Lord,’ if I went ; but to gratify my own selfish pride and emulation. By the confusion which had reigned in my brain these two days, by the tastelessness of my Bible, by the unaptness for prayer, I knew, I knew, I could not go in the name of my Lord, for it would be to unfit myself for his work.

The matter was settled in one way ; but the pain of it took longer to come to an end. It is sorrowful to me to remember now how hard it was to get over. My vanity I was heartily ashamed of, and bade that shew its head no more ; my emulation of Faustina St. Clair gave me some horror ; but the pleasure, — the real honest pleasure, of the scene and the music and

the excitement and the dancing and the seeing people, — all that, I did not let go forever without a hard time of sorrow and some tears. It was not a *struggle*, for I gave that up at once; only I had to fight pain. It was one of the hardest things I ever did in my life. And the worst of all and the most incurable was, I should miss seeing Mr. Thorold. One or two more walks, possibly, I might have with him; but those long, short, evenings of seeing and talking and dancing —

Mrs. Sandford argued, coaxed, and rallied me; and then said, if I would not go, she should not; and she did not. That evening we spent at home together, and alone; for everybody else had drifted over to the hop. I suppose Mrs. Sandford found it dull; for the next hop night she changed her mind and left me. I had rather a sorrowful evening. Dr. Sandford had not come back from the mountains; indeed I did not wish for him; and Thorold had not been near us for several days. My fairyland was getting disenchanted a little bit. But I was quite sure I had done right.

The next morning I had hardly been three minutes on my rock by the river, when Mr. Thorold came round the turn of the walk and took a seat beside me.

‘How do you do?’ said he, stretching out his hand. I put mine in it.

‘What has become of my friend, this seven years?’

‘I am here —’ I said.

‘I see you. But why have I *not* seen you, all this while?’

‘I supposed you had been busy,’ I answered.

‘Busy! Of course I have, or I should have been here asking questions. I was not too busy to dance

with you; and I was promised — how many dances? Where have you been?’

‘I have been at home.’

‘Why?’

Would Mr. Thorold understand me? Mrs. Sandford did not. My own mother never did. I hesitated, and he repeated his question, and those hazel eyes were sparkling all sorts of queries around me.

‘I have given up going to the hops,’ I said.

‘Given up? Do you mean, you *don’t* mean, that you are never coming any more?’

‘I am not coming any more.’

‘Don’t you sometimes change your decisions?’

‘I suppose I do,’ I answered; ‘but not this one.’

‘I am in a great puzzle,’ he said. ‘And very sorry. Aren’t you going to be so good as to give me some clue to this mystery? Did you find the hops so dull?’

And he looked very serious indeed.

‘O no! —’ I said. ‘I liked them very much — I enjoyed them very much. I am sorry to stay away.’

‘Then you will not stay away very long.’

‘Yes — I shall.’

‘Why?’ — he asked again, with a little sort of imperative curiosity which was somehow very pleasant to me.

‘I do not think it is right for me to go,’ I said. Then, seeing grave astonishment and great mystification in his face, I added, ‘I am a Christian, Mr. Thorold.’

‘A Christian!’ he cried, with flashes of light and shadow crossing his brow. ‘Is *that* it?’

‘That is it,’ I assented.

‘But my dear Miss Randolph — you know we are friends?’

‘Yes,’ I said smiling and glad that he had not forgotten it.

‘Then we may talk about what we like. Christians go to hops.’

I looked at him without answering.

‘Don’t you know they do?’

‘I suppose they may,’ — I answered slowly.

‘But they *do*. There was our former colonel’s wife — Mrs. Holt; she was a regular church-goer, and a member of the church; she was always at the hop, and her sister; they are both church members. Mrs. Lambkin, Gen. Lambkin’s wife, she is another. Major Banks’s sisters — those pretty girls, — they are always there; and it is the same with visiters. Everybody comes; their being Christians does not make any difference.’

‘Capt. Thorold,’ said I, — ‘I mean Mr. Thorold, don’t you obey your orders?’

‘Yes — generally,’ he said. And he laughed.

‘So must I.’

‘You are not a soldier.’

‘Yes — I am.’

‘Have you got orders not to come to our hop?’

‘I think I have. You will not understand me, but this is what I mean, Mr. Thorold. I *am* a soldier, of another sort from you; and I have orders not to go anywhere that my Captain does not send me or where I cannot be serving him.’

‘I wish you would shew those orders to me.’

I gave him the open page which I had been studying, that same chapter of Colossians, and pointed out the

words. He looked at them, and turned over the page, and turned it back.

‘I don’t see the orders,’ he said.

I was silent. I had not expected he would.

‘And I was going to say, I never saw any Christians that were soldiers; but I have, one. And so you are another?’ And he bent upon me a look so curiously considering, tender, and wondering, at once, that I could not help smiling.

‘A soldier!’ said he again, — ‘You? Have you ever been under fire?’

I smiled again, and then, I don’t know what it was. I cannot tell what, in the question and in the look, touched some weak spot. The question called up such sharp answers; the look spoke so much sympathy. It was very odd for me to do; but I was taken unawares; my eyes fell and filled, and before I could help it were more than full. I do not know, to this day, how I came to cry before Thorold. It was very soon over, my weakness, whatever it was. It seemed to touch him amazingly. He got hold of my hand, put it to his lips, and kissed it over and over, outside and inside.

‘I can see it all in your face!’ he said tenderly; ‘the strength and the truth to do anything, and bear — whatever is necessary. But I am not so good as you. I cannot bear anything unless it is necessary; and this isn’t.’

‘O no, nor I!’ I said; ‘but this is necessary, Mr. Thorold.’

‘Prove it — come.’

‘You do not see the orders,’ I said; ‘but there they are. “Do all in the name of the Lord Jesus.” I cannot go to that place “in his name.”’

‘I do not think I understand what you mean,’ he said gently. ‘A soldier, the best that ever lived, is his own man when he is off duty. We go to the hop to play — not to work.’

‘Ah, but a soldier of Christ is never “off duty,”’ I said. ‘See, Mr. Thorold — “*whatsoever* ye do” — “whether ye eat or drink or *whatsoever* ye do” — That covers all; don’t you see?’

‘That would make it a very heavy thing to be a Christian,’ he said; ‘there would be no liberty at all.’

‘O but it is all liberty!’ I said. — ‘When you love Jesus.’

He looked at me so enquiringly, so inquisitively, that I went on.

‘You do not think it hard to do things for anybody you love?’

‘No,’ said he. ‘I would like to do things for you.’

I remember I smiled at that, for it seemed to me very pleasant to hear him say it; but I went on.

‘Then you understand it, Mr. Thorold.’

‘No,’ said he, ‘I do not understand it; for there is this difficulty. I do not see what in the world such an innocent amusement as that we are talking of, can have to do with Christian duty, one way or another. Every Christian woman that I know comes to it, — that is young enough; and some that aren’t.’

It was very hard to explain.

‘Suppose they disobey orders,’ I said slowly; — ‘that would be another reason why I should obey them.’

‘Of course. But do they?’

‘I should,’ I said. ‘I am not serving Christ when I

am there. I am not doing the work he has given me to do. I cannot go.'

'I came down here on purpose to persuade you,' he said.

It was not necessary to answer that, otherwise than by a look.

'And you are unpersuadable,' he said; 'unmanageable, of course, by me; strong as a giant, and gentle as a snowflake. But the snowflake melts; and you—you will go up to the hotel as good a crystal as when you came down.'

This made me laugh, and we had a good laugh together, holding each other's hand.

'Do you know,' said he, 'I must go? There is a roll of a summons that reaches my ear, and I must be at the top of the bank in one minute and a quarter. I had no leave to be here.'

'Hadh't you?' I said. 'O then go, go directly, Mr. Thorold!'

But I could not immediately release my hand, and holding it and looking at me Thorold laughed again; his hazel eyes sparkling and dancing and varying with what feelings I could not tell. They looked very steadily too, till I remember mine went down, and then lifting his cap he turned suddenly and sprang away. I sat down to get breath and think.

I had come to my place rather sober and sorrowful; and what a pleasant morning I had had! I did not mind at all now my not going to the dances. I had explained myself to Mr. Thorold, and we were not any further apart for it, and I had had a chance to speak to him about other things too. And though he did not understand me, perhaps he would some day.

The warning gong sounded before I had well got to my Bible reading. My Bible reading was very pleasant this morning, and I could not be balked of it; so I spent over it near the whole half hour that remained, and rushed up to the hotel in the last five minutes. Of course I was rather late and quite out of breath; and having no voice and being a little excited, I suppose was the reason that I curtseyed to Dr. Sandford, whom I met at the head of the piazza steps. He looked at me like a man taken aback.

‘Daisy!’ he exclaimed.

‘Yes, sir,’ I answered.

‘Where have you come from?’

‘From my study,’ I said. ‘I have a nice place down by the river which is my study.’

‘Rather a public situation for a private withdrawing place,’ said the doctor.

‘O no!’ said I. ‘At this hour —’ But there I stopped and began again. ‘It is really very private. And it is the pleasantest study place I think I ever had.’

‘To study what?’

I held up my book.

‘It agrees with you,’ said the doctor.

‘What?’ said I laughing.

‘Daisy!’ said Dr. Sandford — ‘I left a quiet bud of a flower a few days ago — a little demure bit of a schoolgirl, learning geology; and I have got a young princess here, a full rose, prickles and all, I don’t doubt. What has Mrs. Sandford done with you?’

‘I do not know,’ said I, thinking I had better be demure again. ‘She took me to the hop.’

‘The hop? — How did you like that?’

‘I liked it very much.’

‘You did? You liked it? I did not know that you would go, with your peculiar notions.’

‘I went,’ I said; ‘I did not know what it was. How could I help liking it? But I am not going again.’

‘Why not, if you liked it?’

‘I am not going again,’ I repeated. ‘Shall we have a walk to the hills to-day, Dr. Sandford?’

‘Grant!’ said his sister-in-law’s voice, ‘don’t you mean the child shall have any breakfast? What made you so late, Daisy? Come in, and talk afterwards. Grant is uneasy if he can’t see at least your shadow all the while.’

We went in to breakfast, and I took a delightful walk with Dr. Sandford afterward, back in the ravines of the hills; but I had got an odd little impression of two things. First, that he, like Preston, was glad to have me give up going to the hops. I was sure of it from his air and tone of voice, and it puzzled me; for he could not possibly have Preston’s dislike of Northerners, nor be unwilling that I should know them. The other thing was, that he would not like my seeing Mr. Thorold. I don’t know how I knew it, but I knew it. I thought — it was very odd — but I thought he was *jealous*; or rather, I felt he would be if he had any knowledge of our friendship for each other. So I resolved he should have no such knowledge.

Our life went on now as it had done at our first coming. Every day Dr. Sandford and I went to the woods and hills, on a regular naturalist’s expedition; and nothing is so pleasant as such expeditions. At home, we were busy with microscopic examinations,

preparations, and studies; delightful studies, and beautiful lessons, in which the doctor was the finest of instructors, as I have said, and I was at least the happiest of scholars. Mrs. Sandford fumed a little, and Mr. Sandford laughed; but that did no harm. Everybody went to the hops, except the doctor and me; and every morning and evening, at guardmounting and at parade, I was on the ground behind the guard tents to watch the things done and listen to the music and enjoy all the various beauty. Sometimes I had a glimpse of Thorold; for many both of cadets and officers used to come and speak to me and rally me on my seclusion, and endeavour to tempt me out of it. Thorold did not that; he only looked at me, as if I were something to be a little wondered at but wholly approved of. It was not a disagreeable look to meet.

‘I must have it out with you,’ he said one evening, when he had just a minute to speak to me. ‘There is a whole world of things I don’t understand, and want to talk about. Let us go Saturday afternoon and take a good long walk up to No. Four — do you like hills?’

‘Yes.’

‘Then let us go up there Saturday — will you?’

And when Saturday came, we went. Preston luckily was not on hand; and Dr. Sandford, also luckily, was gone to dine at the General’s with his brother. There were no more shadows on earth than there were clouds in the sky, as we took our way across the plain and along the bank in front of the officers’ quarters looking north, and went out at the gate. Then we left civilization and the world behind us, and plunged into a wild mountain region; going up by a track which

few feet ever used, the rough slope to 'Number Four.' Yet that a few feet used it was plain.

'Do people come here to walk, much?' I asked as we slowly made our way up.

'Nobody comes here — for anything.'

'Somebody *goes* here,' I said. 'This is a beaten path.'

'O there is a poor woodcutter's family at the top; they do travel up and down occasionally.'

'It is pretty,' I said.

'It is pretty at the top; but we are a long way from that. Is it too rough for you?'

'Not at all,' I said. 'I like it.'

'You are a good walker, for a Southern girl.'

'O but I have lived at the North,' I said; 'I am only Southern born.'

Soon however he made me stop to rest. There was a good grey rock under the shadow of the trees; Thorold placed me on that and threw himself on the moss at my feet. We were up so high in the world that the hills on the other side of the river rose beautifully before us through the trees, and a sunny bit of the lower ground of the plain looked like a bit of another world that we were leaving. It was a sunny afternoon and a little hazy; every line softened, every colour made richer under the mellowing atmosphere.

'Now you can explain it all to me,' said Thorold as he threw himself down. 'You have walked too fast. You are warm.'

'And you do not look as if it was warm at all.'

'I! This is nothing to me,' he said. 'But perhaps it will warm me and cool you, if we get into a talk. I want explanations.'

‘About what, Mr. Thorold?’

‘Well — if you will excuse me — about you,’ he said with a very pleasant look, frank and soft at once.

‘I am quite ready to explain myself,’ I said. ‘But I am afraid, when I have done it, that you will not understand me, Mr. Thorold.’

‘Think I cannot?’ said he.

‘I am afraid not, — without knowing what I know.’

‘Let us see,’ said Thorold. ‘I want to know why you judge so differently from other people about the right and the wrong of hops and such things. Somebody is mistaken — that is clear.’

‘But the difficulty is, I cannot give you my point of view.’

‘Please try —’ said Thorold contentedly, resting his elbow in a soft cushion of moss.

‘Mr. Thorold, I told you, I am a soldier.’

‘Yes —’ he said, looking up at me, and little sparkles of light seeming to come out of his hazel eyes.

‘I shewed you my orders.’

‘But I did not understand them to be what you said.’

‘Suppose you were were in an enemy’s country,’ I said; — ‘a rebel country; and your orders were, to do nothing which could be construed into encouraging the rebels, or which could help them to think that your king would hold friendship with them, or that there was not a perfect gulf of division between you and them.’

‘But this is not such a case?’ said Thorold.

‘That is only part,’ I said. ‘Suppose your orders were, to keep constant watch and hold yourself at every minute ready for duty, and to go nowhere and

do nothing that would unfit you for instant service or put you off your watch.'

'But Miss Randolph!' said Thorold, a little impatiently — 'do these little dances unfit you for duty?'

'Yes,' I said. 'And put me off my watch.'

'Your watch against what? O pardon me! and *please* enlighten me. I do not mean to be impatient.'

'I mean my watch for orders — my watch against evil.'

'Won't you explain?' said Thorold gently and impatiently at once. 'What sort of evil can *you* possibly fear, in connection with such an innocent little recreation? What sort of "orders" are you expecting?'

I hesitated. Should I tell him? would he believe? was it best to unveil the working of my own heart to that degree? And how could I evade or shirk the question?

'I should not like to tell you,' I said at length, 'the thoughts and feelings I found stirring in myself, after the last time I went to the hop. I dare say they are something that belongs especially to a woman, and that a man would not know them.'

Thorold turned on me again a wonderfully gentle look, for a gay fiery young Vermonter, as I knew him to be.

'It wanted only that!' he said. — 'And the orders, Miss Randolph — what "orders" are you expecting? You said, orders.'

'Orders may be given by a sign,' I said. 'They need not be in words.'

He smiled. 'I see, you have studied the subject.'

‘I mean, only, that whenever a duty is plainly put before me — something given me to do — I know I have “orders” to do it. And then, Mr. Thorold, as the orders are not spoken, nor brought to me by a messenger, only made known to me by a sign of some sort, — if I did not keep a good watch, I should be sure to miss the sign sometimes, don’t you see?’

‘This is soldiership!’ said Thorold. And getting up, he stood before me in attitude like a soldier as he was, erect, still, with arms folded, only not up to his chin like Capt. Percival, but folded manfully. He had been watching me very intently; now he stood as intently looking off over the further landscape. Methought I had a sort of pride in his fine appearance; and yet he did in no wise belong to me. Nevertheless it was pleasant to see, the firm, still attitude, the fine proportions, the military nicety of all his dress, which I had before noticed on the parade ground. For as there is a difference between one walk and another, though all trained; so there is a difference between one neatness and another, though all according to regulation; and Preston never looked like this.

He turned round at last, and smiled down at me.

‘Are you rested?’

‘O yes!’ I said rising. ‘I was not fatigued.’

‘Are you tired talking?’

‘No, not at all. Have I talked so very much?’

He laughed at that, but went on.

‘Will you be out of patience with my stupidity?’

I said no.

‘Because I am not fully enlightened yet. I want to ask further questions; and asking questions is very impertinent.’

‘Not if you have leave,’ I said. ‘Ask what you like.’

‘I am afraid nevertheless. But I can never know, if I do not ask. How is it — this is what puzzles me, — that other people who call themselves Christians do not think as you think about all this matter?’

‘Soldiership?’ I asked.

‘Well, yes. It comes to that, I suppose.’

‘You know what soldiership ought to be,’ I said.

‘But one little soldier cannot be all the rank and file of this army?’ he said looking down at me.

‘O no!’ I said laughing, — ‘there are a great many more, — there are a great many more, — only you do not happen to see them.’

‘And these others, that I do see, are not soldiers then?’

‘I do not know,’ I said, feeling sadly what a stumbling block it was. ‘Perhaps they are. But you know yourself, Mr. Thorold, there is a difference between soldiers and soldiers.’

He was silent a while, as we mounted the hill, and then suddenly broke out again.

‘But it makes religion a slavery — a bondage — to be *all* the while under arms, on guard, watching orders. *Always* on the watch and expecting to be under fire — it is too much; it would make a gloomy, ugly life of it.’

‘But suppose you *are* under fire?’ I said.

‘What?’ said he, looking and laughing again.

‘If you are a good soldier in an enemy’s country, always with work to do; will you wish to be off your guard, or off duty?’

‘But what a life!’ said Thorold.

‘If you love your Captain?’ said I.

He stopped and looked at me with one of the keenest looks of scrutiny I ever met. It seemed to scrutinize not me only, but the truth. I thought he was satisfied; for he turned away without adding anything more at that time. His mind was at work however; for he broke down a small branch in his way and busied himself with it in sweeping the trunks of the trees as we went by; varying the occupation with a careful clearing away of all stones and sticks that would make my path rougher than it need be. Finally, giving me his hand to help me spring over a little rivulet that crossed our way.

‘Here is an incongruity, now I think of it,’ said he smiling. ‘How is it that you can be on such good terms with a rebel? Ought you to have anything to do with me?’

‘I may be friends with anybody in his private capacity,’ I answered in the same tone. ‘That does not compromise anything. It is only when — You know what I mean.’

‘When they are assembled for doubtful purposes.’

‘Or gathered in a place where the wrong colours are displayed,’ I added. ‘I must not go there.’

‘There was no false banner hung out on the Academic Building the other night,’ he said humourously.

But I knew my King’s banner was not either. I knew, people did not think of Him there, nor work for Him, and would have been very much surprised to hear any one speak of Him. Say it was innocent amusement; people did not want Him with them there; and where He was not, I did not wish to be. But I could

not tell all this to Mr. Thorold. He was not contented however without an answer.

‘How was it?’ he asked.

‘You cannot understand me,’ I said, ‘and you may laugh at me.’

‘Why may I not understand you?’ he said gently, with the utmost deference of manner.

‘I suppose, because you do not understand something else,’ I said; ‘and you cannot, Mr. Thorold, until you know what the love of Jesus is, and what it is to care for his honour and his service more than for anything else in the world.’

‘But are they compromised?’ he asked. ‘That is the thing. You see, I want you back at the hop.’

‘I would like to come,’ said I; ‘but I must not.’

‘On the ground —?’

‘I told you, Mr. Thorold. I do not find that my orders allow me to go there. I must do nothing that I cannot do in my King’s name.’

‘That is —’

‘As his servant — on his errands — following where he leads me.’

‘I never heard it put so before,’ said Thorold. ‘It bears the stamp of perfection — only an impossible perfection.’

‘No —’ said I.

‘To ordinary mortals,’ he rejoined, with one of his quick brilliant flashes of the eye. Then as it softened and changed again, —

‘Miss Randolph, permit me to ask a not irrelevant question — Are you happy?’

And with the inquiry came the investigating look, keen as a razor or a rifle ball. I could meet it though;

and I told him, it was *this* made me happy. For the first time his face was troubled. He turned it from me and dropped the conversation. I let it drop too; and we walked side by side and silently the remainder of the steep way; neither of us, I believe, paying much attention to what there was to be seen below or around us. At the top however this changed. We found a good place to rest, and sat there a long time looking at the view; Thorold pointing out its different features, and telling me about them in detail; his visits to them, and exploration of the region generally. And we planned imaginary excursions together; one especially to the top of the Crow's Nest, with an imaginary party, to see the sun rise. We would have to go up of course over night; we must carry a tent along for shelter, and camp beds, and cooking utensils, at least a pot to boil coffee; and plenty of warm wraps and plenty of provisions, for people always eat terribly in cold regions, Thorold said. And although the top of the Crow's Nest is not Arctic by any means, still it is cool enough even in a warm day, and would be certainly cool at night. Also the members of our party we debated; they must be people of good tempers and travelling habits, not to be put out for a little; people with large tastes for enjoyment, to whom the glory of the morning would make amends for all the toil of the night; and good talkers, to keep up the tone of the whole thing. Meanwhile, Thorold and I heartily enjoyed Number Four; as also I did his explanations of fortifications, which I drew from him and made him apply to all the fortifications in sight or which I knew. And when the sun's westing told us it was time to go home, we went down all the way talking. I have but

- little remembrance of the path. The cool bright freshness of the light in the trees, and its brilliant gleams in the distance after it had left our hillside, — I remember that. I have an impression of the calm clear beauty that was under foot and overhead, that afternoon; but I saw it only as I could see it while giving my thought to something else. Sometimes, holding hands, we took runs down the mountain side; then walked demurely again when we got to easier going. We had come to the lower region at last and were not far from the gate, talking earnestly and walking close together, when I saw Thorold touch his cap. I do not know what made me ask,

‘Was that anybody I knew?’

‘I believe it was your friend Dr. Sandford,’ he said, smiling into my face with a smile of peculiar expression and peculiar beauty. I saw something had pleased him, pleased him very much. It could not have been Dr. Sandford. I cannot say I was pleased, as I had an intuitive assurance the doctor was not. But Thorold’s smile almost made amends.

That evening the doctor informed us he had got intelligence which obliged him to leave the Point immediately; and as he could go with us part of the way to Niagara, we had better all set off together. I had lost all my wish to go to Niagara; but I said nothing. Mrs. Sandford said there was nothing to be gained by staying at the Point any longer, as I would not go to the hops. So Monday morning we went away.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SOUTH AND NORTH.

WE made a round of pleasure after leaving West Point. That is, it was a round of pleasure to the rest of the party. I had left my best pleasure behind me. Certainly I enjoyed Catskill, and Trenton Falls, and Niagara, after some sort; but there was nothing in them all like my walk to Number Four. West Point had enough natural beauty to satisfy any one, I thought, even for all summer; and there I had besides what I had not elsewhere and never had before, a companion. All my earlier friends were far older than I, or beneath me in station. Preston was the single exception; and Preston and I were now widely apart in our sympathies; indeed always had been. Mr. Thorold and I talked to each other on a level; we understood each other and suited each other. I could let out my thoughts to him with a freedom I never could use with anybody else.

It grieved me a little that I had been forced to come away so abruptly that I had no chance of letting him know. Courtesy, I thought, demanded of me that I should have done this; and I could not do it; and this was a constant subject of regret to me.

At the end of our journey I came back to school. Letters from my father and mother desired that I

would do so, and appointed that I was to join them abroad next year. My mother had decided that it was best not to interfere with the regular course of my education; and my father renewed his promise that I should have any reward I chose to claim, to comfort me for the delay. So I bent myself to study with new energies and new hope.

I studied more things than school books that winter. The bits of political matter I had heard talked over at West Point were by no means forgotten; and once in a while, when I had time and a chance, I seized one of the papers from Mme. Ricard's library table and examined it. And every time I did so, something urged me to do it again. I was very ignorant. I had no clue to a great deal that was talked of in these prints; but I could perceive the low threatening growl of coming ill weather, which seemed to rise on the ear every time I listened. And a little anxiety began to grow up in my mind. Mme. Ricard of course never spoke on these subjects and probably did not care about them. Dr. Sandford was safe in Washington. I once asked Miss Cardigan what she thought. 'There are evil men abroad, dear,' she said. 'I don't know what they will be permitted to do.'

'Who do you hope will be elected?' I asked.

'I don't vote myself,' said Miss Cardigan; 'so I do not fash myself much with what I can't help; but I hope the man will be elected that will do the right thing.'

'And who is that?' I asked. 'You do not want slavery to be allowed in the territories?'

'I? Not I!' said Miss Cardigan. 'And if the people want to keep it out of them, I suppose they will

elect Abraham Lincoln. I don't know if he is the right man or no; but he is on the right side. "Break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free." That is my maxim, Daisy.'

I pondered this matter by turns more and more. By and by there began to be audible mutterings of a storm in the air around me. The first I heard was when we were all together in the evening with our work, the half hour before tea.

'Lincoln is elected' — whispered one of the girls to another.

'Who cares?' the other said aloud.

'What if he is?' asked a third.

'Then,' said a gentle, graceful looking girl, spreading her embroidery out on her lap with her slim white fingers, — '*then* there'll be fighting.'

It was given, this announcement, with the coolest matter-of-fact assurance.

'Who is going to fight?' was the next question.

The former speaker gave a glance up to see if her audience was safe, and then replied as coolly as before.

'My brother, for one.'

'What for, Sally?'

'Do you think we are going to have these vulgar Northerners rule over *us*? My cousin Marshall is coming back from Europe on purpose that he may be here and be ready. I know my aunt wrote him word that she would disinherit him if he did not.'

'Daisy Randolph — you are a Southerner,' said one of the girls.

'Of course, she is a Southerner,' said Sally going on with her embroidery. 'She is safe.'

But if I was safe, I was very uncomfortable. I hardly knew why I was so uncomfortable. Only, I wished ardently that troubles might not break out between the two quarters of the country. I had a sense that the storm would come near home. I could not recollect my mother and my father, without a dread that there would be opposing electricities between them and me.

I began to study the daily news more constantly and carefully. I had still the liberty of Mme.'s library, and the papers were always there. I could give to them only a few minutes now and then; but I felt that the growl of the storm was coming nearer and growing more threatening. Extracts from Southern papers seemed to me very violent and very wrong-headed; at the same time I knew that my mother would endorse them and Preston would echo them. Then South Carolina passed the ordinance of secession. Six days after, Maj. Anderson took possession of Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbour, and immediately the fort he had left and Castle Pinckney were garrisoned by the South Carolinians in opposition. I could not tell how much all this signified; but my heart began to give a premonitory beat sometimes. Mississippi followed South Carolina; then United States' forts and Arsenals were seized in North Carolina and Georgia, and Alabama, one after the other. The tone of the press was very threatening, at least of the Southern press. And not less significant, to my ear, was the whisper I occasionally heard among a portion of our own little community. A secret whisper, intense in its sympathy with the seceding half of the nation, contemptuously hostile to the other part.

among whom they were at that very moment receiving Northern education and Northern kindness. The girls even listened and gathered scraps of conversation that passed in their hearing, to retail them in letters sent home; 'they did not know,' they said, 'what might be of use.' Later, some of these letters were intercepted by the General Government and sent back from Washington to Mme. Ricard. All this told me much of the depth and breadth of feeling among the community of which these girls formed a part; and my knowledge of my own father and mother, aunt Gary and Preston, and others, told me more. I began to pray that God would not let war come in the land.

Then there was a day, in January I think, when a bit of public news was read out in presence of the whole family; a thing that rarely happened. It was evening, and we were all in the parlour with our work. I forget who was the reader, but I remember the words. "The steamer 'Star of the West,' with two hundred and fifty United States troops on board for Fort Sumter was fired into" (I forget the day) "by the batteries near Charleston." Young ladies, do you hear that? The steamer was fired into. That is the beginning.'

We looked at each other, we girls; startled, sorry, awed, with a strange glance of defiance from some eyes, while some flowed over with tears, and some were eager with a feeling that was not displeasure. All were silent at first. Then whispers began.

'I told you so,' said Sally.

'Well, *they* have begun it,' said Macy, who was a new York girl

'Of course. What business had the "Star of the

West" to be carrying those troops there? South Carolina can take care of her own forts.'

'Daisy Randolph, you look as solemn as a preacher,' said another. 'Which side are you on?'

'She is on the right side,' said another.

'Of course,' said Sally. 'She is the daughter of a Southern gentleman!'

'I am not on the side of those who fire the first shot,' I said.

'There is no other way,' said Sally, coolly. 'If a rat comes in your way, you must shoot him. I knew it had got to come. I have heard my uncle talk enough about that.'

'But what will be the end of it?' said another.

'Pooh! it will end like smoke. The Yankees do not like fighting—they would rather be excused if you please. Their *forte* is quite in another line—out of the way of powder.'

I wondered if that was true. I thought of Thorold, and of Major Blunt. I was troubled; and when I went to see Miss Cardigan, next day, I found she could give me little comfort.

'I don't know, my dear,' she said, 'what they may be left to do. They're just daft down there; clean daft.'

'If they fight, *we* shall be obliged to fight,' I said, not liking to ask her about Northern courage; and indeed she was a Scotswoman, and what should she know?

'Ay, just that,' she replied; 'and fighting between the two parts of one land is even the worst fighting there can be. Pray it may not come, Daisy; but those people are just daft.'

The next letters from my mother spoke of my coming out to them as soon as the school year should be over. The country was likely to be disturbed, she said; and it would not suit with my father's health to come home just now. As soon as the school year should be over and Dr. Sandford could find a proper opportunity for me to make the journey, I should come.

I was very glad; yet I was not all glad. I wished they could have come to me rather. I was not, I hardly knew why I was not, quite ready to quit America while these troubles threatened. And as days went on, and the cloud grew blacker, my feeling of unwillingness increased. The daily prints were full of fresh instances of the seizure of United States property, of the secession of new States; then the Secession Congress met, and elected Jefferson Davis and Alexander Stephens their President and Vice President; and rebellion was duly organized.

Jefferson Davis! How the name took me back to the summer parade on the West Point plain, and my first view of that smooth, sinister, ill conditioned face. Now *he* was heading rebellion. Where would Dr. Sandford, and Mr. Thorold, and Preston be? How far would the rebels carry their work? and what opposition would be made to it? Again I asked Miss Cardigan.

'It's beyond *me*, Daisy,' she said. 'I suppose it will depend very much on whether we've got the right man to head us or no; and that nobody can tell till we try. This man Buchanan that is over us at present, he is no better than a bit of cotton wool. I am going

to take a look at Mr. Lincoln as he comes through and see what I think of him.'

'When is he coming?'

'They say, to-day,' said Miss Cardigan. 'There'll be an uncommon crowd; but I'll risk it.'

A great desire seized me, that I might see him too. I consulted with Miss Cardigan. School hours were over at three; I could get away then, I thought; and by studying the programme of the day we found it possible that it would not be too late then for our object. So it proved; and I have always been glad of it ever since.

Miss Cardigan and I went forth and packed ourselves in the dense crowd which had gathered and filled all the way by which the President elect was expected to pass. A quiet and orderly and most respectable crowd it was. Few Irish, few of the miserable of society, who come out only for a spectacle; these were the yeomanry and the middle classes, men of business, men of character and some substance, who were waiting like us, to see what promise for the future there might be in the aspect of our new Chief. Waiting patiently; and we could only wait patiently like them. I thought of Preston's indignation if he could have seen me, and Dr. Sandford's ready negative on my being there; but well were these thoughts put to flight when the little cavalcade for which we were looking hove in sight and drew near. Intense curiosity and then profound satisfaction seized me. The strong, grave, kindly lineaments of the future Head of the Country, gave me instantly a feeling of confidence, which I never lost in all the time that followed. That was confidence in his honesty and goodness; but another

sort of trust was awakened by the keen, searching, shrewd glances of those dark eyes, which seemed to penetrate the masses of human intelligences surrounding him, and seek to know what manner of *material* he might find them at need. He was not thinking of himself, that was plain; and the homely, expressive features got a place in my heart from that time. The little cavalcade passed on from us; the crowd melted away, and Miss Cardigan and I came slowly again up Fifth Avenue.

‘Yon’s a mon!’ quoth Miss Cardigan, speaking as she did in moments of strong feeling, with a little reminder of her Scottish origin.

‘Didn’t you like him?’ I rejoined.

‘I always like a man when I see him,’ said my friend. ‘He had need be that too, for he has got a man’s work to do.’

And it soon appeared that she spoke true. I watched every action, and weighed every word of Mr. Lincoln now, with a strange interest. I thought great things depended on him. I was glad when he determined to send supplies into Fort Sumter. I was sure that he was right; but I held my breath as it were to see what South Carolina would do. The twelfth of April told us.

‘So they have done it, Daisy!’ said Miss Cardigan that evening. ‘They are doing it, rather. They have been firing at each other all day.’

‘Well, Major Anderson must defend his fort,’ I said. ‘That is his duty.’

‘No doubt,’ said Miss Cardigan; ‘but you look pale, Daisy, my bairn. You are from those quarters your

self. Is there anybody in that neighborhood that is dear to you?’

I had the greatest difficulty not to burst into tears, by way of answer, and Miss Cardigan looked concerned at me. I told her there was nobody there I cared for except some poor coloured people who were in no danger.

‘There’ll be many a sore heart in the country if this goes on,’ she said with a sigh.

‘But it will not go on, will it?’ I asked. ‘They cannot take Fort Sumter, do you think so?’

‘I know little about it,’ said my friend soberly. ‘I am no soldier. And we never know what is best, Daisy. We must trust the Lord, my dear, to unravel these confusions.’

And the next night the little news boys in the streets were crying out the ‘Fall of Fort Sum—ter!’ It rang ominously in my heart. The rebels had succeeded so far; and they would go on. Yes, they would go on now, I felt assured; unless some very serious check should be given them. Could the Yankees give that? I doubted it. Yet *their* cause was the cause of right, and justice, and humanity; but the right does not always at first triumph, whatever it may do in the end; and good swords, and good shots, and the spirit of a soldier are things that are allowed to carry their force with them. I knew the South had these. What had the North?

Even in our school seclusion, we felt the breath of the tremendous excitement which swayed the public mind next day. Not bluster, nor even passion, but the stir of the people’s heart. As we walked to church, we could hear it in half caught words of those we passed

by, see it in the grave intense air which characterized groups and faces; feel it in the atmosphere, which was heavy with indignation and gathering purpose. It was said, no Sunday like that had been known in the city. Within our own little community, if parties ran high, they were like those outside, quiet; but when alone, the Southern girls testified an exultation that jarred painfully upon my ears.

‘Daisy don’t care.’

‘Yes, I care,’ I said.

‘For shame not to be glad! You see, it is glorious. We have it all our own way. The impertinence of trying to hold our forts for us!’

‘I don’t see anything glorious in fighting,’ I said.

‘Not when you are attacked?’

‘We were not attacked,’ I said. ‘South Carolina fired the first guns.’

‘Good for her!’ said Sally. ‘Brave little South Carolina! Nobody will meddle with her and come off without cutting his fingers.’

‘Nobody did meddle with her,’ I asserted. ‘It was *she* who meddled, to break the laws and fight against the government.’

‘What government?’ said Sally. ‘Are we slaves, that we should be ruled by a government we don’t choose? We will have our own. Do you think South Carolina and Virginia *gentlemen* are going to live under a rail-splitter for a President? and take orders from him?’

‘What do you mean by a “rail-splitter”?’

‘I mean this Abe Lincoln the Northern mudsills have picked up to make a President of. He used to get his

living by splitting rails for a Western fence, Daisy Randolph.'

'But if he is President he is President,' I said.

'For those that like him. We won't have him. Jefferson Davis is my President. And all I can do to help him, I will. I can't fight; I wish I could. My brother and my cousins and my uncle will, though, that's one comfort; and what I can do I will.'

'Then I think you are a traitor,' I said.

I was hated among the Southern girls from that day. Hated with a bitter violent hatred, which had indeed little chance to shew itself, but was manifested in a scornful, intense avoidance of me. The bitterness of it is surprising to me even now. I cared not very much for it. I was too much engrossed with deeper interests of the time, both public and private. The very next day came the President's call for seventy-five thousand men; and the next the answer of the governor of Kentucky, that 'Kentucky would furnish no troops for the wicked purpose of subduing her sister Southern States.' I saw this in the paper in the library; the other girls had no access to the general daily news, or I knew there would have been shoutings of triumph over Gov. Magoffin. Other governors of other States followed his example. Jefferson Davis declared in a proclamation that letters of marque and reprisal would be issued. Everything wore the aspect of thickening strife.

My heart grew very heavy over these signs of evil, fearing I knew not what for those whom I cared about. Indeed I would not stop to think what I feared. I tried to bury my fears in my work. Letters from my mother became very explicit now; she said that trouble-

some times were coming in the country, and she would like me to be out of it. After a little while, when the independence of the South should be assured, we would all come home and be happy together. Meantime, as soon after the close of the school year as Dr. Sandford could find a good chance for me, I was to come out to them at Lausanne, where my mother thought they would be by that time.

So I studied with all my strength, with the double motive of gaining all I could and of forgetting what was going on in the political world. Music and French, my mother particularly desired that I should excel in; and I gave many hours to my piano, as many as possible, and talked with Mlle. G  nevi  ve whenever she would let me. And she was very fond of me and fond of talking to me; it was she who kept for me my library privilege. And my voice was good, as it had promised to be. I had the pleasure of feeling that I was succeeding in what I most wished to attain. It was succeeding over the heads of my schoolfellows; and that earned me wages that were not pleasant among a portion of my companions. Faustina St. Clair was back among us; she would perhaps have forgiven if she could have forgotten me; but my headship had been declared ever since the time of the bronze standish, and even rivalry had been long out of the question. So the old feud was never healed; and now between the unfriendliness of her party and the defection of all the Southern girls, I was left in a great minority of popular favour. It could not be helped. I studied the harder. I had unlimited favour with all my teachers, and every indulgence I asked for.

The news of the attack in Baltimore upon the Massachusetts troops passing through the city, and Gov. Andrew's beautiful telegram, shook me out of my preoccupation. It shook me out of all quiet for a day. Indignation, and fear, and sorrow, rolled through my heart. The passions that were astir among men, the mad results to which they were leading, the possible involvement of several of those whom I loved, a general trembling of evil in the air, made study difficult for the moment. What signified the course and fate of nations hundreds of years ago? Our own course and fate filled the horizon. What signified the power or beauty of my voice, when I had not the heart to send it up and down like a bird any longer? Where was Preston, and Dr. Sandford, and Ransom, and what would become of Magnolia? In truth I did not know what had become of Ransom. I had not heard from him or of him in a long time. But these thoughts would not do. I drove them away. I resolved to mind my work and not read the papers, if I could help it, and not think about politics or my friends' course in them. *I* could do nothing. And in a few months I should be away, out of the land.

I kept my resolve pretty well. Indeed I think nothing very particular happened to disturb it for the next two or three weeks. I succeeded in filling my head with work and being very happy in it. That is, whenever I could forget more important things.

CHAPTER XIX.

ENTERED FOR THE WAR.

ONE evening, I think before the end of April, I asked permission to spend the evening at Miss Cardigan's. I had on hand a piece of study for which I wanted to consult certain books which I knew were in her library. Mlle. G  nevi  ve gave me leave gladly.

'You do study too persevering, m'amie,' she said. 'Go, and stop to study for a little while. You are pale. I am afraid your doctor — ce bon Monsieur le docteur — will scold us all by and by. Go, and do not study.'

But I determined to have my play and my study too.

As I passed through Miss Cardigan's hall, the parlour door standing half open let me see that a gentleman was with her. Not wishing to interrupt any business that might be going on, and not caring also to be bored with it myself, I passed by and went into the inner room where the books were. I would study now, I thought, and take my pleasure with my dear old friend by and by when she was at leisure. I found my books, and had thrown myself down on the floor with one of them; when a laugh that came from the front room laid a spell upon my powers of study. The book fell from my hands; I sat bolt upright, every

sense resolved into that of hearing. What and who had that been? I listened. Another sound of a word spoken, another slight inarticulate suggestion of laughter; and I knew with an assured knowledge that my friend Cadet Thorold, and no other, was the gentleman in Miss Cardigan's parlour with whom she had business. I sat up and forgot my books. The first impulse was to go in immediately and shew myself. I can hardly tell what restrained me. I remembered that Miss Cardigan must have business with him and I had better not interrupt it. But those sounds of laughter had not been very business-like either. Nor were they business words which came to me next through the open door. I never thought or knew I was listening. I only thought it was Thorold, and held my breath to hear, or rather to feel. My ears seemed sharpened beyond all their usual faculty.

'And you haven't gone and fallen in love, callant, meanwhile, just to complicate affairs?' said the voice of Miss Cardigan.

'I shall never fall in love,' said Thorold, with (I suppose) mock gravity. His voice sounded so.

'Why not?'

'I require too much.'

'It's like your conceit!' said Miss Cardigan. 'Now what is it that you require? I would like to know; that is, if you know yourself. It appears you have thought about it.'

'I have thought, till I have got it all by heart,' said Thorold. 'The worst is, I shall never find it in this world.'

'That's likely. Come, lad, paint your picture, and I'll tell you if I know where to look,' said Miss Cardigan.

‘And then, you’ll search for me?’

‘I dinna ken if you deserve it,’ said Miss Cardigan.

‘I don’t deserve it, of course,’ said Thorold. ‘Well — I have painted the likeness a good many times. The first thing is a pair of eyes as deep and grey as our mountain lakes.’

‘I never heard that your Vermont lakes were *grey*,’ said Miss Cardigan.

‘O but they are! when the shadow of the mountains closes them in. It is not cold grey, but purple and brown, the shadow of light as it were; the lake is in shadow. Only, if a bit of blue *does* shew itself there, it is the very Heaven.’

‘I hope it is not going to be in poetry?’ said Miss Cardigan’s voice, sounding dry and amused. ‘What is the next thing? It is a very good picture of eyes.’

‘The next thing is a mouth that makes you think of nothing but kissing it; the lines are so sweet, and so mobile, and at the same time so curiously subdued. A mouth that has learned to smile when things don’t go right; and that has learned the lesson so well, you cannot help thinking it must have often known things go wrong; to get the habit so well, you know.’

‘Eh? — Why boy!’ — cried Miss Cardigan.

‘Do you know anybody like it?’ said Thorold laughing. ‘If you do, you are bound to let me know where, you understand.’

‘What lies between the eyes and mouth?’ said Miss Cardigan. ‘There goes more to a picture.’

‘Between the eyes and mouth,’ said Thorold, ‘there is sense, and dignity, and delicacy, and refinement to a fastidious point; and a world of strength of character in the little delicate chin.’

‘Character—*that* shews in the mouth,’ said Miss Cardigan slowly.

‘I told you so,’ said Thorold. ‘That is what I told you. Truth, and love, and gentleness, all sit within those little red lips; and a great strength of will, which you cannot help thinking has borne something to try it. The brow is like one of our snowy mountain tops with the sun shining on it.’

‘And the lady’s figure is like a pine tree, isn’t it? It sounds gay as if you’d fallen in love with Nature, and so personified and imaged her in human likeness. Is it real humanity?’

Thorold laughed his gay laugh. ‘The pine tree will do excellently, aunt Catherine,’ he said. ‘No better embodiment of stately grace could be found.’

My ears tingled. ‘Aunt Catherine?’ *aunt!* then Thorold must be her relation, her nephew; then he was not come on business; then he would stay to tea. I might as well shew myself. But, I thought, if Thorold had some other lady so much in his mind, (for I was sure his picture must be a portrait) he would not care so very much about seeing me, as I had at first fancied he would. However, I could not go away; so I might as well go in; it would not do to wait longer. The evening had quite fallen now. It was April, as I said, but a cold raw spring day, and had been like that for several days. Houses were chill; and in Miss Cardigan’s grate a fine fire of Kennal coals was blazing, making its red illumination all over the room and the two figures who sat in front of it. She had had a grate put in this winter. There was no other light, only that soft red glow and gloom, under favour of which I went in and stood almost beside them before

they perceived me. I did not speak to Miss Cardigan. I remember my words were, 'How do you do, Mr. Thorold?' — in a very quiet kind of a voice; for I did not now expect him to be very glad. But I was surprised at the change my words made. He sprang up, his eyes flashing a sort of shower of sparks over me, gladness in every line of his face, and surprise, and a kind of inexpressible deference in his manner.

'Daisy!' — he exclaimed — 'Miss Randolph!'

'Daisy!' echoed Miss Cardigan. 'My dear! — do you two know each other? Where did you come from?'

'I think I did not answer. I am sure Thorold did not. He was caring for me, placing his chair nearer his aunt and putting me into it, before he let go the hand he had taken. Then drawing up another chair on the other side of me, he sat down and looked at me (I thought afterward, I only felt at the moment) as if I had been some precious wonder; the Koh-i-noor diamond, or anything of that sort.

'Where did you come from?' was his first question.

'I have been in the house a little while,' I said. 'I thought at first Miss Cardigan had somebody with her on business, so I would not come in.'

'It is quite true, Daisy,' said Miss Cardigan; 'it is somebody on business.'

'Nothing private about it, though,' said Thorold, smiling at me. 'But where in the world did you and aunt Catherine come together?'

'And what call have ye to search into it?' said Miss Cardigan's good-humoured voice. 'I know a great many bodies, callant, that you know not.'

'I know this one though,' said Thorold. 'Miss Randolph — won't you speak? for aunt Catherine is in no

mood to let me. Have you two known each other long?’

‘It seems long,’ I said. ‘It is not very long.

‘Since before last summer?’

‘Certainly!’

‘If that’s the date of *your* acquaintanceship,’ said Miss Cardigan, ‘we’re auld friends to that. Is all well, Daisy?’

‘All quite well, ma’am. I came to do a bit of study I wanted in your books, and to have a nice time with you, besides.’

‘And here is this fellow in the way. But we cannot turn him out, Daisy; he is going fast enough; on what errand, do you think, is he bent?’

I had not thought about it till that minute. Something, some thread of the serious, in Miss Cardigan’s voice made me look suddenly at Thorold. He had turned his eyes away from me and had bent them upon the fire, all merriment gone out of his face too. It was thoroughly grave.

‘What are you going to do, Mr. Thorold?’ I asked.

‘Do you remember a talk we had down on Flirtation walk one day last summer, when you asked me about possible political movements at the South, and I asked you what you would do?’

‘Yes,’ I said, my heart sinking.

‘The time has come,’ he said, facing round upon me.

‘And you —’

‘I shall be on my way to Washington in a few days. Men are wanted now — all the men that have any knowledge to be useful. I may not be very useful. But I am going to try.’

‘I thought,’ — it was not quite easy to speak, for I was struggling with something which threatened to roughen my voice, — ‘I thought, you did not graduate till June?’

‘Not regularly; not usually; but things are extraordinary this year. We graduate and go on to Washington at once.’

I believe we were all silent a few minutes.

‘Daisy,’ said Miss Cardigan, ‘you have nobody that is dear to *you*, likely to be engaged in the fray — if there is one?’

‘I don’t know, —’ I said rather faintly. I remember I said it; I cannot tell why, for I *did* know. I knew that Preston and Ransom were both likely to be in the struggle, even if Ransom had been at the moment at the opposite side of the world. But then Thorold roused up and began to talk. He talked to divert us, I think. He told us of things that concerned himself and his class personally, giving details to which we listened eagerly; and he went on from them to things and people in the public line, of which and of whom neither Miss Cardigan nor I had known the thousandth part so much before. We sat and listened, Miss Cardigan often putting in a question, while the warm still glow of the firelight shed over us and all the room its assurance of peace and quiet, woven and compounded of life-long associations. Thorold sat before us and talked, and we looked at him and listened in the fire-shine; and my thoughts made swift sideways flights every now and then from this peace and glow of comfort, and from Thorold’s talk, to the changes of the camp and the possible coming strife; spectres of war, guns and swords, exposure and wounds — and sick

ness — and the battlefield — what could I tell? and Miss Cardigan's servant put another lump of coal on the fire, and Thorold presently broke it, and the jet of illumination sprang forth, mocking and yet revealing in its sweet home glow my visions of terror. They were but momentary visions; I could not bear of course to look steadily at them; they were spectres that came and went with a wave of a hand, in a jet of flame, or the shadow of an opening door; but they went, and came; and I saw many things in Thorold's face that night beside the manly lines of determination and spirit, the look of thought and power, and the hover of light in his eye when it turned to me. I don't know what Miss Cardigan saw; but several times in the evening I heard her sigh; a thing very unusual and notable with her. Again and again I heard it, a soft long breath.

I gave it no heed at the time. My eyes and thoughts were fixed on the other member of the party; and I was like one in a dream. I walked in a dream; till we went into the other room to tea, and I heard Miss Cardigan say, addressing her nephew,

‘Sit there, Christian.’

I was like one in a dream, or I should have known what this meant. I did know, two minutes afterwards. But at the moment, falling in with some of my thoughts, the word made me start and look at Thorold. I cannot tell what was in my look; I know what was in my heart; the surprised inquiry and the yearning wish. Thorold's face flushed. He met my eyes with an intense recognition and inquiry in his own, and then, I am almost sure, his were dim. He set my chair for

me at the table, and took hold of me and put me in it with a very gentle touch that seemed to thank me.

‘That is my name, Miss Randolph,’ he said, — ‘the name given me by my parents.’

‘You’ll earn it yet, boy,’ said Miss Cardigan. ‘But the sooner the better.’

There was after that a very deep gravity upon us all for the first minutes at table. I wondered to myself, how people can go on drinking tea and eating bread and butter through everything; yet they must, and even I was doing it at the moment, and not willing to forego the occupation. By degrees the wonted course of things relieved our minds, which were upon too high a strain. It appeared that Thorold was very hungry, having missed his dinner somehow; and his aunt ordered up everything in the house for his comfort, in which I suppose she found her own. And then Thorold made me eat with him. I was sure I did not want it, but that made no difference. Things were prepared for me and put upon my plate, and a soft little command laid on me to do with them what I was expected to do. It was not like the way Dr. Sandford used to order me, nor in the least like Preston’s imperiousness which I could withstand well enough; there was something in it which nullified all my power and even will to resist, and I was as submissive as possible. Thorold grew very bright again as the meal went on, and began to talk in a somewhat livelier strain than he had been in before tea; and I believe he did wile both his aunt and me out of the sad or grave thoughts we had been indulging. I know that I was obliged to laugh, as I was obliged to eat. Thorold had his own way, and seemed to like it. Even his

aunt was amused and interested, and grew lively, like herself. With all that, through the whole supper-time I had an odd feeling of her being on one side; it seemed to be only Thorold and I really there; and in all Thorold was doing and through all he was talking, I had a curious sense that he was occupied only with me. It was not that he said so much directly to me or looked so much at me; I do not know how I got the feeling. There was Miss Cardigan at the head of the table, busy and talking as usual, clever and kind; yet the air seemed to be breathed only by Thorold and me.

‘And how soon, lad,’ Miss Cardigan broke out suddenly, when a moment’s lull in the talk had given her a chance, ‘how soon will ye be off to that region of disturbance whither ye are going?’

‘Washington?’ said Thorold. ‘Just as soon as our examination can be pushed through;—in a very few days now.’

‘You’ll come to me by the way, for another look at you, in your officer’s uniform?’

‘Uniform? nobody will have any uniform, I fancy,’ said Thorold, ‘nobody has any time to think of that. No, aunt Catherine, and I shall not see you, either. I expect we shall rush through without the loss of a train. I can’t stop. I don’t care what clothes I wear to get there.’

‘How came you to be here now, if you are in such a hurry?’

‘Nothing on earth would have brought me, but the thing that did bring me,’ said Thorold. ‘I was subpoena’d down, to give my evidence in a trial. I must get back again without loss of a minute; should have

gone to-night, if there had been a train that stopped. I am very glad there was no train that stopped !’

We were all silent for a minute ; till the door bell rang, and the servant came announcing Mr. Bunsen, to see Miss Cardigan about the tenant houses. Miss Cardigan went off through the open doors that led to the front parlour ; and standing by the fire, I watched her figure diminishing in the long distance till it passed into Mr. Bunsen’s presence and disappeared. Mr. Thorold and I stood silently on either side of the hearth, looking into the fire, while the servant was clearing the table. The cheerful, hospitable little table, round which we had been so cheerful at least for the moment, was dismantled already, and the wonted cold gleam of the mahogany seemed to tell me that cheer was all over. The talk of the uniform had upset me. All sorts of visions of what it signified, what it portended, where it would go, what it would be doing, were knocking at the door of my heart and putting their heads in. Before tea these visions had come and vanished ; often enough to be sure ; now they came and stayed. I was very quiet, I am certain of that ; I was as certainly very sober, with a great and growing sadness at my heart. I think Thorold was grave too, though I hardly looked at him. We did not speak to each other, all the time the servant was busy in the room. We stood silent before the fire. The study I had come to do had all passed away out of my mind, though the books were within three feet of me. I was growing sadder and sadder every minute.

‘Things have changed, since we talked so lightly last summer of what might be,’ — Thorold said at last.

And he said it in a meditative way, as if he were pondering something.

‘Yes’ — I assented.

‘The North does not wish for war. The South have brought it upon themselves.’

‘Yes’ — I said again; wondering a little what was coming.

‘However disagreeable my duty may be, it is my duty; and there is no shirking it.’

‘No,’ I said. ‘Of course.’

‘And if your friends are on one side and I on the other, — it is not my fault, Miss Randolph.’

‘No,’ I said; ‘not at all.’

‘Then you do not blame me for taking the part I *must* take?’

‘No,’ I said. ‘You must take it.’

‘Are you sorry I take it?’ said Thorold with a change of tone, and coming a step nearer.

‘Sorry?’ I said; and I looked up for an instant. ‘No; how could I be sorry? It is your duty. It is right.’ But as I looked down again I had the greatest difficulty not to burst into tears. I felt as though my heart would break in two with its burden of pain. It cost a great effort to stand still and quiet, without shewing anything.

‘What is it then?’ said Thorold; and with the next words I knew he had come close to my side and was stooping his head down to my face, while his voice dropped. ‘What is it, Daisy? — Is it — O Daisy, I love you better than anything else in the world, except my duty; — Daisy, do you love me?’

Nothing could have been more impossible to me, I think than to answer a word; but indeed Thorold did

not seem to want it. As he questioned me, he had put his arm round me and drawn me nearer and nearer, stooping his face to me, till his lips took their own answer at mine; indeed took answer after answer, and then in a sort of passion of mute joy kissed my face all over. I could not forbid him; between excitement and sorrow and happiness and shame, I could do nothing; the best I could do was to hide my face, but the breast of that grey coat was a strange hiding place for it. With that inconsistent mingling of small things with great in one's perceptions, which everybody knows, I remember the soft feel of the fine grey cloth along with the clasp of Thorold's arms and the touch of his cheek resting upon my hair. And we stood so, quite still, for what seemed both a long and a short time, in which I think happiness got the upper hand with me, and pain for the moment was bid into the background. At last Thorold raised his head and bade me lift up mine.

'Look up, darling,' he said; 'look up, Daisy! let me see your face. Look up, Daisy — we have only a minute, and everything in the world to say to each other. Daisy — I want to see you.'

I think it was one of the most difficult little things I ever had in my life to do, to raise my face and let him look at it; but I knew it must be done, and I did it. One glance at his I ventured. He was smiling at me; there was a flush upon his cheek; his eye had a light in it, and with that a glow of tenderness which was different from anything I had ever seen; and it was glittering too I think with another sort of suffusion. His hand came smoothing down my hair and then touching my cheek while he looked at me.

‘What are you going to do with yourself now?’ he said softly.

‘I am going on with my studies for another month or two.’—

‘And you belong to me, Daisy?’

‘Yes.’

He bent his head and kissed my brow. There is an odd difference of effect between a kiss on the lips and on the forehead, or else it was a difference in the manner. This seemed a sort of taking possession or setting a seal; and it gave me a new feeling of something almost like awe, which I had never associated with the grey coat or with its wearer before. Along with that came another impression, that I suppose most women know and know how sweet it is; the sense of an enveloping protection. Not that I had not been protected all my life; but my mother’s had been the protection of authority; my father’s also in some measure; Dr. Sandford’s was emphatically that of a *guardian*; he guarded me a little too well. But this new thing that was stealing into my heart with its subtle delight, was the protection of a champion; of one who set me and mine above all other interests or claims in the world, and who would guard me as if he were a part of myself, only stronger. Altogether Thorold seemed to me different from what he had been the last summer; there was a gravity now in his face and air at times that was new and even stern; the gravity of a man taking stern life work upon him. I felt all this in a minute, while Thorold was smiling down into my face.

‘And you will write to me?’ he said.

‘Yes.’

‘And I will write to you. And I belong to you, Daisy, and to no other. All I have is yours, and all that I am is yours, — after my duty; you may dispose of me, pretty one, just as you like. *You* would not have that put second, Daisy.’

A great yearning came over me, so great and strong that it almost took away my breath. I fancy it spoke in my eyes, for Thorold’s face grew very grave, I remember, as he looked at me. But I must speak it more plainly than so, at any costs, breath or no breath, and I must not wait.

‘Christian,’ I whispered, — ‘won’t you earn your right to your name?’

He pressed his lips upon mine by way of answer first, and then gave me a quick and firm ‘Yes.’ I certainly thought he had found the mouth he was talking of a little while ago. But at that instant the sound of the distant house door closing and then of steps coming out from the parlour, made me know that Miss Cardigan’s business was over and that she was returning to us. I wanted to free myself from Thorold’s arm, but he would not let me; on the contrary held me closer, and half turned to meet Miss Cardigan as she came in. Certainly men are very different from women. There we stood awaiting her; and I felt very much ashamed.

‘Come on, aunt Catherine,’ Thorold said as she paused at the door, — ‘come in! Come in and kiss her; this little darling is mine.’

Miss Cardigan came in slowly. I could not look up.

‘Kiss her, aunt Catherine,’ he repeated; ‘she is mine.’

And to my great dismay he set her the example · but I think it was partly to reassure me and cover my confusion, which he saw.

‘I have kissed Daisy very often before now,’ said Miss Cardigan. I thought I discerned some concern in her voice.

‘Then come, do it again,’ said Thorold laughing. ‘You never kissed her as anything belonging to me, aunt Catherine.’

And he fairly laid me in Miss Cardigan’s arms, till we kissed each other as he desired. But Miss Cardigan’s gravity roused me out of my confusion. I was not ashamed before her ; only before him.

‘Now, aunt Catherine,’ he said, pulling up a comfortable arm chair to the corner of the hearth, — ‘sit there. And Daisy, — come here !’

He put me into the fellow chair ; and then built up the wood in the fireplace till we had a regular illumination. Then drew himself up before the fire and looked at his aunt.

‘It’s like you !’ broke out Miss Cardigan. ‘Ever since you were born, I think, you did what you liked and had what you liked ; and threw over everything to get at the best.’

‘On the contrary,’ said Thorold, ‘I was always of a very contented disposition.’

‘Contented with your own will, then,’ said his aunt. ‘And now, do you mean to tell me that you have got this prize — this prize — it’s a first-class, Christian — for good and for certain to yourself ?’

I lifted my eyes one instant, to see the sparkles in Thorold’s eyes ; they were worth seeing.

‘You don’t think you deserve it?’ Miss Cardigan went on.

‘I do not think I deserve it,’ said Thorold. ‘But I think I will.’

‘I know what that means,’ said his aunt. ‘You will get worldly glory—just a bit or two more of gold on your coat—to match you with one of the Lord’s jewels, that are to be “all glorious within;” and you think that will fit you to own her.’

‘Aunt Catherine,’ said Thorold, ‘I do not precisely think that gold lace is glory. But I mean that I will do my duty. A man can do no more.’

‘Some would have said, “a man can do no less,”’ said Miss Cardigan turning to me. ‘But you are right, lad; more than our duty we can none of us do; where *all* is owing, less will not be overpay. But whatever do you think her father will say to you?’

‘I will ask him, when the time comes,’ said Thorold, contentedly. His tone was perfect; both modest and manly. Truth to say, I could not quite share his content, in looking forward to the time he spoke of; but that was far ahead, and it was impossible not to share his confidence. My father and my mother had been practically not my guardians during six and a half long years; I had got out of the habit of looking first to them.

‘And what are you going to do now in Washington?’ said his aunt. ‘You may as well sit down and tell us.’

‘I don’t know. Probably I shall be put to drill new recruits. All these seventy-five thousand men that the President has called for, won’t know how to handle a gun or do anything else.’

‘And what is he going to do with those seventy-five thousand men, Christian?’

‘Put down treason, if he can. Don’t you realize yet that we have a civil war on our hands, aunt Catherine? The Southern States are mustering and sending their forces; we must meet them, or give up the whole question; that is, give up the Country.’

‘And what is it that *they* will try to do?’ said Miss Cardigan. ‘It is a mystery to me what they want; but I suppose I know; only bad men are a mystery to me always.’

‘They will try to defy the laws,’ said Thorold. ‘We will try to see them executed.’

‘They seem very fierce,’ said Miss Cardigan; ‘to judge by what they say.’

‘And do,’ added Thorold. ‘I think there is a sort of madness in Southern blood!’

He spoke with a manner of disgustful emphasis. I looked up at him, to see an expression quite in keeping with his words. Miss Cardigan cried out,

‘Hey, lad! ye’re confident, surely, to venture your opinions so plainly and so soon!’

His face changed, as if sunlight had been suddenly poured over it. He came kneeling on one knee before me, taking my hand and kissing it, and laughing.

‘And I see ye’re not confident without reason!’ added Miss Cardigan. ‘Daisy’ll just let ye say your mind, and no punish you for it.’

‘But it is *true*, Miss Cardigan,’ — I said turning to her. I wished I had held my tongue the next minute, for the words were taken off my lips, as it were. It is something quite different from eating your own words,

which I have heard of as not pleasant; mine seemed to be devoured by somebody else.

‘But is it true they are coming to attack Washington?’ Miss Cardigan went on, when we had all done laughing. ‘I read it in the prints; and it seems to me I read every other thing there.’

‘I am afraid you read too many prints,’ said Thorold. ‘You are thinking of “hear both sides,” aunt Catherine? — you must know there is but one side to this matter. There never are two sides to treason.’

‘That’s true,’ said Miss Cardigan. ‘But about Washington, lad? I saw an extract from a letter written from that city, by a lady, and she said the place was in terror; she said the President sleeps with a hundred men, armed, in the east room, to protect him from the Southern army; and keeps a sentinel before his bedroom door; and often goes clean out of the White House and sleeps somewhere else, in his fear.’

I had never seen Thorold laugh as he did then. And he asked his aunt ‘where she had seen that extract?’

‘It was in one of the papers — it was in an extract itself, I’m thinking.’

‘From a Southern paper,’ said Thorold.

‘Well, I believe it was.’

‘I have seen extracts too,’ said Thorold. ‘They say, Alexander H. Stephens is counselling the rebels to lay hold on Washington.’

‘Well, sit down and tell us what you do know, and how to understand things!’ said Miss Cardigan. ‘I don’t talk to anybody, much, about politics.’

So Thorold did as he was asked. He sat down on the other side of me, and with my hand in his, talked

to us both. We went over the whole ground of the few months past, of the work then doing and preparing, of what might reasonably be looked for in both the South and the North. He said he was not very wise in the matter; but he was infinitely more informed than we; and we listened as to the most absorbing of all tales, till the night was far worn. A sense of the gravity and importance of the crisis; a consciousness that we were embarked in a contest of the most stubborn character, the end of which no man might foretell, pressed itself more and more on my mind as the night and the talk grew deeper. If I may judge from the changes in Miss Cardigan's face, it was the same with her. The conclusion was, the North was gathering and concentrating all her forces to meet the trial that was coming; and the young officers of the graduating class at the Military Academy had been ordered to the seat of war a little before their time of study was out; their help being urgently needed.

'And where is Preston?' said I, speaking for the first time in a long while.

'Preston?' — echoed Thorold.

'My cousin Preston, — Gary; your classmate Gary.'

'Gary! — O, he is going to Washington, like the rest of us.'

'Which side will he take?'

'You should know, perhaps, better than I,' said Thorold. 'He always *has* taken the Southern side, and very exclusively.'

'*Has* taken?' said I. 'Do you mean that among the cadets, there has been a South and a North — until now lately?'

'Ay, Daisy, always, since I have been in the Acad-

emy. The Southern clique and the Northern clique have been well defined; there is always an assumption of superiority on the one side, and some resenting of it on the other side. It was on that ground Gary and I split.'

'Split!' I repeated.

But Thorold laughed and kissed me, and would give me no satisfaction. I began to put things together though. I saw from Christian's eyes that *he* had nothing to be ashamed of, in looking back; I remembered Preston's virulence, and his sudden flush when somebody had repeated the word 'coward,' which he had applied to Thorold. I felt certain that more had been between them than mere words, and that Preston found the recollection not flattering, whatever it was; and having come to this settlement of the matter I looked up at Thorold.

'My gentle little Daisy!' he said. 'I will never quarrel with him again — if I can help it.'

'You *must* quarrel with him, if he is on the wrong side,' I answered. 'And so must I.'

'You say, you must go immediately back to West Point,' said Miss Cardigan. 'Leave thanking Daisy's hand, and tell me *when*, you are going; for the night is far past, children.'

'I am gone when I bid you good-night,' said Thorold. 'I must set out with the dawn — to catch the train I must take.'

'With the dawn! — *this morning!*' cried Miss Cardigan.

'Certainly. I should be there this minute, if the colonel had not given me something to do here that kept me.'

to us both. We went over the whole ground of the few months past, of the work then doing and preparing, of what might reasonably be looked for in both the South and the North. He said he was not very wise in the matter; but he was infinitely more informed than we; and we listened as to the most absorbing of all tales, till the night was far worn. A sense of the gravity and importance of the crisis; a consciousness that we were embarked in a contest of the most stubborn character, the end of which no man might foretell, pressed itself more and more on my mind as the night and the talk grew deeper. If I may judge from the changes in Miss Cardigan's face, it was the same with her. The conclusion was, the North was gathering and concentrating all her forces to meet the trial that was coming; and the young officers of the graduating class at the Military Academy had been ordered to the seat of war a little before their time of study was out; their help being urgently needed.

'And where is Preston?' said I, speaking for the first time in a long while.

'Preston?' — echoed Thorold.

'My cousin Preston, — Gary; your classmate Gary.'

'Gary! — O, he is going to Washington, like the rest of us.'

'Which side will he take?'

'You should know, perhaps, better than I,' said Thorold. 'He always *has* taken the Southern side, and very exclusively.'

'*Has* taken?' said I. 'Do you mean that among the cadets, there has been a South and a North — until now lately?'

'Ay, Daisy, always, since I have been in the Acad-

emy. The Southern clique and the Northern clique have been well defined; there is always an assumption of superiority on the one side, and some resenting of it on the other side. It was on that ground Gary and I split.'

'Split!' I repeated.

But Thorold laughed and kissed me, and would give me no satisfaction. I began to put things together though. I saw from Christian's eyes that *he* had nothing to be ashamed of, in looking back; I remembered Preston's virulence, and his sudden flush when somebody had repeated the word 'coward,' which he had applied to Thorold. I felt certain that more had been between them than mere words, and that Preston found the recollection not flattering, whatever it was; and having come to this settlement of the matter I looked up at Thorold.

'My gentle little Daisy!' he said. 'I will never quarrel with him again — if I can help it.'

'You *must* quarrel with him, if he is on the wrong side,' I answered. 'And so must I.'

'You say, you must go immediately back to West Point,' said Miss Cardigan. 'Leave thanking Daisy's hand, and tell me *when*, you are going; for the night is far past, children.'

'I am gone when I bid you good-night,' said Thorold. 'I must set out with the dawn — to catch the train I must take.'

'With the dawn! — *this morning!*' cried Miss Cardigan.

'Certainly. I should be there this minute, if the colonel had not given me something to do here that kept me.'

I was silent.

‘What then, Daisy? Perhaps you will find some way to come on and see me at Washington — if the rebels don’t take it first?’

It must be told.

‘No — I cannot. — My father and mother wish me to come out to them as soon as I get a chance.’

‘Where?’

‘In Switzerland.’

‘Switzerland! To stay how long?’

‘I don’t know — till the war is over, I suppose. I do not think they would come back before.’

‘I shall come and fetch you then, Daisy.’

But it seemed a long way off. And how much might be between. We were both silent.

‘That is heavy, for me,’ said Thorold at last. ‘Little Daisy, you do not know how heavy!’

He was caressing my hair, smoothing and stroking it as he spoke. I looked up, and his eyes flashed fire instantly.

‘Say that in words!’ he exclaimed, taking me in his arms. ‘Say it, Daisy! say it. It will be worth so much to me.’

But my lips had hardly a chance to speak.

‘Say what?’

‘Daisy, you *have* said it. Put it in words, that is all.’

But his eyes were so full of flashing triumph that I thought he had got enough for the time.

‘Daisy, those eyes of yours are like mountain lakes, deep and still. But when I look quite down to the bottom of them — sometimes I see something — I thought I did then.’

‘What?’ I asked, very much amused.

‘I see it there now, Daisy!’

I was afraid he did, for *his* eyes were like sunbeams and I thought they went through everything at that minute. I don’t know what moved me, the consciousness of this inspection or the consciousness of what it discovered; but I know that floods of shyness seemed to flush my face and brow, and even to the tips of my fingers. I would have escaped if I could, but I could not; and I think Thorold rather liked what he saw. There was no hiding it unless I hid it on his shoulder; and I was ashamed to have to do that, but he liked it. I felt that his lips knew just as well as his eyes what state my cheeks were in, and took their own advantage. Though presently their tenderness soothed me too, and even nullified the soft little laugh with which he whispered, ‘Are you ashamed to shew it to *me*, Daisy?’

‘You know,’ said I, still keeping my eyes hid, ‘you have me at advantage. If you were not going — away — so soon, I would not do a great many things.’

‘Daisy!’ said he laughing, — ‘Daisy!’ — And touching my cheek as one who meant to keep his advantage. But then his voice changed, and he repeated with a deeper and deepening tone with each word — ‘Daisy! — my Daisy.’

I had very nearly burst out into great sobs upon his breast, with the meeting of opposite tides of feeling. Sweet and bitter struggled for the upper hand; struggled, while I was afraid he would feel the laboured breath which went and came, straining me. And the sweetness, for the moment, got the better. I knew he must go, in an hour or little more, away from me. I knew it was for uncertain and maybe dangerous duty.

I knew it might at best be long before we could see each other again; and back of all, the thought of my father and mother was not reassuring. But his arms were round me and my head was on his shoulder; and that was but the outward symbol of the inward love and confidence which filled all my heart with its satisfying content. For the moment happiness was uppermost. Not all the clouds on the horizon could dim the brightness of that one sun-ray which reached me.

I do not know what Thorold thought, but he was as still as I for a while.

‘Daisy,’ he said at last, ‘my Daisy, you need not grudge any of your goodness to me. Don’t you know, you are to be my light and my watchword in what lies before me?’

‘O no!’ — I said, lifting my head; ‘O no, Christian!’

‘Why no?’ said he.

‘I want you to have a better watchword and follow a better light. Not me. O Christian, won’t you?’

‘What shall my watchword be?’ said he, looking into my eyes. But I was intent on something else then.

‘“Whatsoever ye do, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus,”’ I answered.

‘A soldier, Daisy? —’

‘A soldier more than anybody,’ I said; ‘for He calls us to be soldiers, and you know what it means.’

‘But you forget,’ said he, not taking his eyes from my face, — ‘in my service I must obey as well as command; I am not my own master exactly.’

‘Let Christ be your Master,’ I said.

‘How then with this other service?’

‘Why it is very plain,’ I said. ‘Command in the love of God, and obey in the fear of God ; that covers all.’

I did not see the natural sequence of what followed ; for it was a succession of kisses that left no chance for a word to get out of my mouth. Then Thorold rose up, straightened himself, and I saw Miss Cardigan just entering.

‘I will not forget, Daisy,’ he said, in a tone as if we had been talking of business. I thought, neither should I. And then came Miss Cardigan, and the servant behind her bringing coffee and bread and eggs and marmalade—I don’t know what beside—and we sat down again to the table, knowing that the next move would be a move apart. But the wave of happiness was at the flood with me, and it bore me over all the underlying roughnesses of the shore—for the time. I do not think anybody wanted to eat much ; we played with cups of coffee and with each other, and dallied with the minutes till the last one was spent.

And then came the parting. That was short.

DAISY.

CONTINUED FROM "MELBOURNE HOUSE."

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"WIDE, WIDE WORLD," "QUEECHY," "WALKS
FROM EDEN," "HOUSE OF ISRAEL,"
Etc., Etc.

"My half-day's work is done;
And this is all my part—
I give a patient God
My patient heart.

"And clasp his banner still,
Though all the blue be dim.
These stripes, no less than stars,
Lead after Him."

SECOND SERIES.

PHILADELPHIA
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.
1878.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.,

In the Clerk's office of the District Court for the Eastern District of
Pennsylvania.

CONTENTS.



CHAP.	PAGE
I.—THE FIRST SMOKE OF THE BATTLEFIELD.....	5
II.—AT THE RENDEZVOUS.....	22
III.—IN REVIEW.....	32
IV.—ON FOOT.....	46
V.—ON HORSEBACK.....	59
VI.—IN THE FIRE.....	78
VII.—DETAILED FOR DUTY.....	97
VIII.—DAISY'S POST.....	113
IX.—SKIRMISHING.....	128
X.—WAITING.....	141
XI.—A VICTORY.....	152
XII.—AN ENGAGEMENT.....	164
XIII.—A TRUCE.....	181
XIV.—FLIGHT.....	205
XV.—OLD BATTLEFIELDS.....	220
XVI.—THE FORLORN HOPE.....	234
XVII.—OUT OF THE SMOKE.....	256

As I touched them, I felt how much had come into my hands and fallen out of my hands, since I took them up before, just a few hours ago. It would not do to think of that. I resolutely put it back, and set myself about getting out of the books the facts I wanted for my work. Miss Cardigan left the room; and for a time I turned over leaves vigorously. But the images of modern warfare began to mix themselves inconveniently with the struggles of long ago. Visions of a grey uniform came blending in dissolving views with the visions of monarchs in their robes of state and soldiers in heavy armour; it meant much, that grey uniform; and a sense of loss and want and desolation by degrees crept over me, which had nothing to do with the ruin of kingdoms. The books grew heavy; my hands trembled; yet still I tried to make good work, and bade myself deal with the present and let the past and the future alone. The 'present' being represented by my school day and my studies. Could I do it? The past and the future rushed in at last, from opposite sides as it were, and my 'present' was overthrown. I dropped my books and myself too, as nearly as possible; my heart gave way in a deep passion of tears.

Now I tried to reason myself out of this. What had I lost? I asked myself. What were these tears for? What had I lost, that I had not been without until only twelve hours before? Indeed rather, what had I not gained? But my reasonings were of no use. Against them all, some vision of Thorold's face, some sparkle of his eyes, some touch of his hand, would come back to me, and break down my power and unlock fresh fountains of tears. This passion of self-indulgence was not like me, and surprised myself. I suppose the reason was, I had been so long alone; I had been working my way and waiting, in exile from home as it were, so many days

and years; nobody that loved me better than I loved myself had been near me for so very long; that the sweetness so suddenly given and so suddenly taken away left me a little unsteady. Was it wonderful? The joy and the grief were both new; I was not braced for either; the one seemed to add poignancy to the other; and between the two facts, that Thorold loved me, and that he was gone from me into what might be a duty of danger,—that he was gone into danger and that he loved me,—for a little while my soul was tossed back and forth like a ship on a stormy sea, unable to make any headway at all. And so Miss Cardigan found me. She half lifted half drew me up, I remember; made me lie down again on the sofa, gave me some hot tea to drink; and when she had made me drink it, she sat still looking at me, silent, and I thought a good deal disturbed. It would be difficult to tell why I thought so. Perhaps it was because she said nothing. I lay quiet with my face hid in my hands.

‘What do you think to do with yourself to-day, now?’ was at last her practical question.

‘What o’clock is it?’ I whispered.

‘It’s just on the stroke of six, Daisy.’

‘I’ll get up and go on with my work,’ I said; and I raised myself to a sitting posture accordingly.

‘Work!’ echoed Miss Cardigan. ‘You look like much of that! Your cheeks’ (and she touched them) ‘they are the colour of my magnolia there that has just opened. A night’s work Christian has made of it! I suppose he is travelling off as content as if he had something to praise himself for. The pride of these men!’—

I could not help laughing, and laughing made me cry. Miss Cardigan promptly put me back on the cushions and bade me lie still; and she sat in front of me there like a good shaggy human watch dog. I should not say

shaggy, for she was entirely neat and trim; but there was something of sturdy and uncompromising about her which suggested the idea. I lay still, and by and by went off into a sleep. That restored me. I woke up a couple of hours later all right and quite myself again. I was able to rush through the bit of study I had wanted; and went over to Mme. Ricard's just a minute before school opened.

I had expected some uncomfortable questioning about my staying out all night; but things do not happen as one expects. I got no questioning, except from one or two of the girls. Mme. Ricard was ill, that was the news in school; the other teachers had their hands full, and did not give themselves any extra trouble about the doings of so regular and trusted an inmate as myself. The business of the day rolled on and rolled off, as if last night had never been; only that I walked in a dream; and when night came I was free to go to bed early and open my budget of thoughts and look at them. From without, all was safe.

All day my thoughts had been rushing off, away from the schoolroom and from studies and masters, to look at a receding railway train, and follow a grey coat in among the crowd of its fellows, where its wearer mingled in all the business and avocations of his interrupted course of life. Interrupted! yes, what a change had come to his and to mine; and yet all was exactly the same outwardly. But the difference was, that I was thinking of Thorold, and Thorold was thinking of me. How strange it was! and what a great treasure of joy it was. I felt rich; with the most abounding, satisfying, inexhaustible treasure of riches. All day I had known I was rich; now I took out my gold and counted it, and could not count it, and gave full-hearted thanks over it.

If the brightness wanted a foil, it was there; the gold

glittered upon a cloudy background. My treasure was not exactly in my hand to enjoy. There might be many days before Thorold and I saw each other's faces again. Dangers lay threatening him, that I could not bear to think of; although I knew they were there. And even were this cloud all cleared away, I saw the edges of another rising up along the horizon. My father and my mother. My mother especially; what would she say to Daisy loving an officer in the Northern army? That cloud was as yet afar off; but I knew it was likely to rise thick and black; it might shut out the sun. Even so! my treasure was my treasure still, through all this. Thorold loved me and belonged to me; nothing could change that. Dangers, and even death, would not touch it. My mother's command could not alter it. She might forbid his marrying me; I must obey her; but the fact that we loved each other was a fact beyond her reach and out of her power, as out of mine. Thorold belonged to me, in this higher and indestructible sense, and also I belonged to him. And in this joy I rejoiced, and counted my treasure with an inexpressible triumph of joy that it was uncountable.

I wondered too, very much. I had had no idea that I loved Thorold; no dream that he liked me had ever entered my head. I thought we were friends, and, that was all. Indeed I had not known there was anything in the world more, until one night ago.

But I winced a little, privately, in the very bottom of my heart, that I had let Thorold have so much liberty; that I had let him know so easily what he was to me. I seemed unlike the Daisy Randolph of my former acquaintance. She was never so free. But it was done; and I had been taken unawares and at disadvantage, with the thought of coming danger and separation checking every reserve I would have shown. I had to be content

with myself at all events; Thorold knew my weakness and would never forget it another time.

I thought a great many other thoughts that night; some of them were grave enough. My sleep however, when I went to sleep, was as light as the fall of the dew. I could not be careful. Just seventeen, and just come into life's great inheritance, my spirit was strong, as such spirits are, to throw off every burden.

For several days it happened that I was too busy to see Miss Cardigan. I used to look over to her house, those days, as the place where I had begun to live. Meanwhile I was bending my energies to work, with a serious consciousness of woman's life and responsibility before me. In one way I think I felt ten years older, when next I crossed the avenue and went into the familiar marble-paved hall and opened Miss Cardigan's door. That Thorold was not there, was the first thought with me. Certainly the world had made a revolution; but all things else looked as usual; and Miss Cardigan gave me a welcome just as if the world had not turned round. She was busy with the affairs of some poor people, and plunged me into them as her custom was. But I fancied a somewhat more than usual of sober gravity in her manner. I fancied, and then was sure of it; though for a long time nothing was said which touched Thorold or me. I had forgotten that it was to come; and then it came.

'And what have ye been doing, my bonnie lady, since ye went away at eight o'clock o' the morn?'

I started, and found that I had lost myself in a reverie. I said, I had been studying.

'You and me have need to study some new things,' Miss Cardigan said soberly.

'Yes ma'am,' I said. But then—'What, Miss Cardigan?'

‘There’s our duty’—she said, with a pause at that part of her sentence;—‘and then, how to do it. Yes, Daisy, you need not look at me, nor call the bloom up into your cheeks, that Christian says are such an odd colour. Don’t you think you have duties, lassie? and more to-day than a fortnight syne?’

‘But—Miss Cardigan,’ I answered,—‘yes, I have duties; but—I thought I knew them.’

‘It will do no harm to look at them, Daisy. It is good to see all round our duties, and it’s hard too. Are you in a hurry to go back to school?’

‘No, ma’am—I can have the evening.’

Miss Cardigan pushed her work-baskets and table away, and drew her chair up beside mine, before the fire; and made it blaze, and sat and looked into the blaze, till I wondered what was coming.

‘I suppose this is all a fixed thing between Christian and you,’ she began at last.

I hardly knew what she meant. I said, that I could not unfix it.

‘And he will not, no fear! So it is fixed, as we may say; fixed as two hearts can make it. But it’s very sudden, Daisy; and you are a young thing, my dear.’

‘I know it is sudden,’ I said meekly. ‘It is sudden to me. But he will not like me less for my being so young.’

Miss Cardigan laughed a short laugh.

‘Troth, he’s no right, being young himself, we may say. You are safe for his liking, my bonnie Daisy. But—your father and mother, my dear?’

‘Yes, Miss Cardigan.’

‘What will their word be?’

‘I do not know, ma’am.’

‘You will tell them, Daisy?’

This was very disagreeable to me. I had thought

over these things, and made up my mind; but to outline on canvass, as it were, and put in full depth of shadow, all the images of opposition real and possible that might rise in my way—which I knew might rise,—I liked not to do it. Still Miss Cardigan had reason; and when she repeated, ‘You will tell them at once?’ I answered,

‘No, Miss Cardigan; I think not.’

‘When, then, will you tell them?’ she said shortly.

‘I think *I* will not tell them at all. I will wait, till—’

‘Till Christian does it?’

‘Yes.’

‘When will *that* be?’

‘I do not know. It may be—a great while. Why should I tell them before, Miss Cardigan?’

‘For many reasons, as they seem to my mind, Daisy; and I thought, as they would seem to yours. “Honour thy father and thy mother.” Daisy, would it be honouring them, to let them not know?’

There were so many things, of which Miss Cardigan was ignorant! How could I answer her? I sat silent, pondering the difficulty; and she was silent on her side, waiting for me to think over it. It was never her way to be in a hurry; not to leave her work half done neither, as I knew.

‘I will honour them the best way I can,’ I said at length.

‘Then you will write them next steamer. Is it not so, Daisy?’

‘That would make it very difficult for me to honour them,’ I said; ‘to honour them in action, I mean.’

‘Why so? There is no way so short as a straight way.’

‘No, ma’am. But—I cannot undo what is done, Miss Cardigan.’

‘What your cheeks say your heart has done. No,

child.' And again I heard the unwonted sigh from Miss Cardigan's lips.

'Not my heart only,' I went on, plucking up courage. 'I have spoken—I have let him speak. I cannot undo it. I cannot undo it.'

'Well?' said Miss Cardigan, looking anxious.

'It was done before I thought of mamma and papa. It was all done—it *is* done; and I cannot undo it now, even for them.'

'My dear, you would not marry without your parents' consent?'

'No, Miss Cardigan. They may forbid *that*.'

'What then? What harm would be done by your letting them know at once how the case stands. They would care for your happiness, Daisy.'

Not with a Northerner, a farmer's son, and an officer in the Northern army. I knew how it would be; but I could not tell Miss Cardigan.

'What is it you cannot undo, little Daisy?' she said softly, I suppose seeing me look troubled. And she stretched out a kind hand and took hold of mine. It was very hard to bear. All this was a sort of dragging things into light and putting things in black and white; more tangible and more hard to deal with for ever after.

'What is it you cannot undo? Since you confess, that if they desired, you would undo the whole.'

'Not my faith, nor my affection,'—I said slowly. 'Some things they may forbid, and I obey; but *these* things are passed beyond their power, and beyond mine. I will be true. I cannot help it now, if I would.'

'But Daisy—' said Miss Cardigan, and she was evidently perplexed now herself. 'Since you are ready to obey them in the utmost and give up Thorold if they say so, what is there, my dear, which your father and mother

could command *now* in which you are not ready to obey them?’

‘The time has not come, Miss Cardigan,’ I said. ‘It may be—you know it may be—long, before they need know anything about it; before, I mean, anything could be done. I am going abroad—Christian will be busy here—and they might tell me not to think of him and not to write to him; and—I can’t live so. It is fair to give him and myself the chance. It is fair that they should know him and see him before they hear what he wants of them; or at least before they answer it.’

‘Give him and yourself the *chance*—of what, Daisy?’

‘I don’t know,’ I said faintheartedly. ‘Of what time may do.’

‘Then you think—my dear, you augur ill of your father’s and mother’s opinion of your engagement?’

‘I can’t help it now, Miss Cardigan,’ I said; and I know I spoke firmly then. ‘I did not know what I was doing—I did not know what was coming. If I had known, if I could have helped myself, I think I ought not to have loved anybody or let anybody speak to me without my father and mother choosing it; but it was all done before I could in the least help it; and you know I cannot help it now. I owe something besides to them now. I will not disobey them in anything I can help; but I will be true,—as long as I live.’

Miss Cardigan sat a long while silent, holding my hand all the while; sometimes clasping, and sometimes fondling it. Then she turned and kissed me. It was very hard to bear, all of it.

‘I suppose you are a great heiress,’ she said at last; as if the words escaped her, and with a breath of a sigh.

‘It is not that!’ I exclaimed. ‘No, I am not. I am not—I shall not be a great heiress, or an heiress at all, I think. Christian is richer than I.’

‘My dear!’ said Miss Cardigan. ‘Christian never said a word to me about it, but your friend Mrs. Sandford—*she* told me; she told me you would be one of the richest women in your State.’

‘She thought so,’—I said.

‘My dear, your parents are very wealthy; and they have only one other child, Mrs. Sandford told me. I remember, for it took me with a pity at my heart, little Daisy, for you.’

‘Yes, they are wealthy,’ I said; ‘and Ransom, my brother, is the only other one. *He* will be rich. But I shall not.’

‘Do you mean he is the favourite?’ said Miss Cardigan.

‘O no!’ I said. ‘At least, if he is, so am I. It isn’t that. But I shall never be an heiress, Miss Cardigan. I shall be very poor, I rather think.’

I smiled at her as I said these words—they were upon the first pleasant subject that had been touched for some time between us; and Miss Cardigan looked quite bewildered. I remembered she had good reason; and I thought it was right, though very much against my will, to explain my words.

‘You know what makes my father and mother rich?’ I said.

‘My dear!’ said Miss Cardigan—‘They have large Southern properties.’

‘And you know what makes Southern wealth?’ I went on.

‘Rice—cotton—’

‘No, it isn’t that,’ I said.

‘What then, my dear? I do not know what you mean. I thought it was mainly cotton.’

‘It is unpaid labour,’ I said. ‘It is hands that ought to work for themselves; and men and women that ought to belong to themselves.’

'Slaves,' said Miss Cardigan. 'But Daisy, what do you mean? It's all true; but what can you do?'

'I can have nothing to do with it. And I will have nothing. I would rather be poor, as poor as old Darry and Maria, than take what belongs to them. Miss Cardigan, so would you.'

She settled herself back in her chair, like a person who has got a new thought. 'My dear child!' she said. And then she said nothing more. I did not wish she should. I wanted no counsel, nor to hear any talk about it. I had only spoken so much, as thinking she had a right to hear it. I went back into my own meditations.

'Daisy, my child,' she said suddenly after a while,— 'there is only one thing to be said; and the word is not mine. "If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you."' '

'Why, Miss Cardigan,' said I smiling, 'do you think the world will hate me for such a thing?'

'It hates all those who pretend to tell it it is wrong.'

'I do not pretend to tell it anything,' I said.

'There is no preaching like that of the life. Daisy, have you well considered this matter?'

'For years.'

'Then I'll know how to pray for you,' she said. And there our conversation ended. It had laid on my heart a grave burden of well-defined care, which went with me thenceforth. I could never ignore it nor doubt it was there. Not but I knew well enough each several point in our discussion, before it had come up in words between Miss Cardigan and me; but having so come up, and taken form, each was a tangible thing for ever after. It is odd, how much we can bear unspoken, to which words give an unendurable weight and power. However, these troubles, in their present form, were not unendurable. I only felt them constantly from that time.

My visits to Miss Cardigan now were what they had always been; only perhaps she was a little more tenderly affectionate and careful of me. We did not go back to the discussions of that day, nor to any other regarding my affairs; but she and I scanned the papers well, and talked to each other of the items that seemed now to touch Thorold's and my future as well as the future of the country. We talked,—I could not help it; and yet often I would as lief not; the subjects were not quieting.

The first thing, was the going to Washington of Christian and his class. He wrote to me about it. They went in haste and zeal; waiting for nothing; losing not a train; going by night. Some in civilian's dress; some in cadet clothes, with the black stripe torn off the leg; all eager for their work. What work? It was peaceful enough work just at first. Thorold and others were set to drill the new citizen soldiers who had come in, answering to the President's proclamation, and who knew simply nothing of the business they were to be wanted for, if wanted at all. It was likely they would have something to do! Already a second proclamation from the President had called for a second supply of men, to serve for three years, if the war was not sooner ended. Seamen for the navy also, in like manner.

For three years or the war! It went to my heart, that requisition. It looked so terribly in earnest. And so unhopeful. I wondered, those days, how people could live that did not know how to pray; when every one had, or might have, a treasure at stake in this fierce game that was playing. I have often since felt the same wonder.

I do not know how studies and the usual forms of school recitations went on; but they did go on; smoothly, I suppose. I even recollect that mine went on successfully. With my double or treble motive for desiring

success, I had also a reason for prizing and remembering the attainment. But my head was on graver matters, all the time. Would the rebels attack Washington? it was constantly threatened. Would fighting actually become the common news of the land? The answer to this second query began to be sounded audibly. It was before May was over, that Ellsworth's soldiers took possession of Alexandria, and he was killed. That stirred people at the time; it looks a very little thing now. Alexandria! how I remembered driving through it one grey morning, on one of my Southern journeys; the dull little place, that looked as if it had fallen asleep some hundred or two years ago and never waked up. Now it was waked up with rifle shots; but its slave pen was emptied. I was glad of that. And Thorold was safe in Washington, drilling raw soldiers, in the saddle all day, and very happy, he wrote me. I had begun to be uneasy about his writing to me. It was without leave from my father and mother, and the leave I knew could not be obtained; it would follow that the indulgence must be given up. I knew it must. I looked that necessity in the face. A correspondence, such a correspondence, carried on without their knowing of it, must be an impossibility for me. I intended to tell Christian so, and stop the letters, before I should go abroad. My difficulties were becoming daily more and more clear, and looking more and more unmanageable. I wondered sometimes whither I was drifting; for guide or choose my course I could not. I had got into the current by no agency and with no fault of my own. To get out of the current—perhaps that might not be till life and I should go out together. So I was a somewhat sober and diligent student those closing weeks of the term; and yet, very happy, for Christian loved me. It was a new, sweet, strange, elixir of life.

The term was almost out, when I was called to the

parlour one day to see Mrs. Sandford. All winter I had not seen her; she had not been in New York. I think she was unaffectedly glad to see me; somehow my presence was pleasant to her.

‘Out of school!’ she exclaimed, after a few greetings had passed. ‘Almost out of school. A woman, Daisy. My dear, I never see you but I am struck with the change in you. Don’t change any more! you are just right.’

I laughed and asked her, what was the change in me? I had not grown taller.

‘No—’ said Mrs. Sandford—‘I don’t know that you have; but your figure is improved, and you have the air of being taller, Daisy. I never saw you looking so well. My dear, what work you are going to do now! now that you are out of the “elements.” And by the by—what *are* you going to do, when school closes and you are set free?’

I said I could not tell; I had received no directions. I was waiting for letters from somewhere, to tell me what I must do.

‘Suppose you go with me to Washington.’

‘Washington!’—I ejaculated, and therewith the power of speech left me.

‘Yes. You are not afraid, Daisy, that you look at me so? Some people are afraid, I know, and think Washington is going to be stormed by the Southern army; but that is all nonsense, Grant says; and I always trust Grant. He knows. He wants me to come. He says Washington is a novel sight just now, and I may never have such another chance; and I think I shall do as he says and go. Washington is full of soldiers, and no ladies in it. You are not *afraid*?’

‘O no. But—Dr. Sandford has not written to me to come.’

‘Yes, he has; or something very like it. He asked me to come and see you as I passed through the city—I was not likely to need his admonition, Daisy, my dear, for it always does me good to see you;—and he added that I might suggest to you that I was coming, and ask you if your curiosity inclined you to take the trouble of the journey. He said *he* thought it worth while, and that we would both find it so.’

I was dumb. Dr. Sandford little knew to what he was inviting me; and I—and Thorold—What a strange chance.

‘Well, what are you pondering?’ Mrs. Sandford cried gaily. ‘Dresses? You don’t care for dresses; besides, we can have them made in two minutes. Don’t you want to go, Daisy? I am sure you do; and I am sure Grant will take famous good care of us, and you specially, and show us the camps and everything. And don’t you want to see the President?’

‘I have seen him.’

‘When, and where?’

‘In the street—when he went through, on his way to Washington.’

‘Well, I don’t care much for Presidents; but this one they say so many different things about, that it makes me curious. Don’t you want to see him again?’

‘Yes—I would like it.’

‘Then you’ll come with me—I see it; and I’ll have everything in readiness. Thursday, does your school-work end? then we will go Saturday. You will want one day perhaps, besides, they say Friday is unlucky. I never go a journey on Friday.’

‘I would as lieve go Friday as any day,’ I said.

‘O well—Saturday will be soon enough; and now good-bye, my dear; you to your work and I to mine.

'You are beautiful, my dear Daisy!' she added kissing me.

I wondered if it was true. If it was, I was glad, for Thorold's sake. I knew it would be a pleasure to him. And to my father and mother also; but that brought other thoughts, and I went off to my studies.

CHAPTER 11.

AT THE RENDEZVOUS.

THE examination was over and school ended for me, before I had one half hour to spare to go to see Miss Cardigan. The examination had passed as I could have wished it might; all had gone well; and I could afford to put by that whole train of thought, even as I put up my school-books and stowed them away; being things that I should not immediately want again. Some time would pass, it was likely, before I would need to refresh my memory with mathematics or philosophy. My music was another matter, and I kept that out.

I put my books hastily as well as securely away; and then took my hat and rushed over to Miss Cardigan's. It was a very warm June day. I remember now the cool feeling of her marble hall. Miss Cardigan sat in her matted parlour, busy as always, looking quiet and comfortable in a white muslin wrapper, and neat as a pin; also an invariable thing. Something in the peaceful, settled, calm air of the place impressed me, I suppose, with a feeling of contrast; of an uninvaded, undisturbed domain, which changes were not threatening. I had gone over the street hurriedly; I walked into the room with a slow step.

'Daisy! my dear child!' Miss Cardigan exclaimed,—
'is it you? and is all over? I see it is. Just sit down, and you shall have some strawberries; you look tired, my love.'

I sat still, and waited, and eat my strawberries.

‘Miss Cardigan,’ I said at length, ‘what is Christian’s address in Washington?’

‘In Washington? I don’t know. Did he never give it to you?’

‘No, ma’am; nothing except “Washington.”’

‘I suppose that is enough. Haven’t you written to him?’

‘I have written once.—I have been thinking, Miss Cardigan, that I must stop the writing.’

‘Altogether?’

‘Yes, ma’am.’

‘His writing too?’

‘Yes. My father and mother do not know—and I cannot ask them,—and—’

‘You are right,’ Miss Cardigan answered sorrowfully. ‘And yet you will let your engagement stand, Daisy?’

‘I cannot break my part of it, ma’am. I—nor they—cannot change what is, and what has been done. The future is in their hands—or in God’s hands, rather.’

Miss Cardigan sighed.

‘And what then, dear, about the address?’ she said.

‘Because, Miss Cardigan, I am going there. I am going to Washington.’

She stopped her work to look at me.

‘I am going Saturday. My guardian has sent for me. It is very strange, Miss Cardigan; but I must go; and I thought I would like to know in what part of the city Christian is.’

‘Will you write to let him know? You will, of course. Write just as usual, child; the letter will reach him.’

‘Why should I, Miss Cardigan? what use? He cannot come to see me.’

‘Why not?’

‘I would not dare. My guardian watches me well; and he would not like my seeing Mr. Thorold of all people.’

‘Why not? Ah, child! there is a rose leaf in each of your cheeks this minute. That tells the story. Then, Daisy, you had better not go to Washington. Christian will not bear that very well; and it will be hard for you too. My dear, it will be hard.’

‘Yes, ma’am—and hard not to go. I shall go, Miss Cardigan,’

‘And mayn’t I tell him you are there?’

‘No, ma’am. If I can, I will let him know somehow.’

But a sense of the difficulties, dangers, doubts and uncertainties, thronging my way, therewith pressed heavily upon me; and I sat in silence and weariness, while Miss Cardigan put up her work and ordered tea, and finally went off to her greenhouse. Presently she came back with a rose in her hand and held it under my face. It was a full dewy sweet damask rose, rich and fragrant and lovely as such a rose can be. I took it and looked at it.

‘Do ye mind,’ my old friend said, ‘how the flowers spoke to you and brought you messages, when Daisy was a child yet and first came to see me?’

‘I know—I remember,’ I said.

‘Does that no tell you something?’

‘What does it tell me?’ I said, scarce able to command my words, under the power of association, or memory, which was laying its message on my heart, though it was a flower that bore the message. Inanimate things do that sometimes—I think, often,—when the ear of the soul is open to hear them; and flowers in especial are the Lord’s messengers and speak what he gives them. I knew this one spoke to me.

‘Listen, and see,’ Miss Cardigan said.

I looked, and as I looked, these words came up in my mind—

“Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?”

“The Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him.”

And still as I looked, I remembered,—“In all their afflictions he was afflicted;”—and, “My God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.” The words came into my head; but apart from the words, the rose seemed to say all these things to me. People who never heard flowers talk would think me fanciful, I suppose.

‘And you will go to that city of trouble, and you will not let Christian know?’ Miss Cardigan said after a while.

‘Yes ma’am. No ma’am,’ I answered.

‘Suppose he should be angry about it?’

‘Does he get angry?’ I asked; and his aunt laughed.

‘Does the child think he is perfect?’

‘No, certainly,’ I said; ‘of course he has faults; but Miss Cardigan, I did not think anger was one of them,—or getting angry.’

‘He will never get angry with you, Daisy, it is my firm belief.’

‘But does he, easily, with other people?’

‘There! I don’t know,’ she said. ‘He used to be gay quick with his temper, for all so gentle as he is. I wouldn’t try him too far, Daisy, with not letting him know.’

‘I cannot tell him—’ I said sighing.

For I knew, better than she did, what thorough good care would be taken of me, and what small mercy such a visiter as Mr. Thorold would meet at the hands of my guardians. So with a doubtful heart I kissed Miss Cardigan, and went back over the way to prepare for my journey. Which was, however, thrown over by a storm till the next week.

The journey made my heart beat, in spite of all my doubts. It was strange, to see the uniforms and military caps which sprinkled every assemblage of people, in or out of the cars. They would have kept my thoughts to one theme, even if wandering had been possible. The war,—the recruiting for the war,—the coming struggle,—the large and determined preparation making to meet it,—I saw the tokens of these things everywhere, and heard them on every hand. The long day's ride to Washington was a long fever dream, as it seems to me now; it seemed a little so to me then.

It was dark when we reached Washington; but the thought that now became present with me, that anywhere Thorold *might* be, could scarce be kept in check by the reflection that he certainly would not be at the railway station. He was not there; and Dr. Sandford was; and a carriage presently conveyed us to the house where rooms for us were provided. Not a hotel, I was sorry to find. By no chance could I see Thorold elsewhere than in a hotel.

Supper was very full of talk. Mrs. Sandford wanted to know everything; from the state of the capital and the military situation and prospects for the nation, to the openings for enjoyment or excitement which might await ourselves. The doctor answered her fast enough; but I noticed that he often looked at me.

'Are you tired?' he asked me at length; and there was a tone of gentle deference in his question, such as I often heard from Dr. Sandford. I saw that my silence struck him.

'Nonchalant,' said Mrs. Sandford, half laughing. 'Daisy does not care about all these things. Why should she? To see and to conquer are the same thing with her, whatever becomes of your Southern and Northern camps and armies.'

‘Indeed I do care,’ I said.

‘For receptions at the White House?—or military reviews?—or parades, or encampments? Confess, Daisy.’

‘Yes, I care,’ I said. ‘I care about some of these things.’

‘I am glad to hear it,’ said Mrs. Sandford. ‘I really thought, Daisy, you were superior to them all. Why, child, you have done nothing but meditate, in the gravest manner, ever since we took seats in the cars this morning. I was thinking that nothing but cabinet ministers would interest you.’

This would not do. I roused myself and smiled.

‘What do you think of your ward?’ said Mrs. Sandford pointedly.

‘I think more of her guardian,’ said the doctor somewhat dryly.

‘How soon are you going to send Daisy to Europe?’

‘According to orders, just as soon as I can satisfy myself with a good opportunity. I wish you would go.’

‘Meanwhile, it is a very good thing that she should come here. It will keep her from ennui at least. Washington is alive, that is one thing; and Daisy, my dear, we may mount muskets yet. Come, let us go and get a good night’s sleep while that is possible.’

I was glad to be alone. I took off my dusty travelling dress, refreshed myself with a bath, put on a wrapper, and sat down to think.

I found my heart was beating in a way that shewed some mental fever. What was I about? what was I going to do? I asked myself.

I sat with my head in my hands. Then I got up and walked the floor. I found that I was determined to see Mr. Thorold, and to see him as soon as possible. Yet I had no certain means of communicating with him. My determination was a vague determination, but it sprung

from the necessity of the case. I must see Mr. Thorold. Both of us in Washington for a little while now, no foresight could tell when again we might be near each other. It might well be never. I would see him. Then came the question, Daisy, what are you going to say to him, when you see him? I walked and thought.

Our correspondence must cease. I must tell him that. It was dreadfully hard to think it, but I knew it must cease. I could not receive letters from Christian in Switzerland, and certainly I could not write them, without the knowledge of my father and mother; and if I could, I would not. We must stop writing; we must be hundreds of miles apart, know that dangers clustered round the path of one if not both, know that clouds and uncertainties hung over all our future, and we must not write. And I must tell Mr. Thorold so. It was very hard; for I did not flatter myself with an easy bright clearing away of our difficulties by and by, even if the storm of the war should roll over and leave Christian to encounter them with me. I did not hope that explanations and a little persuasion would induce my mother and my father to look favourably on a Northern suitor for their daughter's hand. My father?—he possibly might give up his pleasure for the sake of my happiness; with my mother I saw no such possibility. It was useless to hope they would let me write to an officer in the Union army. If any chance at all for my happiness were in the future it must lie in changes not yet accomplished, or in Mr. Thorold's own personal power of recommending himself; rather in both these. For the present—I could not tell how long—now, soon, as soon as I should leave Washington again, we must be separated. I wished I could see Thorold that very evening! In Washington—maybe not far off—and days so few—and I could not see him! I sat down again and put my head in my hands.

Had I done wrong, made any unconscious mistake, neglected any duty, that this trouble had come upon me? I tried to think. I could not find that I had to blame myself on any such score. It was not wrong to go to West Point last summer. I held none but friendly relations with Mr. Thorold there, so far as I knew. I was utterly taken by surprise, when at Miss Cardigan's that night I found that we were more than friends. Could I hide the fact then? Perhaps it would have been right to do it, if I had known what I was about; but I did not know. Mr. Thorold was going to the war; I had but a surprised minute; it was simply impossible to hide from him all which that minute revealed. Now? Now I was committed; my truth was pledged; my heart was given. My heart might be broken, but could never be taken back. Truth must be truth; and my life was Mr. Thorold's if it belonged to anybody but my father and mother. I settled that point. It was needless ever to look at it again.

I had something else to tell Mr. Thorold; and here I took up my walk through the room, but slowly now. I was not going to be an heiress. I must tell him that. He must know all about me. I would be a poor girl at last; not the rich, very rich, Miss Randolph that people supposed I would be. No yearly revenues; no Southern mansions and demesnes; no power of name and place. Would Mr. Thorold care? I believed not. I had no doubt but that his care was for myself alone, and that he regarded as little as I the adventitious circumstances of wealth and standing which I intended to cast from me. Nevertheless, *I* cared. Now, when it was not for myself, I did care. For Mr. Thorold, I would have liked to be rich beyond my riches, and powerful above my power. I would have liked to possess very much; that I might make him the owner of it all. And instead, I was going

to give him as poor a wife as ever he could have picked up in the farm-houses of the North. Yes I cared. I found I cared much. And though there was not, of course, any wavering of my judgment as to what was right, I found that to do the right would cost me something; more than I could have thought possible; and to tell Mr. Thorold of it all, was the same as doing it. I walked down a good many bitter regrets, of pride or affection; I think both were at work; before I dismissed the matter from my mind that night.

I think I had walked a good part of the night while I was cogitating these things and trying to bring my thoughts into order respecting them. While I was at last preparing for sleep, I reflected on yet another thing. I always looked back to that evening at Miss Cardigan's with a mixture of feelings. Glad, and sorrowful, and wondering, and grateful, as I was in the remembrance, with all that was mingled a little displeasure and disapproval of myself for that I had allowed Mr. Thorold so much liberty and had been quite so free in my disclosures to him of my own mind. I did not know how it had happened. It was not like me. I ought to have kept him more at a distance, kindly of course. One, or two, kisses—my cheek burnt at the thought—were the utmost he should have been allowed; and I ought to have been more reserved, and without denying the truth, to have kept myself more in my own power. I resolved I would do it in the future. I would keep my own place. Mr. Thorold might indeed know what he was to me and what I was to him; I did not mean to hide that; but he must be satisfied with knowing it and not take any liberties with the knowledge.

So I went to sleep; but my sleep was heavy and scarcely refreshing. I woke up, startled with the thought that I was in Washington and might see Christian to-

day. And I found the desire quite outran the possibility.

I was therefore ready to agree to all the plans of my companions; which included for that day a ride to the camps and the President's reception. Abroad, amidst the stir of men, especially where soldiers were or soldiers' work was done, I might hope to see Christian. What then, if I saw him? I left that point. One thing at a time.

CHAPTER III.

IN REVIEW.

THERE were a party of us that went that morning to see the sights in the neighbourhood of Washington. On horseback we were; Dr. Sandford and Mrs. Sandford, Col. Forsyth, whom I had seen at West Point, another gentleman, and myself. I suppose my senses were keened by anxiety; I never shall forget the wonderful beauty of the afternoon and of what we came to see. In some intense moods of mind, it seems as if every sunbeam had daguerreotyping power, and memory the preparedness to receive and retain. And I could tell even now, where there was a sunny bank, and where a group of sun-touched trees; the ring of our horses' hoofs is in my ear with a thought; and I could almost paint from memory the first view of the camp we went to see. We had crossed over into Virginia; and this regiment, it was Ellsworth's they told me, was encamped upon a hill, where tents and trees and uniforms made a bright, very picturesque, picture. Ellsworth's corps; and he was gone already. I could not help thinking of that; and while the rest of the party were busy and merry over the camp doings, I sat in my saddle looking over some lower grounds below the hill, where several other regiments were going through certain exercises. It looked like war! it went through my heart. And Ellsworth's soldiers had lost their commander already. Very likely there was somebody to miss and mourn him; somebody at home; his mother—a young wife, perhaps—

'Is Daisy tired already?' Dr. Sandford's voice was at my side.

I roused myself and said we had had a pretty brisk ride, and I had not been on horseback in a long time; which was true and I felt it.

'Has it been too much for you?' he said with a change of tone.

I disclaimed that.

'These war-shows make you thoughtful?'

'They give me something to think about.'

'They need not.'

'How can they help it?'

'Daisy, I am confident there is not the slightest danger to Washington. Do you think I would have brought you into danger?'

'O I am not thinking of danger to myself!' I exclaimed. 'I am not afraid in that way.'

'For the country, are you afraid?'

'Dr. Sandford, do you think there is real danger to the country?' I asked.

'The South will do what they can.'

'Do you expect the North will be able to stand against them?'

'You do not,'—he said smiling.

'I know nothing about it,' I said; 'or at least, I know very little of what the North can do. Of course, I know *some* Northern soldiers will fight as well as any; but, do you think, Dr. Sandford, they can stand—the greater part of them—do you think they can meet the bravery and skill of the South and get the better?'

I asked anxiously. Dr. Sandford's brow grew grave.

'Daisy, I don't know, as you say; but I have lived among the Northern people in my life; and when a Yankee "takes a notion," he is as tough a customer as ever I wish to have to deal with.'

‘But they are not accustomed to fighting,’ I said.

‘I am afraid they will be, before it is through.’

‘Then you think they are as brave as the South? Can they be?’

Dr. Sandford laughed at me a good deal. Nevertheless I could not find out what he thought; and I *knew*, I thought, what he did not know so well. I knew the fiery proud spirit of my native portion of the people. While his banter fell on my ears, my eyes went off to the sunlit green fields where the troops were parading; on Southern soil; and I saw in imagination the rush and fury of vengeful onset, which *might* come over those very fields; I saw the unequal contest; I saw—what happened soon after. I sighed as I turned my eyes to the doctor again.

‘You are more of a Southerner than I thought you,’ he said. And I fancied some gratification lurked behind the words.

‘But *you* are true?’ I exclaimed.

‘True!’ said the doctor, smiling. ‘True to what? I hope I am true.’

‘I mean, you are a true Northerner? you do not sympathize with the South?’

‘I do not think they are in the right, Daisy; and I cannot say I wish they should succeed. It is very natural that you should wish it.’

‘I do not,’ I said. ‘I wish the right to succeed.’

‘I believe you do, or you would not be Daisy. But, with a woman,—excuse me,—the right is where her heart is.’

Dr. Sandford touched so much more than he knew in this speech, I felt my cheek grow hot. I thought at the same time that he was speaking with the intent to find out more than he knew. I was silent and kept my face turned from him.

‘You do not plead guilty,’ he went on.

‘The charge is not guilt, but weakness,’ I said coolly.

‘Weakness!’ said the doctor. ‘Not at all. It is a woman’s strength.’

‘To be misled by her feelings?’

‘No; to be *led* by them. Her feelings tell her where the right is—generally. You are Daisy; but a woman, and therefore perhaps no exception. Or *are* you an exception? How is it, Daisy?’

‘I do not wish the South to succeed, Dr. Sandford—if that is what you mean.’

‘It is quite enough,’ he said, ‘to constitute you a remarkable exception. I do not know three more at this minute, in this cause. You will not have the sympathies of your father and mother, Daisy?’

‘No, Dr. Sandford.’

‘Your cousin, Mr. Gary, whom we saw last summer;—on which side is he?’

‘I have not heard from him since he came to Washington. I do not know where he is. I want to find out.’

‘We can easily find out,’ said the doctor. ‘If Col. Forsyth does not know, we shall see somebody this evening probably who can tell us about him.’

We rode home through the lingering sunlight of that long day; uniforms, camps, fortifications, cannon, on all sides proclaiming the new and strange state of things upon which the country had fallen; busy people passing and repassing in all directions; an air of life and stir everywhere that would have been delightful, if the reason had been only different. It saddened me. I had to make a constant effort to hide the fact from my companions. One of them watched me, I knew. Dr. Sandford thought I was tired; and proposed that we should defer going to the White House until the next occasion; but I could not rest at home and insisted on carrying out the original scheme for the day. I was in a fever now to see Mr.

Thorold; keeping up a constant watch for him, which wearied me. To watch with more hope of success, I would go to the President's reception. Mr. Thorold might be there.

Mrs. Sandford, I remember, was very earnest about my dress. I was in no danger from gratified or ungratified vanity now; it was something else that moved me as I robed myself for that reception. And I met my escort in the drawing-room, forgetting that my dress could be a subject of interest to anybody but one,—who might not see it.

'Why that is—yes! that is the very same thing you wore to the cadets' hop; the last hop you went to, Daisy?' Mrs. Sandford exclaimed as she surveyed me.

'It will do, won't it?' I said. 'I have had nothing new made this spring.'

'Do!' said the lady. 'What do you think, Grant?'

Dr. Sandford's face was a little flushed.

'Anything will do,' he said. 'It makes less difference than ladies suppose.'

'It has more to do than gentlemen ever imagine!' Mrs. Sandford returned indignantly. 'It is very good, Daisy. That pure white somehow suits you; but I believe everything suits you, my dear. Your mother will be a proud woman.'

That sentence laid a little weight on my heart, which had just been springing with undefined hope. I had been thinking of somebody else who might perhaps be not displeased with me.

I sought for his figure that night, among the crowds at the President's reception; amidst all the other interests of the hour, that one was never forgotten. And there were many interests certainly clustering about Washington and Washington society then. The assembly was very peculiar, very marked, very striking in

many of its characteristics. The women were few, much fewer than make part of ordinary assemblies; the men were unusually well-looking, it seemed to me; and had an air of life and purpose and energy in definite exercise, which was very refreshing to meet. Besides that, which was generally true, there were in Washington at this time many marked men, and men of whom much was expected. The last have been first, it is true, in many an instance; here as elsewhere; nevertheless, the aspect of things and people at the time was novel and interesting in the highest degree. So was the talk. Insipidities were no longer tolerated; everybody was *living*, in some real sense, now.

I had my second view of the President, and nearer by. It did not disappoint me, nor change the impression produced by the first view. What a homely face! but I thought withal, what a fine face! Rugged, and soft; gentle, and shrewd; Miss Cardigan's "Yon's a mon!" recurred to me often. A man, every inch of him; self-respecting, self-dependent, having a sturdy mind of his own; but wise also to bide his time; strong to wait and endure; modest, to receive from others all they could give him of aid and counsel. But the honest, keen, kindly eyes won my heart.

The evening was very lively. There were a great many people to see and talk to, whom it was pleasant to hear. Dr. Sandford I always knew was a favourite; but it seemed to me this evening that our party was thronged. Indeed I had little chance and less time to look for Mr. Thorold; and the little I could use availed me nothing. I was sure he was not there; for he certainly would have seen me. And what then? It would not have been agreeable. I began to think with myself that I was somewhat inconsistent.

It was not till I got home that I thought this, how-

ever. I had no time for private reflections till then. When we reached home, Mrs. Sandford was in a talkative mood; the doctor very silent.

‘And what do you think of Gen. Scott, Daisy? you have not seen him before.’

‘I do not know,’ I said. ‘I did not hear him talk.’

‘You have not heard Mr. Lincoln talk, have you?’

‘No, certainly not; not before to night.’

‘You know how you like *him*,’ Dr. Sandford said pointedly.

‘Yes. My dear, you made him the most beautiful reverence that I ever knew a woman could make; grace and homage in perfection; but there was something else in it, Daisy, something more; something most exquisitely expressed. What was it, Grant?’

‘You ought to know,’ said the doctor with a grim smile.

‘I do, I suppose, only I cannot tell the word for it. Daisy have you ever seen the President before?’

‘When he passed through New York,’ I said. ‘I stood in the street to see him.’

Dr. Sandford’s eyes opened upon me. His sister-in-law exclaimed,

‘You could not see him *then*, child. But you like him, don’t you? Well, they tell all sorts of stories about him; but I do not believe half of them.’

I thought, I could believe all the good ones.

‘But Grant, you never can keep Daisy here,’ Mrs. Sandford went on. ‘It would be hazardous in the extreme.’

‘Not very,’ said the doctor. ‘Nobody else is going to stay; it is a floating community.’

So we parted for the night. And I slept, the dark hours; but restlessness took possession of me the moment I awoke. Dr. Sandford’s last words rung in my heart.

‘It is a floating community.’ ‘Nobody else is going to stay.’ I must see Mr. Thorold. What if *he* should be ordered on, away from Washington somewhere, and my opportunity be lost? I knew to be sure that he had been very busy training and drilling some of the new troops; and I hoped there was enough of the same work on hand to keep him busy; but I could not know. With the desire to find him, began to mingle now some foretaste of the pain of parting from him again when I—or he—should leave the city. A drop of bitter which I began to taste distinctly in my cup.

I was to learn now, how difficult it sometimes is in new forms of trial, to be quiet and submissive and trust. I used to be able to trust myself and my wants with God; I found at this time that the human cry of longing, and of fear, was very hard to still. I was ready to trust, if I might only see Mr. Thorold. I was willing to wait, if only we might not be separated at last. But *now* to trust and to wait, when all was in doubt for me; when if I missed this sight of my friend I might never have another; when all the future was a cloudy sea and a rocky shore; I felt that I *must* have this one moment of peace. Yet I prayed for it submissively; but I am afraid my heart made its own cry unsubmissively.

I was restless. The days that followed the President’s levee were one after the other filled up with engagements and amusements,—if I can give that term to what had such deep and thrilling interest for me; but I grew only more secretly restless with every one. My companions seemed to find it all amusement, the rides and parades and receptions that were constantly going on; I only saw everywhere the preparation for a desperate game soon to be played. The Secessionists threatened Washington; and said “only wait till the Fourth.” The people in Washington laughed at this; yet now and then I saw one

who did not laugh; and such were often some of those who should know best and judge most wisely. Troops were gathered under Beauregard's command not very far from the capital. I knew the dash and fire and uncompromising temper of the people I was born among; I could not despise their threats nor hold light their power. My anxiety grew to see Mr. Thorold; but I could not. I watched and watched; nothing like him crossed my vision. Once, riding home late at night from a gay visit to one of the neighbouring camps, we had drawn bridle in passing the grounds of the Treasury Building, where the Eleventh Massachusetts regiment was encamped; and slowly walking by, were endeavouring to distinguish forms and sounds through the dim night air—forms and sounds so novel in Washington and so suggestive of interests at stake and dangers at hand; when the distinct clatter of a horse's hoofs in full gallop came down the street and passed closed by me. The light of a passing lamp just brushed the flying horseman; not enough to discover him, but enough to lift my heart into my mouth. I could not tell whether it were Mr. Thorold; I cannot tell what I saw; only my nerves were unstrung in a moment, and for the rest of that night I tossed with impatient pain. The idea of being so near Mr. Thorold, was more than I could bear. One other time, in a crowd, I heard a bit of a laugh which thrilled me. My efforts to see the person from whom it came were good for nothing; nobody like my friend was in sight, or near me; yet that laugh haunted me for two days.

'I do not think Washington agrees with Daisy,' Mrs. Sandford said one morning at breakfast.

'She never looked better,' said the doctor.

'No. O I don't mean that; she looks all herself; yes, she is in great beauty; but she is *uncommonly* abstracted and uninterested.'

‘Not being in general a sensitive person,’ observed Dr. Sandford.

I explained that I had never been more interested in my life; but that these things made me sober.

‘My dear Daisy!’ Mrs. Sandford laughed. ‘You were never anything but sober yet, in all your little life. I should like to see you intoxicated.’

I felt on dangerous ground and was silent. The doctor asked why?—to Mrs. Sandford’s last speech.

‘No matter!’ said the lady. ‘The first man she loves will know why.’

‘The first,’ said Dr. Sandford dryly. ‘I hope she will not love more than one.’

‘She will be an uncommonly happy woman then,’ said Mrs. Sandford. ‘Nonsense, Grant! every woman loves two or three before she has done. Your first liking will come to nothing, Daisy my dear, I forewarn you; and most probably the second too; but no one will be the wiser but yourself. Why don’t you blush, child? On my word, I believe you are growing pale! Never mind, child; I am not a prophet.’

I believe the blushes came then, and they all laughed at me; but Dr. Sandford asked me very kindly if I was too tired to see the review that day? I was not tired; and if I had been, nothing would have tempted me to be absent from the review. I went everywhere, as far as I could; and Dr. Sandford was always with us, indulging every fancy I expressed or did not express, it seemed to me. He had to work very hard at other times to make up for it; and I thought Washington did not agree with him. He looked pale and jaded this day.

I thought so after the morning’s work was done; at the time I had no leisure for such thoughts. The morning’s work was a review of many thousand troops, by the President. Dr. Sandford and our friends had secured an

excellent place for us, from which we could well see all we wished to see; and I wished to see everything. For various reasons. The platform where Mr. Lincoln stood had its own peculiar attractions and interests. It held himself, first of all, standing in front, in plain view much of the time. It held besides a group of men that one liked to look at just then. Gen. Scott was there, and I know not how many other generals; the members of the Cabinet, and inferior military officers; and each colonel of the regiments that passed in review, after passing, dismounted and joined the group on the platform. I looked at these officers with particular interest, for they and their command were going straight across into Virginia expecting active service soon. So I looked at their men. While each regiment marched by, the band belonging to it halted and played. They were going to the war. In good earnest they were going now. This was no show of pleasure; it was work; and my heart, it seemed to me, alternately beat and stood still. Sometimes the oppression of feeling grew very painful, obliged as I was to hide carefully the greater part of what I felt. A little additional stir was almost more than I could bear. One regiment—the Garibaldis, I think, had bouquets of flowers and greens in their hats. I did not indeed notice this, until the foremost came just in front of the platform and the President. Then the bouquets were taken out from the hats, and were tossed, in military order, rank by rank, as the files passed by, to Mr. Lincoln's feet. It was a little thing; but how it shook me! I was glad of the rush which followed the passing of the regiment; the rush of people eager to secure these bunches of flowers and evergreens for memorials; the diversion of interest for a moment gave me chance to fight down my heartswelling.

‘Daisy! you are—what is the matter? You are not

well—you are tired,’—my guardian exclaimed anxiously, as he came back to my side with one of the Garibaldi flower bunches.

‘I am well—you are mistaken, Dr. Sandford,’ I made myself say quietly.

‘For which side *are* you so anxious?’ he inquired. ‘You are paler than you ought to be, at this moment, with a smile on your lips. I got this for you—will you scorn it, or value it?’

‘You would not waste it upon me, if you thought I would scorn it?’ I said.

‘I don’t know. I am not infatuated about anybody. You may have the bouquet, Daisy. Will you have it?’

I did not want to have it! I was not amusing myself, as many and as Mrs. Sandford were doing; this was not an interesting little bit of greens to me, but a handful of pain. I held it, as one holds such handfuls; till the regiment, which had halted a little while at Willard’s, was ordered forward and took the turning from Pennsylvania Avenue into the road leading to Virginia. With that, the whole regiment burst into song; I do not know what; a deep-voiced grave melody from a thousand throats, cheering their advance into the quarter of the enemy and of actual warfare. I forgot Dr. Sandford then, whose watchful eyes I generally remembered; I ceased to see the houses or the people before me; for my eyes grew dim with tears it was impossible to keep back; and I listened to nothing but that mellow, ominous, sweet, bitter, strain, till the sound faded away in the distance. Then I found that my cheeks were wet, and that Mrs. Sandford was wondering.

‘This is what it is to have an ear for music!’ she said. ‘There is positively no possession which does not bring some inconvenience on the possessor. My dear Daisy, you are in pain; those were not tears of joy; what did

that chant say to your sensibilities? To mine it only sounded strength, and victory. If the arms of those—*what* are they?—that regiment,—if their arms are only constituted proportionately to their throats, they must do good fighting. I should think nothing would stand before them. Daisy, they will certainly bear down all opposition. Are you afraid? Here is the Fourth, and Washington safe yet, for all the Southern bluster.’

‘I do not think you had better try to go to the Capitol,’ the doctor put in.

‘What, to see the meeting of Congress? O yes, we will. I am not going to miss it.’

‘Daisy will not?’ he asked.

But Daisy would. I would try every chance. I did not at the moment care for Congress; my wish was to find Mr. Thorold. At the review I knew I had little reason to hope for what I wanted; at the Capitol—after all, what chance there? when Mr. Thorold was drilling troops from morning till night; unless he had been already sent out of Washington. But I would go. If I had dared, I would have expressed a desire to see some troops drilled. I did not dare.

I remember nothing of the scene at the Capitol, except the sea of heads, the crowd, and the heat; my intense scrutiny of the crowd, and the weariness that grew on me. Mrs. Sandford had friends to talk to; I only wished I need not speak to anybody. It was a weary day; for I could not see Mr. Thorold, and I could not hear the President’s Message. I was so placed or so surrounded that it came to me only in bits. Wearily we went home.

At least, Dr. Sandford and I. Mrs. Sandford tried in vain to rally us.

‘There is to be a marriage in camp,’ she said. ‘What do you think of that, Daisy? We can have invitations,

if we like. Shall we like? Wouldn't it be a curious scene? Daisy is interested, I see. Grant, no. What is the matter, Grant?

'I hope, nothing,' said the doctor.

'Will you go, if I get you an invitation?'

'Who is to be married?'

'La fille du regiment.'

'It takes two,' said the doctor.

'O! The other is a sergeant, I believe; some sergeant of the same regiment. They are to be married to-morrow evening; and it is to be by moonlight and torchlight and everything odd; up on that beautiful hill where we were the other day, where the trees and the tents make such a pretty mingling with red caps and everything else.'

'I hope the ceremony will be performed by comet light, too,' said Dr. Sandford. 'It ought, to be in character.'

'You do not feel well to-night, Grant?'

'Tired. So is Daisy. Are you tired of Washington, Daisy?'

'Oh no!' I said eagerly. 'Not at all. I like very much to be here.'

'Then we will go and see the sergeant's wedding,' said he.

But we did not; for the next day it was found to be only too true that Dr. Sandford was unwell. Perhaps he had been working too hard; at any rate, he was obliged to confess to being ill; and a day or two more settled the question of the amount of his indisposition. He had a low fever, and was obliged to give up to it.

CHAPTER IV.

ON FOOT.

MRS. SANDFORD devoted herself to the doctor. Of course, a sudden stop was put to our gay amusements. I could not ride or drive out any more; nor would I go to entertainments anywhere. The stir and the rush of the world had quietly dropped me out of it.

Yet I was more than ever eager to be in it and know what was doing; and above all, what *one* was doing. I studied the newspapers, more assiduously than I had hitherto had time for. They excited me almost unbearably with the desire to know more than they told, and with unnumbered fears and anxieties. I took to walking, to wear away part of the restless uneasiness which had settled upon me. I walked in the morning; I walked at evening, when the sun's light was off the avenue and the air a little cooler; and kept myself out of the house as much as I could.

It was so that I came upon my object, when I was not seeking it. One evening I was walking up Pennsylvania avenue; slowly, for the evening was warm, although the sun had gone down. Slowly and disconsolately. My heart began to fail me. I pondered writing a word to Mr. Thorold, now that I was completely at liberty; and I wished I had done it at once upon Dr. Sandford's becoming ill. Two or three days' time had been lost. I should have to take the note to the post-office myself; but that would not be impossible now, as it had been

until now. While I was thinking these things, I saw a horseman riding down the avenue; a single horseman, coming at a fast gallop. I had never seen Mr. Thorold on horseback; yet from almost the first sight of this mounted figure my heart said with a bound who it was. I stood still by the curbstone, looking breathlessly. I felt more and more sure as he drew nearer, if that can be when I had been sure all along; but, would he know me? Would he even see me, in the first place? So many ladies walk on Pennsylvania avenue; why should his eye pick me out? and he was riding so fast too, there would be but one instant to see or miss me. I would not like to go again through the suspense of that minute, though it was almost too intense to be conscious pain. I stood, all eyes, while that figure came on, steady, swift, and moveless, but for the quick action of the horse's muscles. I dared not make a sign, although I felt morally sure who it was, until he was quite close to me; then, I do not know whether I made it or not. I think not; but the horse wheeled, just as he was past me; I did not know a horse could wheel so short; and the rider had dismounted at the same instant it seemed, for he was there, at my side, and my hand in his. I certainly forgot at that minute all I had stored up to say to Mr. Thorold, in the one great throb of joy. He did not promise to be easily managed, either.

'Daisy!' was his first question—'Daisy, where have you been?'

'I have been here—a while.'

'I heard it from Aunt Catherine yesterday—I should have found you before another day went over—Daisy, how long?'

I hardly liked to tell him, he looked so eager and so imperative, and so much as if he had a right to know, and to have known. But he did not wait for the answer;

and instead, drawing my arm within his own, bent down to me with looks and words so glad, so tender, so bright, that I trembled with a new feeling, and all the blood in my heart came surging up to my face and away again. The bridle was over his other arm, and the horse with drooped head walked on the other side of him, while Mr. Thorold led me on in this fashion. I do not know how far. I do not know what he said or what I answered, except in bits. I know that he made me answer him. I was not capable of the least self-assertion. What startled me at last out of this abstraction, was the sudden fear that we might be observed. I looked up and said something about it. Only to my confusion; for Thorold laughed at me, softly, but how he laughed at me. I tried a diversion.

‘Have you been drilling troops to-day?’

‘All day; or I should have come to find and scold you. By the way, how long *have* you been in Washington, Daisy?’

‘I should not have thought you would ride such a pace at the end of a day’s work—you did not ride like a tired man.’

‘I am not a tired man. Didn’t I tell you, I had a letter from Aunt Catherine yesterday. I have felt no fatigue since. When did you come here, Daisy?’

‘Christian, I could not let you know, for I was with my guardian—he is a sort of guardian for the time—and—’

‘Well? I know your guardian. Dr. Sandford, isn’t he?’

‘Yes, but he would not like to see you.’

‘I don’t care whether he likes it or not, Daisy.’

‘Yes, but, you see, Christian, it would be not pleasant if he were to carry me off away from Washington; as he took me from West Point last year.’

‘To get you away from me?’

‘He would, if he suspected anything.’

‘Daisy, I do not like suspicions. The best way is to let him know the truth.’

‘O no, Christian!’

‘Why not, little one?’

‘I would rather my father and mother heard it first from you in person,’ I answered, stumbling in my speech.

‘So would I, Daisy; but the times are against us. A letter must be my messenger; and Dr. Sandford has nothing to do with the matter.’

‘He would think he had,’ I answered, feeling the difficulties in my way.

‘Aren’t you my Daisy?’ he said, looking down into my face with his flashing eyes, all alight with fire and pleasure.

‘But that—’ I began.

‘No evasions, Daisy. Answer. Aren’t you mine?’

I said ‘yes’ meekly. But what other words I had purposed to add were simply taken off my lips. I looked round, in scared fashion, to see who was near; but Thorold laughed softly again.

‘It is too dark for people to make minute investigations, Daisy.’

‘Dark!’ said I. ‘O Christian, I must go home. I shall be missed, and Mrs. Sandford will be frightened.’

‘Will the doctor come after you?’

‘O no, he is sick; but Christian, I must go home.’

He turned and went with me, changing his tone, and making a variety of tender inquiries about my situation and my doings. They were something new; they were so tender of me, so thoughtful of my welfare, so protecting in their inquisitive care; and moreover they were the inquiries of one who had a right to know all about me. Something entirely new to my experience; my mother’s

care was never so sympathetic; my father's never so fond; even my guardian's was never so strict. Dr. Sandford to be sure had no right to make his care like this. I did not know that Mr. Thorold had; but I found it was indisputable. And in proportion it was delightful. We had a slow, very busy walk and talk until within a few doors of my Washington home; there we parted, with a long hand clasp, and the promise on my part that Mr. Thorold should find me at the same hour and place as to-day on the next evening.

Nobody was looking for me, and I gained my room in safety. I was very happy, yet not all happy; for the first use I made of my solitude, after getting rid of my bonnet and mantilla, was to sit down and cry. I asked myself the reason, for I did not like to be in the dark about my own feelings; this time they were in a good deal of confusion.

As I look back, I think the uppermost thing was my happiness; this new, delicate, strange joy which had come into my life and which I had never tasted so fully or known the flavor of it so intimately as this evening. Looks and tones, and little nameless things of manner telling almost more yet, came back to me in a small crowd and overwhelmed me with their testimony. Affection, and tenderness, and pleasure; and something apart from these, an inexplicable *assuming* of me and delight in me as so assumed; they found me or made me very weak to-night. What was the matter? I believe it was, first, this happiness; and next, the doubt that rested over it and the certainty that I must leave it. Certainly my weeping was hearty enough to answer to all three causes. It was a very unaccustomed indulgence to me; or not an indulgence at all, for I was not fond of tears; but it did act as a relief. I washed away some of my trouble in my tears; the happiness sprung to the surface; and then I

could almost weep for joy and thankfulness that I was so happy. Even if the grounds of my happiness were precarious, I had trusted God all my life with all I cared for; could I not trust him still? My tears stopped; and I believe one or two smiles could not be checked as I remembered some look or word of Mr. Thorold's.

I was to see him the next evening; and it would behoove me to lose no time in telling him all the various matters I had wished him to understand. It seemed to me there was something to reconsider in my proposed communications. I had to tell him that our correspondence must be stopped. Would he agree to that? I had thought he would agree, and *must*, to anything I desired. To-night assured me that he had a will in the matter too, and that his will was strong. Further, it assured me that he had a right; and knew it. Yet it was impossible that we should write to each other without my parents' leave; and impossible that we should gain the leave. Mr. Thorold would have to see the matter as I looked at it; but a doubt came over me that to make him do so might prove difficult. That was one thing. Then about my not being an heiress. I suddenly found a great dislike in myself to speak to him on the subject. There was no doubt that it would be right to tell him what I had thought to tell him; wrong not to do it; the right and the wrong were settled; my willingness was not. A little inner consciousness that Mr. Thorold would relish any handling of the matter that savoured of the practical, and would improve it for his own ends, made my cheek hot. Yet I must tell him. The thing stood, with only an addition of disagreeableness. And what chance should I have, in the street?

I meditated a good while, before there suddenly started into my mind a third subject upon which I had meant to take action with Mr. Thorold. I had thought to qualify

a little the liberty he had assumed upon our first betrothal; to keep at a somewhat more reserved distance, and make him. Could I? Was Mr. Thorold under my management? He seemed to take me under his. I pondered, but between laughing and rebellion I could make nothing of the subject. Only, I resolved, if circumstances gave me any chance, to act on my proposed system.

The next day was swallowed up in like thoughts. I tried to arrange my subjects and fix upon one to begin with; but it was a vain effort. I knew that as soon as I began to get ready for my walk. Things must come as they would. And my cross tides of purpose resolved themselves into one long swell of joy, when I discerned the figure I was looking for, waiting for me on Pennsylvania avenue; too soon, for it was near the place where we parted the night before.

‘This is very dangerous—’ I said, as we began to stroll up the avenue.

‘What?’ said Mr. Thorold, looking down at me with his eyes as full of mischief as ever.

‘It is so light yet, and you come so near the house.’

‘You walk with other people, don’t you?’

‘I am not afraid of the other people.’

‘Are you afraid of me?’ said he smiling; and then growing grave, ‘We may have only a few times, Daisy; let us make the most of them.’

How could I start anything after that. I was mute; and Mr. Thorold began upon a new theme.

‘Daisy, how long have you been in Washington?’

‘Christian, I *could* not let you know. I was always hoping to see you somewhere.’

‘Sounds as if you felt guilty,’ he said. ‘Confess, Daisy; you look as if you were afraid I would be angry. I will not be very hard with you.’

I *was* afraid; and he was angry, when I told him.

His face flushed and his eye changed, and turned away from me.

‘Christian,’ I said, ‘I was very unwilling that Dr. Sandford should know anything about it; that was my reason. If I had written to you, you know you would have come straight to where I was; and the risk was too great.’

‘What risk?’ he said. ‘I might have been ordered away from Washington; and then we might never have met.’

‘Are you vexed?’ I said gently.

‘You have wronged me, Daisy.’

It gave me, I do not know whether more pain or pleasure, the serious grave displeasure his manner testified. Neither pain nor pleasure was very easy to express; but pain pressed the hardest.

‘I have been looking for the chance of seeing you; looking the whole time,’ I said. ‘Everywhere, it was the one thing I was intent upon.’

‘Daisy, it might have been lost altogether. And how many days have been lost!’

I was silent now; and we walked some steps together without anything more. But the next words were with a return to his usual clear voice.

‘Daisy, you must not be afraid of anything.’

‘How can I help it?’ I asked.

‘Help it?—but have *I* brought those tears into your eyes?’

It was almost worth while to have offended him, to hear the tone of those words. I could not speak.

‘I see you are not very angry with me,’ he said; ‘but I am with myself. Daisy, my Daisy, you must not be so fearful of unknown dangers.’

‘I think I have been fearful of them all my life,’ I answered. ‘Perhaps it is my fault.’

And with unspeakable joy I recognized the truth, that at last my life was anchored to one from whom I need neither fear nor disguise anything.

‘To fear them is often to bring them,’ he added.

‘I do not think it will, in my case,’ I said. ‘But, if Dr. Sandford had known you were coming to see me, he might have carried me off from Washington, just as he did from West Point last year.’

‘From West Point?’ said Mr. Thorold, his eyes making a brilliant commentary on my words;—‘Did he carry you away from West Point for any *such* reason? Is he afraid of me?’

‘He would be afraid of anybody,’ I said in some confusion, for Mr. Thorold’s eyes were dancing with mischief and pleasure;—‘I do not know—of course I do not know what he was afraid of; but I know how it *would* be.’

Mr. Thorold’s answer was to take my hand and softly draw it through his own arm. I did not like it; I was fearful of being seen to walk so; yet the assuming of me was done in a manner that I could not resist nor contravene. I knew how Christian’s eyes fell upon me; I dared not meet them.

‘Is the doctor jealous of you, Daisy?’ he whispered laughing. I did not find an answer immediately.

‘Does he *dare*?’ Mr. Thorold said in a different tone.

‘No, no. Christian, how imperious you are!’

‘Yes,’ he said; ‘I will be so where you are concerned. What do you mean, Daisy? or what does he mean?’

‘He is my guardian, you know,’ I said; ‘and he has sharp eyes; and he is careful of me.’

‘*Very* careful?’ said Mr. Thorold, laughing and pressing my arm. ‘Daisy, I am your guardian while you are in Washington. I wish I had a right to say that you

shall have nothing more to do with Dr. Sandford. But for the present I must mind my duty.'

'And I mine,'—I added with my heart beating. Now it seemed a good opening for some of the things I had to say; yet my heart beat and I was silent.

'Yours, Daisy?' he said very tenderly. 'What is yours? What present pressure of conscience is giving you something hard to do? I know it will be done! What work is this little soldier on?'

I could not tell him. I could not. My answer diverged.

'What are *you* on, Christian?'

'The same thing. Rather preparing for work—preparing others. I am at that all day.'

'And do you expect there will be real work, as you call it? Will it come to that?'

'Looks like it. What do you think of Fairfax Court-house?—and Great Bethel?—and Falling Waters, and so on?'

'That was bad, at Great Bethel,' I said.

'Mismanagement—' said Mr. Thorold calmly.

'And at Vienna.'

'No, the troops behaved well. They behaved well, Daisy. I am content with that.'

'Do you think—don't be angry, Christian!—do you think the people of the North generally will make as fiery fighting men as the people of the South, who are used to fighting, and commanding, and the practice of arms?'

'When you get a quiet man angry, Daisy, he is the very worst man to deal with that you ever saw.'

'But the people of the North are all accustomed to peaceful employments?'

Mr. Thorold laughed, looking down at me with infinite amusement and tenderness mixed.

‘I see what your training has been,’ he said. ‘What will you do when you have one of those quiet people for your husband?’

‘Quiet!’ said I. ‘When your eyes are showering sparks of fire all over me!’

‘Daisy,’ he said, ‘those rose leaves in your cheeks are the very prettiest bits of colour I ever saw in my life.’

‘But we are wandering from the subject,’ I said.

‘No, we are not,’ he said decidedly. ‘You are my one subject at all times.’

‘Not when you are training soldiers?’ I said half laughing. But he gave me a look which silenced me. And it nearly took away all the courage I had, for everything I wanted to say to him and had found it so difficult to say.

‘Christian,’ I began again after an interval, ‘were the troops that were sent over into Virginia just now, sent, do you suppose, to meet Beauregard?’

‘I suppose so.’

‘You are not going?’—I asked because the question was torturing me.

He looked down at me again, a steady, fixed, inquiring look, that grew very full of affection before he answered,

‘I hope so, Daisy.’

‘You are not ordered!’

‘No; not yet.’

‘But if you were to go, would you not know it by this time?’

‘Not certainly. Some troops will be left here of course, to guard Washington.’

I walked with my heart in my mouth. I knew, what he did not say, that orders might be issued suddenly and as suddenly obeyed; with no beforehand warning or after delay. How could I speak anything of what had been in my mind to be said? Yet the very circumstances

which made it more difficult made it also imperative, to speak them. I fought myself, while Mr. Thorold sometimes watched me and constantly took care of me, with a thoughtful care in little things which was eloquent.

‘Christian’—I began, feeling my voice changed.

‘That is to tell me we must turn homeward?’ he said gayly.

‘No; I want to speak to you. But we must turn homeward too.’

‘To speak to me? In that voice? Look at me, Daisy.—No, I won’t hear it now, and not here. We must have something better. Daisy, go and ride with me to-morrow evening!’

‘O I cannot.’

‘Yes, Daisy. I ask it of you. Dr. Sandford is in bed. He cannot go along. Then you can tell me all that is on your mind about Northern soldiers.’

‘O I only thought Christian—You know, I know the temper of the Southern people.’

‘You will know the temper of the other section of the country some day,’ he said with a smile at me which was half serious and half personal in its bearing. But he made me promise to go and ride with him if I could; and so left me.

I met Mrs. Sandford as I went into the house. She said she was glad I kept up my walks; she was sorry I had such a terribly dull time; it was a pity I came to Washington. Dr. Sandford was no better, and much worried about me, that I should be so cut off from amusement.

‘Tell him I am doing very well, and having time to read the papers,’ I said.

‘Those horrid papers!’ said Mrs. Sandford. ‘They make my hair stand on end. I wouldn’t read them, Daisy.’

‘But you do.’

‘Well I cannot keep my hands off them when I see them; but I wish I was where I could never see them. Ever since I read Gen. Beauregard’s proclamation, I have been in a fury with everything South; and it is uncomfortable to be in a fury. O dear! I wish Grant would get well and take us away. Come in and let us have a cup of tea, dear. Isn’t it hot?’

I took the tea and bore the talk, till both were done and I could shut myself into the seclusion of my own room. And tears did not come to-night, but dry heart-aching pain instead; with which I struggled till the night had worn far on. Struggled, trying to reason it away and to calm it down by faith and prayer. Ah me! how little reason could do, or faith either. For reason only affirmed and enlarged my fears; and faith had no power to say they might not come true. The promise, “He shall not be afraid of evil tidings,” belongs to those who have their will so merged in God’s will as not to be careful what that will may be. I had not got so far. A new lesson was set me in my experience book; even to lay my will down; and nobody who has not learned or tried to learn that lesson knows how mortal hard it is. It seemed to me my heart was breaking the whole livelong night.

CHAPTER V.

ON HORSEBACK.

A LITTLE sleep and the fresh morning light set me up again. I was to ride with Mr. Thorold in the evening; my mind fixed on that nearest point, and refused for the moment to go further. I heard from Mrs. Sandford at breakfast that Dr. Sandford was no better; his low nervous prostration continued and threatened to continue. Mrs. Sandford was much troubled about me. All this suited my convenience; even her unnecessary concern; for I had made up my mind to tell Mrs. Sandford I was going to ride; but I would not till our late dinner, that there might be no chance of her consulting the doctor. At dinner I mentioned that a friend had asked me to ride and I had half consented. Mrs. Sandford looked somewhat startled and asked who the friend might be?

‘Another officer,’ I said quietly; ‘his name is Thorold. I saw him last summer, Mrs. Sandford; and I know about him. He is a good one to go with.’

‘I can’t ask Grant anything,’ she said, looking doubtful. ‘He knows everybody.’

‘It is not needful,’ I answered. ‘I am going to take the indulgence this once. I think it will do me good.’

‘Daisy, my dear!’ said Mrs. Sandford—‘You are as good as possible—but you have a will of your own. All you Southerners have, I think.’

I replied that I was a Northerner; and the talk went to other things. Mrs. Sandford left me with a kiss and

the injunction to take care of myself. I was very glad to get off so, for she looked a little unsatisfied. My way was clear now. I dressed with a bounding heart, mounted, and was away with Mr. Thorold; feeling beneath all my gladness that now was my time and my only time for doing all the difficult work I had set myself. But gladness was uppermost, as I found myself in the saddle and away, with Mr. Thorold by my side; for once free and alone together; gladness that kept us both still I think; for we exchanged few words till we were clear of the city and out upon the open country. There we slackened bridle, and I began to feel that the minutes were exceedingly precious. I dreaded lest some words of Christian's should make it impossible for me to do what I had to do.

'Christian,' I began, 'I have things to talk to you about.'

'Well,' said he brightly, 'you shall. Will it take a great while, Daisy? Because I have things to talk to *you* about.'

'Not a great while, I hope,' I said, almost stammering.

'You shall talk what you will, darling. But wait till we get a better place.'

I would have liked the place where we were, and the time. Better where the road was rough than where it was smooth; easier where there was something to make interruption than where Christian could give too exclusive heed to me. But I could not gainsay him; and we rode on, till we came to a piece of pretty broken ground with green turf and trees. Here Mr. Thorold stopped and proposed that we should dismount; he said we should talk more at our ease so. I thought my predetermined measures of dignity could be more easily maintained on horseback; but I could not bear to refuse him, and he did not mean to be refused, I saw. He had dismounted

even while he spoke, and throwing his horse's bridle over the branch of a tree, came to lift me down; first throwing his cap on the grass. Then keeping me in his arms and bending a brilliant inquisitive look on my face, he asked me,

'Daisy—is this my Daisy, as I left her?'

I could not help answering a plain yes. Nothing in me was changed; and come what might, *that* was true. No other answer would have been true. And I could not blame him that he held me fast and kissed me, almost as he had done that first time. Almost; but the kisses were more grave and deliberate now; every one seemed a seal and a taking possession. Indeed the whole manner of Mr. Thorold had taken gravity and manliness and purpose; he was changed, as it would have taken much longer in other circumstances to change a man. I stood still and trembled, I believe; but I could no more check him than I could that first night.

Still holding me fast, he lifted my face a little and smiling asked me, what Daisy had to say to him? The tone, tender and happy, was as much as I could bear; more than I could answer. He led me a little way, arranged a seat for me on a green bank, and threw himself down by my side. But that was very inconvenient, for he could look up right into my face.

'Business, Daisy?' he said gayly and tenderly at once. The tone seemed to touch the colour in my cheeks and the droop of my eyes.

'Yes,' I said. 'It is business.'

'Well what, love?'

'Christian,' said I, putting my hand in his, 'you know papa and mamma do not know of this.'

'They shall know, as soon as I can write to them,' he answered. 'I understand—you do not wish that, Daisy; but see—I cannot leave it unsaid, as long as your thought

would leave it. Till they know, I have only half a right to you. I cannot live so.'

'You must,' I whispered,—'till this war is over.'

'What then?' said he quickly. 'How will that help the matter?'

'Then they may see you for themselves. A letter would not do.'

'If you please, how do you expect I am to live till then?' he said smiling. 'With half a right to you.'

'Yes—with that,—and without writing to me,' I answered.

'Daisy!' exclaimed Thorold, raising himself half up.

'Yes,' I said—'I know—I have been wanting to talk to you about it. You *know*, Christian, I could not write nor receive your letters without my father's and mother's permission.'

'Can *you* bear that, Daisy?' he asked.

My heart seemed to turn sick. His words suggested nothing new, but they were his words. I failed to answer, and my face went down in my hands.

'There is no need of that, darling,' he said, getting one of them and putting it to his lips. 'Here you are fearing dangers again. Daisy—with truth on your side and on mine, nothing can separate us permanently.'

'But for the present,'—I said as soon as I could speak. 'I am sure our chance for the future is better if we are patient and wait now.'

'Patient, and wait?' said Mr. Thorold. '*If* we are patient now? What do you mean by patience? You in Switzerland, with half a hundred suitors by turns; and I here in the smoke of artillery practice, unable to see twenty yards from my drill—and *that*, you think, does not call for patience, but you must cut off the post-office from our national institutions. And to wait for you is not enough, but I must wait for news of you as well!'

‘Christian!’ said I in desperation—‘it is harder for me than for you.’

He laughed at that; laughed and looked at me, and his eyes sparkled like a shower of fireworks, and then I was sure that a mist was gathering in them. I could scarcely bear the one thing and the other. My own composure failed. He did not this time answer by caresses. He got up and paced the turf a little distance below me; his arms folded, his lips set, and the steps never slackening. So he was when I could look up and see. This was worse than anything. And the sun was lowering fast, and we had settled nothing, and our time was going. I waited a minute, and then I called him. He came and stood before me, face and attitude unchanged.

‘Christian,’ I said,—‘don’t you see that it is best—my plan?’

‘No,’ he said.

I did not know what to urge next. But as I looked at him, his lips unbent and his face shone down at me, after a sort, with love, and tenderness and pleasure. I felt I had not prevailed yet. I rose up and stood before him.

‘Indeed it is best!’ I said earnestly.

‘What do you fear, Daisy?’ His look was unchanged and feared nothing. It was very hard to tell him what I feared.

‘I think, without seeing you and knowing you, they will never let us write; and I would rather they did not know anything about the—about us—till you can see them.’

He took both my hands in his, and I felt how hard it is for a woman to move a man’s will when it is once in earnest.

‘Daisy, that is not brave,’ he said,

‘No—I am not,’ I answered. ‘But is it not prudent?’

‘I do not believe in cowardly prudence,’ he said; but he kissed me gently to soften the words; ‘the frank way is the wisest, always, I believe; and anyhow, Daisy, I can’t stand any other. I am going to ask you of your father and mother; and I am going to do it without delay.’

‘I wish they could see you,’ I said helplessly.

‘And as I cannot be present to do my pleading in person, I must trust you to plead for me.’

‘You forget,’ said I; ‘it is against you that you are a Northern officer.’

‘That may depend upon the event of the war,’ he said; and I saw a sparkle again. Wilful and manly as he could be; but he did not know my father and mother. Yet that last word of his might be true; what if it were? The end of the war! When might that be? and how? If all the Northern army were Thorolds,—but I knew they were not. I felt as if my magazine of words was exhausted. I suppose then my face spoke for me. He loosened his hold of one hand to put his arm round me and draw me to him, with a fine tenderness, both reverent and masterful.

‘My Daisy’—he said,—‘what do you want of me?’

And I could not tell him then. As little could I pretend to be dignified. Pain was too sharp. We drew very close to each other and were very silent for those minutes. I would command myself, and did, hard work as it was, and though my face lay on his shoulder. I do not know how his face looked; when he spoke again the tone was of the gravest tenderness.

‘What do you want of me, Daisy?’

‘I think, this,’ I said, raising my head and laying my hand on his shoulder instead. ‘Suppose, Christian, you leave the question undecided—the question of letters, I mean,—until I get there,—to Switzerland,—and see my

father and mother. Perhaps I can judge then what will be safe to do; and if I can write, you know I will write immediately.'

'And if you cannot?'

'Then—I will write once, to let you know how it is.'

He stood still, reading my face, until it was a little hard to bear, and my eyes went down.

'Suppose your father and mother—suppose they are obdurate, Daisy, and will not have me, being a Northern man and in the Government service?'

What then? I could not say.

'Suppose it, Daisy.'

'Well, Christian?' I said, raising my eyes to his face.

'What will you do?'

'You know, Christian, I *must* obey my father and mother.'

'Even as I my other duty. Well, we are both soldiers. But what would you do, Daisy?'

'Do?—' I repeated.

'Yes,' he said very gravely and with a certain determination to have the answer.

'I should do nothing, Christian. I should be just the same.' But I believe my cheeks must have answered for me, for I felt them grow pale.

'What if they chose a Southern husband for you, and laid their commands in his favour?'

'I am *yours*—' I said looking up at him. I could not say any more, but I believe Mr. Thorold understood it all, just what I meant him to understand; how that bond could never be unloosed, what though the seal of it might be withheld. He was satisfied.

'You are not brave, Daisy,' he said holding me again very close; 'here are these cheeks fairly grown white under my supposings. Does that bring the colour back?' he added laughing.

‘Christian,’ I said, seizing my time while my face was half hidden, ‘what would *you* do, supposing I should prove to be a very poor girl?’

‘What is that?’ said he laughing more gayly, and raising my face a little.

‘You know what our property is.’

‘No, I do not.’

‘You know—I mean, you know, my father’s and mother’s property is in Southern lands mostly, and in those that cultivate them.’

‘Yes. I believe I have understood that.’

‘Well, I will never be the owner of those people—the people that cultivate those lands; and so I suppose I shall not be worth a sixpence; for the land is not much without the people.’

‘You will not be the owner of them?’

‘No.’

‘Why do you tell me that?’ said Mr. Thorold gravely.

‘I wanted you to know—’ I said, hesitating and beginning very much to wish my words unsaid.

‘And the question is, what I will do in the supposed circumstances? Was that it?’

‘I said that,’—I assented.

‘What shall I do?’ said Mr. Thorold. ‘I don’t know. If I am in camp, I will pitch a tent for my wife; it shall have soft carpets and damask cushions; as many servants as she likes, and one in especial who will take care that the others do her bidding; scanty accommodations, perhaps, but the air full of welcome. She will like it. If I am stationed in town somewhere, I will fill her house with things to please her. If I am at the old farm, I will make her confess, in a little while, that it is the pleasantest place she ever saw in her life. I don’t know what I will do! I will do something to make her ashamed she ever asked me such a question.’

‘O don’t!’ said I, with my cheeks burning. ‘I am very much ashamed now.’

‘Do you acknowledge that?’ he said, laughing and taking his revenge. ‘So you ought.’

But then he made me sit down on the grass again and threw himself at my feet, and began to talk of other things. He would not let me go back to the former subjects. He kept me in a state of amusement, making me talk too about what he would; and with the light of that last subject I had unluckily started, shining all over his face and sparkling in his eye and smile, until my face was in a condition of permanent colour. I had given him an advantage, and he took it and played with it. I resolved I would never give him another. He had gone back apparently to the mood of that evening at Miss Cardigan’s; and was full of life and spirits and mischief. I could do nothing but fall in with his mood and be happy; although I remembered I had not gained my point yet; and I half suspected he had a mind I should not gain it. It was a very bright, short half hour; and then I reminded him it was growing late.

‘Moonlight—’ he said. ‘There is a good large moon, Daisy.’

‘But Mrs. Sandford—’ I said.

‘She knows you are your own mistress.’

‘She *thinks* I am,’ I said. ‘You know better.’

‘You are mine,’ said Mr. Thorold, with gentle gravity immediately. ‘You shall command me. Do you say go, Daisy?’

‘May I influence you in something else?’ I said putting my hand in his to enforce my words.

‘Eh?’ said he, clasping the hand. ‘What, Daisy?’

‘Christian, I want you not to write to my father and mother until I give you leave.’ I thought I would let go arguing and try persuasion.

He looked away, and then looked at me; a look full of affection, but I saw I had not moved him.

‘I do not see how we can settle that, Daisy.’

‘But you said—you said—’

‘What?’

‘You said just now, you intimated, that my wishes would have weight with you.’

He laughed a little, a moved laugh, and kissed me. But it was not a kiss which carried any compromise.

‘Weight with me? Yes, a little. But with *me*, Daisy. They must not change me into somebody not myself.’

‘Would that?—’

‘If I could be content to have your faith in secret, or to wait to know if I might have it at all? I must be somebody not myself, Daisy.’

I pondered and felt very grave. Was it true, that Mr. Thorold, though no Christian, was following a rule of action more noble and good than I, who made such professions? It *was* noble, I felt that. Had my wish been cowardly and political? Must not open truth be the best way always? Yet with my father and mother old experience had long ago taught me to hold my tongue and not speak till the time came. Which was right? I felt that his rule of action crossed all *my* inner nature, if it were not indeed the habit which had become second nature. Mr. Thorold watched me.

‘What is it, Daisy?—my Daisy?’ he asked with a tender inquisitiveness, though looking amused at me.

‘I was thinking—’ I answered,—‘whether you are a great deal better than I am.’

‘Think it by all means,’ he said laughing. ‘I am certainly a good deal braver. But what else, Daisy? there was something else.’

‘That,’ said I. ‘I was thinking of my habit, all my

life long, of keeping things back from my father and mother till I thought it was safe to shew them.'

'Are you going to let that habit live? What lessons you will have to learn, my little Daisy! I could never bear to have my wife afraid of me.'

'Of you!' I said. 'I never should.'—But there I stopped in some confusion, which I knew my neighbour enjoyed. I broke up the enjoyment by standing up and declaring that it was now time to go.

We had a pretty ride home. My mind was disburthened of its various subjects of care which I had had to communicate to Mr. Thorold; and although I had not been able entirely to prevail with him, yet I had done all I could, and my conscience was clear. I let myself enjoy, and the ride was good. Mr. Thorold said we must have another; but I did not believe that feasible.

However, it fell out so. Dr. Sandford lingered on in the same disabled state; his sister-in-law was devoted to her attendance on him; I was left to myself. And it did come to pass, that not only Mr. Thorold and I had walks continually together; but also we had one more good ride. I did not try moving him again on the point of my father and mother. I had read my man and knew that I could not. And I suppose I liked him the better for it. Weakness is the last thing, I think, that a woman forgives in men, who ought to be strong. Christian was not weak; all the more he was gentle and tender and thoughtful for those who were. Certainly for me. Those days, those walks,—what music of thought and manner there was in them! The sort of protecting care and affection I had from him then, I never had from any other at any time. Care that seemed to make my life his own; affection that made it something much before his own; but all this told, not in words, which could not have been, but in indescribable little things of manner

and tone; graces too fine to count and measure. Once I had fancied I ought to put more reserve into my manner, or manage more distance in his; that thought fled from me after the first afternoon's ride and never came back. I did not take care for myself; he took care for me. The affection that held me as a part of himself, held me also as a delicate charge more precious than himself; and while he protected me as one who had a right to do it, he guarded me also as one whose own rights were more valuable than his. He never flattered, nor praised, nor complimented me; or with rare exceptions; but he shewed me that he lived for me, and sometimes that he knew I lived for him.

What days and walks! The extreme and impending gravity of the time and the interests at work, lent only a keen and keener perception of their preciousness and sweetness. Any day our opportunities might suddenly come to an end; every day they were welcomed as a special fresh gift. Every evening, as soon as Mr. Thorold's engagements allowed it, he met me on the avenue, and we walked until the evening was as far spent as we durst spend it so. I basked in a sunshine of care and affection which surrounded me, which watched me, which catered to my pleasure, and knew my thoughts before they were spoken. We were both grown suddenly older than our years, Mr. Thorold and I; the coming changes and chances in our lives brought us to life's reality at once.

One ride besides we had; that was all. Except one other experience; which was afterwards precious to me beyond price.

As it became known that Dr. Sandford's illness was persistent and not dangerous, and that I was in consequence leading a (supposed) bitterly dull life; it naturally happened that our acquaintances began to come

round us again; and invitations to this or that entertainment came pouring upon me. I generally refused; but once thought it best, as a blind to Mrs. Sandford, to accept an invitation to ride. Mrs. Sandford as before demurred, but would not object.

‘Who is it this time, Daisy?’ she asked.

I named Major Fairbairn; luckily also an officer whom I had known the last summer at West Point.

‘Nothing but officers!’ she remarked in a dubious tone. ‘Not much else to be had here.’

‘And nothing much better anywhere,’ I said, ‘when one is going on horseback. They know how to ride.’

‘All Southerners know that. By the way, Daisy, I have heard yesterday of Lieut. Gary. He is in Beauregard’s army.’

‘Are you sure?’ I asked.

‘Quite, I think. I was told by Mr. Lumpkin; and he knows all the Southern doings, and people.’

‘Then he ought not to be here.’ I said. ‘He may let them know our doings.’

‘Ours!’ said Mrs. Sandford. ‘How fierce you are. Is Major Fairbairn South or North? I don’t remember.’

‘From Maine.’

‘Well. But Daisy, what will your father and mother say to you?’

There was no use in considering that question. I dismissed it, and got ready for the major and my horse. Mounted, my companion asked me, where should we go? I had considered that point; and after a little pause asked, as coolly as I could, where there were any troops drilling in cavalry or artillery exercises. Major Fairbairn pondered a minute and told me, with rather a rueful countenance.

‘Let us go there first,’ I said. ‘It is an old story to

you ; but I never saw such a thing. I want to see it and understand it, if I can.'

'Ladies like to see it, I know,' said the major.

'You think we cannot understand it?'

'I don't see how you should.'

'I am going to try, Major Fairbairn. And notwithstanding your hopeless tone, I expect you to give me all the help you can.'

'I think, the less you understand of it, the better,' said the major.

'Pray why?'

'Doesn't seem comfortable knowledge, for those who cannot use it.'

'Men think that of many things,' I said. 'And they are much mistaken. Knowledge is always comfortable. I mean, it is comfortable to have it, rather than to be ignorant.'

'I don't know—' said the major. 'Where ignorance is bliss—'

'Ignorance never is bliss!' I said energetically.

'Then the poet must be wrong.'

'Don't you think poets may be wrong as well as other people, Major Fairbairn?'

'I hope so! or I should wish to be a poet. And that would be a vain wish for me.'

'But in these war matters,' I resumed as we cantered on, 'I am very much interested; and I think all women ought to be—must be.'

'Getting to be serious earnest—' said the major, resignedly.

I was silenced for a while. The words, "serious earnest," rang in my heart as we went through the streets.

'Is it getting to be such serious earnest?' I asked as lightly as I could.

‘We shall know more about it soon,’ the major answered. *His* carelessness was real.

‘How soon?’

‘May be any day. Beauregard is making ready for us at Manassas Junction.’

‘How many men do you suppose he has?’

‘Can’t tell,’ said the major. ‘There is no depending, I think myself, on any accounts we have. The Southern people generally are very much in earnest.’

‘And the North are,’ I said.

‘It is just a question of who will hold out best.’

I thought I knew who those would be; and a shiver for a moment ran through my heart. Christian had said, that the success of his suit with my father and mother might depend on how the war went. And certainly, if the struggle should be at all prolonged and issue in the triumph of the rebels, they would have little favour for the enemies they would despise. How if the war went for the North?—

I believe I lost several sentences of my companion in the depth of my musing; remembered this would not do; shook off my thoughts and talked gayly, until we came to the place where he said the drilling process was going on. I wondered if it were the right place; then made sure that it was; and sat on my horse looking and waiting, with my heart in a great flutter. The artillery wagons were rushing about; I recognized *them*; and a cloud of dust accompanied and swallowed up their movements, a little too distant from me just now to give room for close observation.

‘Well, how do you like it, Miss Randolph?’ my major began, with a tone of some exultation at my supposed discomfiture.

‘It is very confused—’ I said. ‘I do not see what they are doing.’

‘No more than you could if it was a battle,’ said the major.

‘Won’t they come nearer to us?’

‘No doubt they will, if we give them time enough.’

I would not take this hint. I had got my chance; I was not going to fling it away. I had discerned besides in the distant smoke and dust a dark figure on a gray horse, which I thought I knew. Nothing would have drawn me from the spot then. I kept up a scattering fire of talk with my companion, I do not know how, to prevent the exhaustion of his patience; while my heart went out at my eyes to follow the gray horse. I was rewarded at last. The whole battery charged down upon the point where we were standing, at full gallop, “as if we had been the Secession army,” Major Fairbairn remarked; adding, that nothing but a good conscience could have kept me so quiet. And in truth guns and horses and all were close upon us before the order to halt was given, and the gunners flung themselves from the wagons and proceeded to unlimber and get the battery in working order, with the mouths of the cannon only a few yards from our standing-place. I hardly heard the major now, for the gray horse and dark rider were near enough to be seen, stationed quietly a few paces in the rear of the line of guns. I saw his eye going watchfully from one point to another of his charge; his head making quick little turns to right and left to see if all were doing properly; the horse a statue, the man alive as quicksilver, though nothing of him moved but his head. I was sure, very sure, that he would not see me. He was intent on his duty; spectators or the whole world looking on were nothing to him. He would not even perhaps be conscious that anybody was in his neighbourhood. I don’t know whether I was most glad or sorry; though indeed I desired nothing less than that he should give any sign

that he saw me. How well he looked on horseback, I thought; how stately he sat there, motionless, overseeing his command. There was a pause now; they were all still, waiting for an order. I might have expected what it would be; but I did not, till the words suddenly came out—
‘Battery—Fire!’

The voice went through my heart; but my horse’s nerves were immediately as much disturbed as mine. The order was followed by a discharge of the whole battery at once, sounding as the burst of one gun. My horse, exceedingly surprised, lifted his fore feet in the air on the instant; and otherwise testified to his discomposure; and I had some little difficulty to keep him to the spot and bring him back to quietness. It was vexatious to lose such precious minutes; however we were composed again by the time the smoke of the guns was clearing away. I could hardly believe my eyes. There lay the cannon, on the ground, taken from their carriages; the very carriages themselves were all in pieces; here lay one wheel, there lay another; the men were sitting around contentedly.

‘What is the matter?’ I exclaimed.

‘The officer in charge of the drill, seeing what mischief his guns have unwittingly done, you see, Miss Randolph, has taken his battery to pieces. He will not fire any more while you are here. By George!’ said the major, ‘I believe here he comes to tell us so.’

I wished myself away, as I saw the gray horse leap over some of the obstacles before him and bear down straight towards me. I bowed low, to hide various things. Mr. Thorold touched his cap gravely, to the major as well as to me, and then brought his gray horse alongside.

‘Your horse does not like my battery,’ he remarked.

I looked up at him. His face was safely grave; it

meant business; but his eyes sparkled a little for me; and as I looked he smiled, and added,

‘He wants a spur.’

‘To make him run? I had difficulty enough to prevent his doing that just now, Mr. Thorold.’

‘No; to make him stand still. He wants punishing.’

‘Miss Randolph deserves a great deal of credit,’ said the major. ‘But all Southern women know how to ride; and the men to fight.’

‘We are going to have a hard time then,’ said Thorold; with a wilful presuming on his privileges.

‘But what have you done with your battery?’ I asked.

‘Taken it to pieces—as you see.’

‘Pray, what for? I thought something was the matter.’

‘Nothing was the matter, I am glad to know,’ Thorold said looking at me. ‘It is sometimes necessary to do this sort of thing in a hurry; and the only way to do it then in a hurry, is to practise now when there is no hurry. You shall see how little time it will take to get ready for another order to fire. But Miss Randolph had better be out of the way first. Are you going farther?’

The major said he hoped so, and I answered certainly.

‘I shall fire no more while you are here,’ Thorold said as he touched his cap, and he galloped back to his place. He sat like a rock; it was something pretty to see. Then came an order, which I could not distinguish; and in an incredibly short time wheels were geared, guns were mounted, and the dismantled condition of everything replaced by the most alert order. The major said it was done very well, and told me how quick it could be done; I forget, but I think he said in much less than a minute; and then I know he wanted to move; but I could not. I held my place still, and the battery manœuvred up and down the ground in all manner of directions, forming in various forms of battery; which little by little I got the

major partially to explain. He was not very fluent ; and I did not like his explanations ; but nevertheless it was necessary to give him something to do, and I kept him busy, while the long line of artillery wagons rushed over the ground, and skirted it, and trailed across it in diagonal lines ; walking sometimes, and sometimes going at full speed of horses and wheels. It stirred me, it saddened me, it fascinated me, all at once ; while the gray horse and his rider held my eye far and near with a magnet hold. Sometimes in one part of the line, sometimes in another, the moving spirit and life of the whole. I followed and watched him with eye and heart, till my heart grew sick and I turned away.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE FIRE.

MY ride with Major Fairbairn made me unsettled. Or else it was my seeing Mr. Thorold at his drill. A certain impatience seized me; an impatience of the circumstances and position in which I found myself privately, and of the ominous state and position of affairs in public. The horizon black with clouds, the grumble of the storm, and yet the portentous waiting and quiet which go before the storm's burst. It irked me to see Mr. Thorold as I had seen him yesterday; knowing ourselves united, but standing apart as if it were not so, and telling a lie to the world. It weighed on me, and I half felt that Christian was right and that anything openly acknowledged was easier to bear. And then Major Fairbairn's talk had filled me with fears. He represented things as being so very threatening, and the outbreak of the storm as being so very near; I could not regain the tranquillity of the days past, do what I would. I did a very unwise thing, I suppose, for I went to reading the papers. And they were full of Northern preparations and of Southern boastings; I grew more and more unsettled as I read. Among other things, I remember, was a letter from Russell, the 'Times' correspondent, over which my heart beat wearily. For Mr. Russell, I thought, being an Englishman, and not a party to our national quarrel, might be expected to judge more coolly and speak more dispassionately than our own writers, either

South or North. And the speeches he reported as heard from Southern gentlemen, and the feelings he observed to be common among them, were most adverse to any faint hope of mine that the war might soon end, or end advantageously for the North, or when it ended leave my father and mother kindly disposed for my happiness. All the while I read, a slow knell seemed to be sounding at my heart. "We could have got on with those fanatics if they had been either Christians or gentlemen"—"there are neither Christians nor gentlemen among them." "Nothing on earth shall ever induce us to submit to any union with the brutal, bigoted blackguards of the New England States, who neither comprehend nor regard the feelings of gentlemen." That was like what Preston said. I recognized the tone well. And when it was added, "Man, woman and child, we'll die first"—I thought it was probably true. What chance then for Christian and me? "There is nothing in all the dark caves of human passion," Mr. Russell wrote, "so cruel and deadly as the hatred the South Carolinians profess for the Yankees." The end of the letter contained a little comfort in the intimation of more moderate counsels just then taking favour; but I went back to my father and mother, and aunt, and Preston, and others; and comfort found no lodgment with me. Then there was an extract from a Southern paper, calling Yankees "the most contemptible and detestable of God's creation"—speaking of their "mean, niggardly lives—their low, vulgar and sordid occupations"—and I thought, How can peace be? or what will it be when it comes?

I went out for my usual evening walk, longing and half dreading to see Mr. Thorold; for I did not like to shew him my fears; they gave him pain; and yet at the same time I wanted him to scold them away. But this time I did not see him. I walked the avenue, at first

eagerly, then anxiously; then with an intense pressing pain and suspense which could hardly be borne. Neither Thorold nor Thorold's horse appeared among all the figures moving there; and after walking as long as I dared, I was fain to go home with that pain in my heart. It seemed, as I went up the stairs to my room, almost as if I could die at once with it. Yet I had to make my hair smooth and meet Mrs. Sandford at tea, and hear all her little details about Dr. Sandford's illness; which, as they were precisely the same as those of the day before, had nothing even to hold my attention for a moment. But I attended. It was necessary. And I eat toast and drank tea. That was necessary too; with every mouthful a stab of pain, and every little ordinary incident of the tea-table a wrenching of my heartstrings. One does those things quietly and the world never knows. But I hailed it as a great relief when Mrs. Sandford rose from the table.

'Poor Daisy!' she said. 'I must leave you to yourself again—all alone. It's too bad!'

'I like it very well so,' I told her.

'It mustn't go on,' she said. 'Really it must not. You *will* mope, if you don't already. *Don't* you, Daisy? Where are all your admirers?'

She had touched my face caressingly with her fingers, and I had to look up and meet her. It was one of the hardest minutes of self-control I ever knew. I met her and answered calmly, even coldly; and she went; and I sat down and shrank, I remember how I shrank, lowering my head and neck and shoulders in a crushing reaction from the erect self-assertion of the moment before. The next thing, two hands were on my shoulders and a voice whispered in my ear a question, what was the matter. So as no other voice ever asked me that question; with the tender assumption of the right to know,

and an equally gentle hint that there was comfort and help somewhere not far off. Now, however, I only started up with terror at hearing that voice there; terror instantly displaced by another terror at the reason of its being there. I knew, I can't tell how I knew, by the first glance into Mr. Thorold's face.

'Yes,' said he in a low voice, 'I have got orders.'

'Where?' I managed to ask. 'To do what?'

'I must take a battery across the country to Gen. Patterson.'

'That will take you out of the way,' I said.

'Out of the way of what?' said he, drawing me to his breast and looking down into my face with his hazel eyes sparkling over a depth of something that was not merry. 'Out of the way of what, Daisy?' he repeated. 'Out of the way of fighting, do you mean? Is that your way of being a proper soldier's wife? It is out of *your* way, love; that is what I think of.'

I hid my face and we stood still. It was no time then to be dignified.

'How long?'—I whispered at last.

'Impossible to tell, you know. I could not meet you this evening. I must be off in an hour.'

'To-night?'

'Yes.'

There was another silence.

'What is Gen. Patterson doing?' I ventured then.

'I suppose he has to keep Johnston in order. How long will you stay in Washington? can you tell?'

'Till Dr. Sandford can travel.—He is no better.'

'Well!'—and a breath of a sigh came then which went to my heart—'Something will be decided before a few days; and then we shall know a little better where we stand. I must go!'

He clasped me close and gave me kisses all over my

face ; but I would not have lost one this time. Then he gently put me on the sofa, pressed his lips to mine one last time, and was out of the room in an instant. I listened to every step in the hall ; I heard him open the door and shut it ; I heard his foot upon the stone steps outside two or three times ; and then I had lost all.

I sat very still and stunned for a long time. There seemed nothing to do. I could not rouse myself. It was the fear of being found there that roused me at last. I gathered myself up, and went to my room. Oh days, days ! How much one lives through.

I was keen set now for news, army news especially ; and I spent hours in studying all the public prints that were within reach of my hand. So contradictory they were, and so confusing, that they made me only the more long for actual living advices. The second day, Major Fairbairn came to ask me again to ride ; and though at first I thought I could not, the next feeling of restless uncertainty and suspense decided me. Better be on a horse's back than anywhere else, perhaps. And Major Fairbairn was not a bad person to talk to. But I had to nerve myself forcibly to the task of entering upon the subject I wanted.

'How perplexing the papers are,' I remarked, by way of making an easy beginning.

'Find them so?' said the major. 'That is because you read all sides.'

'How else can one make up one's mind? How can you know what is the truth?'

'Apparently you do not know it that way,' said the major smiling. 'No ; the way is, to choose your side, and stick to it. Then you stand a chance to be comfortable.'

'But you cannot go into society without hearing more sides than one.'

'Silence the wrong.'

‘I want to know first which is right.’

‘Haven’t you found *that* out yet?’ my companion said with a surprised glance at me. ‘I thought, Miss Randolph, you were a safe person; all right for the good cause.’

‘O yes, of course, that is not the question. I do not want to hear both sides to decide that. But I mean lesser questions; movements, probabilities, dangers; the truth of actual events. *Those* I want to know about.’

‘I am sure, so do I,’ said the major.

‘I hoped you could enlighten me, Major Fairbairn.’

‘About movements?’ said the major. ‘Well, our forces are moving; there is no doubt. McDowell is going forward in earnest at last.’

‘Against Beauregard?’

‘Against whatever he meets; and I suppose Beauregard will meet him.’

‘Then there will be a battle?’

‘I hope so.’

‘Why do you hope so, Major Fairbairn?’

‘It is the shortest way to peace, Miss Randolph. But it is not likely that one battle will do it.’

‘I know it will not if the North succeed,’ I said; ‘but how if the Southern army should get the better?’

‘You aren’t a rebel in disguise?’ said the major, looking askance at me. ‘Is my reputation in danger, to be riding with you?’

‘It is just as well to look the truth in the face, Major Fairbairn.’

‘So it is; you are right there,’ said my companion seriously enough. ‘Well, I look for a long tussle of it, whichever way this particular game goes to-day. It will be well if there is anything left to fight for, by the time it is over.’

‘There is always the truth,’—I said.

‘The truth gives poor board wages to its servants, though,’ said the major. ‘It is all very well to cry “victory,” when there is no corn in the hopper.’

‘Is it likely that Patterson will fight?’ I asked, with my heart in my mouth. I had been trying to get this question out; and it seemed to me now as if every word were as big as two.

‘Humph!—I don’t know,’ said the major. ‘I suppose he will, if he can’t help it.’

‘What do you mean?’

‘Why, he has got work enough to do,’ said Major Fairbairn. ‘I don’t know if it is work that he likes. I have some private acquaintance with the man. His business is to keep Johnston busy, so that he will not have leisure to look our way.’

‘And suppose Patterson does not do his duty?’

‘Then we may have too much on our hands. Beauregard doesn’t want any help just now.’ And weary, no doubt, of the subject, the major diverged to some lighter matters of conversation. I tried to answer and make talk, but my heart was very sick. I could hardly know what he was saying; Beauregard, and Patterson, and Johnston, so ran in my thoughts. I suppose the major did not find it out, for he seemed very well satisfied, and at parting said that ‘after the victory’ he would come and have another ride with me.

So I waited now for news. Dull, dreadful days; long with an interminable length of quarters and half hours; heavy with fear. They were not many; for the morning but one, I think, after my last ride, a gentleman stopped me in the street to tell me that firing had been heard that morning, and McDowell had, it was thought, met his enemy. I calculated the days since I had seen Mr. Thorold; speculated on Patterson’s probable activity or non-activity, and Christian’s consequent place and duty in

the position of affairs; and could only know that it was all a confusion of pain. At first I thought to go at once back to the house and give up my walk; but a second thought of that dull weary waiting inside of walls sent me on up the avenue. I might hear something more; at any rate, the open sky was a better breathing-place.

The open sky! Blue and calm as ever; moveless and pure; while the grim strife of a battlefield was raging beneath it. Was there another struggle where Johnston's forces were opposed by Gen. Patterson? And why could I not leave my cares now, as so many a time I had left them, as I longed to leave them this minute,—in the hand that upheld that blue sky? I could not. That is to say, I did in some fashion, which kept me from utterly fainting; but I was not confident; I was not willing that the will of God should be done irrespective of mine. I writhed from under the pressure of a coming possibility. Could I help it? My one first earthly joy, the treasure that gathered up all life's riches for me; could I think of that treasure being scattered and not know that I should be left poor? And what if God willed I should be thus poor? Ah, I was not ready.

I had a long, feverish walk, made as long as I could; and came home with a sort of thirst of heart, and very weary. Mrs. Sandford met me and I had to turn into the parlour.

'Grant is a little better, I think,' she said.

I could not find words to speak to her. If he was better, why then he would be taking me from Washington. I knew how it would be.

'He is certainly better,' she repeated with exultation in her voice; 'and now my dear Daisy, we will get away from this horrid place. My dear, how—how *grey* you look! What is the matter? you are tired to death.'

I almost wished I was. However, I commanded myself, and told her I had been walking far, and it was hot, and no doubt I was grey with dust.

‘And do you know,’ Mrs. Sandford went on, ‘they say the attack has commenced. Firing has been heard from some direction down in Virginia; the doctor told me.’

‘Mr. Vinton told me.’

‘Did he? while you were out? and you never mentioned it! Daisy you are the coolest creature. I envy you for that more than for everything else you have got; though people do say—some people—that Miss Randolph’s grey eyes are depths of delight. My dear! whose possible encomiums have I hit in your memory, that your cheeks are taking up the matter with such a delicious rose colour?’

She did not know what she touched. It was no vanity, but her words brought up suddenly what Thorold had told his aunt about Vermont lakes, and all the bitterness of that evening. My heart swelled. I was very near bursting into tears and astonishing Mrs. Sandford.

‘Daisy, my dear,’ she said fondly and half seriously, ‘you are too great a treasure to be risked out of your parents’ hands. The responsibility is weighing upon me. I hope Grant will get well, I am sure, and take us away. What with one sort of danger and another, it is really too much. Fancy, what it would be if we were to lose this battle! Why the rebels would be here in no time; the doctor said so.’

‘Well—’ I said. I could not tell all my thought; that in such an event I would not be anywhere but where I was, for worlds; unless indeed I could be with the army of Gen. Patterson before Johnston.

‘Is Dr. Sandford really better?’ I asked.

‘He certainly is; I am so glad! and I will tell him you asked so earnestly about him, and that will make

him better still. Yes, we will get away now from this dismal place some time, I do believe. Do go and lie down, Daisy; and I will send you some lemonade.'

The lemonade stood by me all day; while I thought of the smoke and the conflict to which no refreshment could come. I could not touch the lemonade.

I cannot tell now whether that day was Friday or Saturday. I have tried to recollect, and I cannot. I am not sure whether it was not Thursday. But I know it was Saturday evening when the next thing happened which stands clear in my memory. I was in my own room, forlornly endeavouring to work some worsted embroidery; though the sickness of my heart seemed to find its way into my fingers, and it was with pain and difficulty that they pulled the needle in and out. It was only more difficult to sit still and do nothing; and to read was impossible. I sat drawing the wool through the canvass—drawing long threads of thought at the same time—when Mrs. Sandford burst in.

'Daisy!—they say McDowell has had a bad time—they have driven him back, or something; isn't it dreadful!—and there you sit embroidering as quiet as can be. But bless me, child! you haven't a bit of colour. Washington will kill us all yet.'

'Who told you?'

'Doctor Barnard says it's so; it's all through the city. And if the rebels get the better of McDowell, they'll come straight here, Daisy, and take Washington. O I wish Grant was well enough to set right off to-morrow! but he isn't. How can you be so quiet? I tell you, our army has been repulsed, and how bad it is nobody knows.'

'We had better wait till somebody does know,' I said. 'We have had repulses before. There was Big Bethel—and Vienna—and a great many.'

‘But this is McDowell and the great army; and Beau-regard has hosts at his back.’

‘Well!—’ I said.

‘But you are dreadfully pale, Daisy. How can you keep so quiet? What are you made of?’

‘I do not think they will take Washington,’ I said. ‘I am in no hurry, for my part, to get away. Look—do you say maroon or dark purple for this bit of grounding? I cannot make up my mind.’

Mrs. Sandford dived into the purples and browns of my coloured wools; came back again to McDowell and Beau-regard, but came back quieted, and presently left the room. Then, I put down my needle and laid my head on the table and shook from head to foot with the trembling she had given me. And a longing to see Christian took possession of me; a sick, crying thirst for the sight, if it were only for a minute; the impatient agony of self-will. Necessity’s bands and manacles put it down after a time.

The next day was Sunday. I went to church alone, and with my usual average of calm. But I heard some one say to his neighbour, that there was a great battle going forward—with what promise nobody knew. The words sent me home with a sort of half breath. I avoided Mrs. Sandford, took no dinner; and in the afternoon feverishly crept out to church again. The air seemed to me full of bodings. Yet I heard nothing. I saw people whisper each other, and nod; I thought good news was given and received, and I breathed a little easier. It was not till I was coming out from the service that any one spoke to me. I found myself then near a gentleman whom we knew.

‘Glorious news, Miss Randolph!’ he half whispered. ‘Gen. Scott will dine with a good appetite to-day.’

‘What is the news?’

'O a great victory! We have not got the details yet, of course; but it seems all is going right.'

'It *seems* going right.'

'Yes. You know we have not details yet. There's been heavy fighting, though.'

'Is it a general engagement?'

'O yes! All in that could be in. And some that had no business to be in. They say, Johnston has reinforced Beauregard; but they are totally routed, I believe. So it is said.'

'Who says it?'

'The accounts from the battlefield, I presume. They are coming in all the time. The Nation has triumphed. I congratulate you. I know you are loyal. Mrs. Sandford will be rejoiced. Good afternoon.'

It was too sudden, too soon, and too confused. I could not breathe freely yet. Johnston reinforced Beauregard? That was just what Patterson was expected to prevent; ought to have prevented. Then, probably, Patterson had done no fighting? I was pondering, when I suddenly found Major Fairbairn beside me. He belonged with the troops left to guard Washington.

'O Major,' said I, 'what is the news?'

'Firing down in Virginia,—' said the major laconically.

'Is it true, that a battle has been won by McDowell?'

'I wish it were,' said he; 'but in general it is safe not to speak of a fight till it is over.'

'Then it is not over?'

'I have not heard that it is.'

'But they tell me a fight has been won.'

'They tell every conceivable thing in war-time,' said the major. 'Don't you know that? It is safe to believe nothing.'

'Has Johnston joined Beauregard?'

'I am afraid he has. The advices seem to put that beyond disbelief.'

'You are *afraid*. Then the news means nothing to you; nothing good, I mean?'

'The *rumours* mean nothing to me,' said the major smiling. 'The reliable news is really, so far, not much. It is certain there is a battle going on, Miss Randolph, and a battle along the whole line. And it is certain that Patterson had orders to follow up Johnston and keep him from troubling us. And I am afraid it is also certain that he has not done it—confound him! Excuse me; but a man who don't obey orders deserves to have people swear at him, Miss Randolph.'

I left the major at a corner, and before I got home another acquaintance informed me that the victory was undoubted, though severely purchased, and that the city was in a state of exultation. I did not know what to think. I said as little as possible to Mrs. Sandford; but later in the evening Dr. Barnard came with the details of the day, and the added intelligence that since seven o'clock the firing had recommenced.

'What for? if the victory is sure?' said Mrs. Sandford; and I went to my room feeling that it was not sure. Nevertheless I slept that night. I cannot tell why, or how. Whether it were most akin to weariness or despair, I slept, and quietly, and the whole night through. But I know very well that I awaked with a full sense that it was not to quietness nor peace. I took up my burden as I got out of bed.

My room was at the back of the house. Consequently I heard and saw nothing of the outer world till I came down to the breakfast-room. Nobody was there yet, and I went to the window. The first thing I saw then made my heart stand still. A group was gathered just before the window, on the sidewalk. In the midst a soldier,

one of a gay Zouave regiment, not at all gay now, stood talking to a little crowd of listeners; talking in a pouring rain, which nobody seemed to care about. He was wet; his bright uniform was stained and dragged; he had no musket; and his tasseled cap sat on a head which in every line and movement expressed defeat and disgrace. So they all listened who stood around; I read it as well as if I had heard the words they were hearing. I saw dejection, profound sorrow, absorbed attention, utter forgetfulness of present bodily discomfort. I noticed that one man who carried an umbrella had put it down, and stood listening in the rain. Occasionally the soldier raised his arm to eke out his words with a gesture; and then moved a step as if to go on, but they closed around him again and staid him with eager questions or urgings. I was very near throwing up the sash to ask what it all was; and then I thought, what matter! I should know soon enough, But I could not move from the window; and Mrs. Sandford entering and seeing me there came and looked over my shoulder. I did not know it, till I heard her 'Good Heavens!'—

'Daisy, my dear, what is the matter?'

'We shall hear presently,' I said, turning away from the window.

'But what is it?'—And Mrs. Sandford first took my place and then did what I had been tempted to do; threw up the sash.

'What is the matter?' she said. 'Is there news. Men, is there news?'

I do not know what was answered; I did not hear; I had gone into the middle of the room; but Mrs. Sanford closed the window presently and came to me, looking even pale. A rare thing for her.

'Daisy, there is trouble,' she said.

'Yes,—' I answered.

‘How do you know? They say—they say, the army is all cut to pieces!’—

I could not speak about it. We knew nothing yet; but Mrs. Sandford went on.

‘He says, everybody is killed. All routed and destroyed, the army is. Can it be possible?’

I thought it was very possible: I never had doubted but that the Southerners—as a body—were the best fighters. But I said nothing; while Mrs. Sandford poured out sorrows and fears and speculations in a breath. I could have smiled, but that I could not have smiled. We stood still, looking at each other, nobody remembering breakfast. I was thinking, if the cause was lost, where would Mr. Thorold be then. And I ceased to hear Mrs. Sandford.

‘But Daisy!’ she said suddenly—‘the other army—Beauregard’s—they will be here directly to take Washington, if all this is true; and it must be true; or that soldier would not have been out there in the rain. They will be coming here directly, Daisy. And, bless me! how wicked I am! You are standing there, patient and pale, and you have had no breakfast. Come here and let me give you some coffee. Grant said he would be down to dinner perhaps; and how angry he would be.’

We drank cups of coffee, but I do not think either of us broke bread.

That was a weary day. All the day long new groups were forming and dispersing in the street, telling and talking over the news; groups of all sorts. Soldiers discoursing to audiences like the one in the morning; knots of officers; twos and threes of business men; debating, inquiring, discussing; all under the dark rain, all with downcast faces and dispirited bearing. Late in the day Major Fairbairn called. He somewhat reassured us. The carnage was not so great; the loss not so tre-

mendous, as we had at first been told; the damage done not so absolutely overwhelming.

'Then you do not think Beauregard will come and take Washington?' Mrs. Sandford asked.

'I don't know!' the major said with a smile. 'He must be quick about it, or it will be too late.'

'But is this a final settling of the question, Major Fairbairn?' I inquired. 'That is what I want to know.'

'We have been whipped,' he said looking at me.

'Yes, I know; but the North—will they take this as a settlement of the question?'

'The North!' echoed the Major. 'Will they give up, you mean? Not just yet! The Government does not feel like it. Do you?'

'I am so ignorant—' I answered.

'You must be,—pardon my saying so. Not at all. The sting of the whip will make us move faster. Orders are issued already for the reinforcement and reorganization of the army. Gen. McClellan is to take command here; and we will get things upon a new basis.'

'Is McClellan the man we want?' Mrs. Sandford inquired.

'I cannot say. If he is not, we will wait for another.'

'You are very cool, Major Fairbairn!' said the lady.

'It is the best plan, in July.'

'But it is very hard to keep cool.'

The major smiled and looked at me.

'What has Patterson been doing all this while?' I asked. Smiles died out of the major's face.

'*He* has kept cool,' he said. 'Easy—when a man never was warm.'

'And you think, major,' said Mrs. Sandford, 'you really think that the truth is not so bad as it has been reported. Why Mr. May was positive the rebels would come and take Washington. You think there has not been such dreadful loss of life after all?'

‘A tenth of the story will be nearer the mark,’ said the major. ‘But we shall know more particulars tomorrow; and I will step in again, as I can, and let you know what I know. I must not stay now.’ And with a bow to me, the major went.

I did not stop then to inquire what his bow meant. Nor did I hear Mrs. Sandford’s long string of comments and speculations, any further than was necessary to enable me to reply from time to time with some show of connectedness. I was eagerly calculating chances, without any basis of data to go upon. Trying to conjecture Gen. Patterson’s probable coming duty, and to what it might lead. If his foe had disappeared from before him, must he not follow on this way, where (I thought) men were so imperatively needed? If he came, there would be fighting for him, certainly, the next time! Beauregard would muster again for the fray; I knew that; and it seemed the Union army was going to make ready also on its side. If Patterson and his command staid where he was, to take care of that part of the country, perhaps—it might be a bloodless charge for a while; it might, till the two grand armies should encounter once more, and one or the other get the mastery. Then, how long might it be, before these two armies would be ready to try another, a third tussle together? and would Mr. Thorold be willing to stay permanently where inaction would be his portion? Twenty such incongruous unreasonable questions I was mooting and turning over, while Mrs. Sandford’s running fire of talk made it impossible for me to think to any conclusion.

When I went up to my room, however, and got free of her, I sat down to it. There had been no fighting for this bout in that part of the army where Patterson commanded and where Thorold served. So far he had escaped. Now, if Patterson could only be kept in that

region, for a little time, and the question between the North and South be brought to an issue meanwhile and decided here—

I was in a fever of hope and fear, cogitating deeply things which I had no means of knowing or settling, when the question suddenly occurred to me, What was I doing? What *was* I doing? Only, trying to arrange the wheels of Providence; trying to make peace and war; to kill and to keep alive. I was taking and bearing on my shoulders the burden of the nation's armies and of their destiny. It fell on my heart all at once, what I was doing. And my nerves were straining, even now, to throw around my beloved the shield of circumstances; to keep him where he would be safe; to put my hand between his life and a blow. Could Daisy do that? Was her arm long enough, or her eye enough far-seeing? In despair and in humiliation both, I fell on my knees. *This* must be given up. I must leave armies and battles, yes and every several bullet and cannon ball, yes, yes, and more; I must leave Mr. Thorold's life and heart in other hands than mine. I must put the care of them out of mine; I must give up even the thought of shielding him, or arranging for him. More. Yes, though it pressed upon my heart with the great difficulty,—I must be *willing* to have God do, with him and with me, just what He pleased. How else could I live, with the struggle before me? How else could I live at all as a believing and obedient child of God? 'I must,' and 'I will,' are not words for a child to say.

My heart, my heart, how it died within me as I saw my duty! as I saw that it behooved me to give up all, and then wait in patience to see what the Lord would let me have. My heart died first, and then rose again to the struggle. But those only know what a struggle it is, who have tried. It seems to me, most people, even Christians,

do not try. Yet, to 'forsake all,' the test of discipleship, what is it but to cease saying 'I must' and 'I will,' about anything, and to hold everything thenceforth at the will of God. I spent that night on my knees, when I was not walking the floor. I spent it in tears and in pleading the promises; sometimes almost in despair. But I reached at last a place of great calm. I gave up insisting upon my own will; and though with every nerve of affection throbbing, as it were, I gave up the care of myself and of Thorold; I gave up the disposal of the lives of both. And when the calm was once reached, it grew deeper and quieter, and the throbbing nerves were stilled, and a great burden was taken off my shoulders. And then, the sense of a love better than mine, and of a power stronger than mine, stole over my heart with an infinite sweetness; the parched and thirsty places of my spirit seemed to catch the dews of heaven; and still soothed and quieted more and more, I went to sleep with my head upon the bed's side, where I was kneeling.

CHAPTER VII.

DETAILED FOR DUTY.

I AWAKED in the peace of one who has laid his burden down. My joints were a little stiff, from the position in which I had slept; my mind was set free. The charge of the rival armies and their conflicts was no longer on my shoulders; even the care of individual life and safety I thought no longer to secure. Myself I was a soldier, in a different army; and I had been forgetting my business and presuming into the General's province. No wonder my nerves were strained and my heart almost broken. That was now all given up; and I went through my morning duties in a quiet that was profound, if it was also very humble. I had found the only harbour of rest that can be found on the shores of this world; that one which is entered by paying the tribute of one's self-will. The tides of the great sea do not rise and fall there; the anchorage is good; the winds that sweep over the waters bring balm with them; and the banner that floats at the entrance bears this inscription—'He shall not be afraid of evil tidings; his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord.'

The first thing I heard from Mrs. Sandford was that the doctor was almost well and would come down stairs after breakfast. I knew what that portended for me; I thought I knew; but as I said, I had given up the management of myself and my concerns. 'If ye be not able to do that thing which is least, why take ye thought

for the rest?" I got my worsted and sat down stairs at my work, to be ready to see the doctor when he should come. Mrs. Sandford took post at the window; and so we waited. The weather to-day was clear and bright; the street full yet of motley groups, returned soldiers and gathered civilians, looking however far less dismal than the day before. Mrs. Sandford from the window detailed all she saw; while my worsted needle went in and out to an interrupted refrain—"He shall not be afraid of evil tidings"—"Why take ye thought?"—

Then Mrs. Sandford said, 'Here comes the major, Daisy. It seems to me he is very attentive—' and in the major walked.

He gave his hand to me, and his eye glanced at the figure in the window. I could not help the thought that he wished it not there. But things too far down had been stirred in me, for a little surface matter like this to move my calm.

'What news, major?' my friend asked.

'Good. How do you do, Mrs. Sandford? I told you yesterday that it would be good.'

'Yes, but how good is it, Major Fairbairn?'

'Fine.'

'Well go on and tell us. You are a nice major.'

'Thank you. In the first place, as you may remember I said it would be, the lists of casualties are greatly reduced.'

'Casualties?' said Mrs. Sandford. 'What is that? I am learning so many new things.'

'The lists of the killed and wounded.'

'Oh! That is what a military man calls *casualties*, Daisy, my dear.'

'It is the term in common use—' said the major, looking somewhat taken aback.

'I know. Pray, Major Fairbairn, have the officers of

the army the reputation of making good husbands and heads of families?

‘I have always heard that they did,’ said the major, colouring a little and by no means free of his astonishment.

‘I don’t see how they can have any sympathy for little common heartaches and headaches, though, when to be run through the body is such a trifle. They can’t, I think, major.’

‘But Mrs. Sandford—’

‘For instance,’ the lady went on unmercifully,—‘for instance, Miss Randolph has her head taken off by a cannon ball. The doctor and I are desolate; but Major Fairbairn says it is a “casualty.” Or, the doctor himself may be hit by a shot not intended for him, and put out of charge of his hospital for ever. Miss Randolph and I are in ashes; but our friend Major Fairbairn says it is only a “casualty.”’

‘But *friends*, Mrs. Sandford,—’ the major began.

‘Everybody has friends,’ said Mrs. Sandford. ‘I was reading in the paper just now a list of these little accidents. One man had his leg shattered by a minie ball; it killed him in a few hours. Another had a charge of grape shot in his breast; it struck the spine. *He* is dead. What is grape shot, Major Fairbairn?’

The major hastily passed to the sideboard in the other room and brought me a glass of water.

‘Daisy!’ Mrs. Sandford exclaimed. ‘Are you faint, my dear? These are only casualties. My dear, are you faint? what is the matter?—Bless me, how white you are! What is it?’

I drank the water, and struggled back into composure, at least outwardly; being very much surprised at myself.

‘But what is the matter, Daisy? what is the matter?’

I have said nothing in the world. Cannot you bear that?’

‘Major Fairbairn was going to tell us something, ma’am,’ I said, endeavouring to throw my thoughts off.

‘That can wait until you are better.’

‘No,’ I said, ‘do not wait. I am well. What were you going to say, major?’

‘Only that things are much better than they were supposed to be yesterday.’

‘You said that before. Please go on.’

‘Well, it is always so,’ said the major. ‘At first all the stragglers are counted for lost. Then they come in. They are coming in now, by scores, all the while. Instead of thousands killed and wounded, it is found to-day that there are but five or six hundred; and without being particularly hard hearted, I rejoice at it. That is part of what I was going to say.’

The major spoke gravely, and looked at me with an anxious expression. I assured him I was better, and begged him to tell us the rest.

‘You have put it all out of my head, Miss Randolph. Will you have—won’t you have—something else?—wine? Pardon me, you have not regained your usual colour.’

‘The best thing would be some more of your good news. I have a great appetite for good news, after yesterday.’

‘Naturally. Well, the rest of my news is very good. The country is answering the call made upon her.’

‘The call for fortitude?’ said Mrs. Sandford.

‘The call for men,—and for pluck, if you like,’ said the major.

‘More men,’—said Mrs. Sandford.

‘Certainly. We must have men. And from every quarter, wherever we have heard, there comes an enthu-

siastic response. Sixty thousand new men have been accepted already by the Government; and they are coming in all the while. There will be a very great number of fresh arrivals here in a very few days. Miss Randolph, your question is answered.'

'What question, Major Fairbairn?'

'Whether the North would give up, you know.'

'I am glad,' I said. 'I am glad!'

'And even in saying it, you grow pale again, Daisy. You are not well!' Mrs. Sandford exclaimed.

'Perfectly well. These times are exciting.'

'Rather too exciting. I like the excitement that brings the blood *into* the cheeks. Do go out and take a walk; you want fresh air; or yesterday has unstrung your nerves. But you were so quiet, I thought nothing moved you. Do go and take a walk, Daisy.'

The major added a quiet word of urging, saying that if I could go at once he would see that I did not faint before I got home.

I was bewildered, I think, or I should not have gone; but I wanted to get away from the talk and to feel the fresh air; I was stifled; and I went. My nervous perturbation was a surprise to me. I had given up everything, I thought; I was quite calm, ready for everything. I thought I was; and yet, so little a word had unsettled me. So I went with the major. And then, I was brought to myself presently by more than the fresh air; for I found my friend somewhat too happy in his charge, and more careful of me than I chose he should think there was any occasion for. Moreover, I could not bear to accept his care. I summoned my forces and plunged him into a depth of political and philosophical discussion which he could not get out of till he left me again at my own door. I reassured Mrs. Sandford then; and sat down to my worsted embroidery with a profound sense

of how little my strength was. A few minutes afterwards Dr. Sandford came in.

I had not seen him now for several weeks; and I never saw him look better. It immediately struck me, that with him well, it mattered comparatively little whether Mr. Thorold and I were in the same place together or not. Dr. Sandford's clear blue eye was not to be braved with impunity. No more was it to be shunned. But I needed not to shun it. I met it full now. I could, since last night. The disposal of my affairs, if it was not in me, it certainly was not in him. He met me with a smile and a look of pleasure; and sat down by me to watch the progress of my worsted work. So ostensibly; but I soon knew that he was watching not my work, but me.

'How have these weeks been with Miss Randolph? Dull?'

'No,' I said;—'not dull.'

'How have they escaped that?'

'There has been too much to interest, Dr. Sandford.'

'Yet I see you at your Berlin wools. Pardon me—but whenever I see a lady busy with her needle and a bit of canvass, I always think she is hard up for something to think of. Pardon again, Daisy. I know you have no mercy upon slang.'

'See how mistaken you are, Dr. Sandford.'

'In that? Not in that.'

'No; but in your notions about wool and canvass.'

'They are true!' said the doctor.

'Ah but, don't you know that extremes meet?'

'What extremes?'

'All extremes, perhaps. I have been working worsted for a day or two, just because I had so much to think of.'

'They have been exciting days,' said the doctor slowly, —'to a sick man who could do nothing.'

'Why not to a woman, for the same reason?'

‘Have they tried you very much, Daisy?’

‘Why she was turning faint here a little while ago,’ broke in Mrs. Sandford, ‘because I was giving an account of some wounded soldiers I had read about in the papers; and the major and I persuaded her to go out and take a walk to recover herself.’

‘The major?—that is indefinite, though you use the definite article. What major?’

‘O we have a number of military friends. They have kept us alive since you have been shut up. What is this one, Daisy? He is a very good one. Major Fairbairn.’

‘Fairbairn? I do not know him,’ said the doctor.

‘It is not necessary that you should know everybody,’ said his sister-in-law. ‘Daisy knows him very well.’

‘And likes him—’ said the doctor; ‘or he could not have a share in persuading Miss Randolph to anything.’

‘Yes, I like him,’ I said. I thought, the more friends in the army I had, the better; and also, that Dr. Sandford must not be permitted to push his lines too far.

‘Who is Major Fairbairn?’

‘I do not know; he is from Maine or New Hampshire, I think.’

‘Your parents, Daisy, would not desire these Northern associations for you; would they?’

I do not know with what calm I faced the doctor and answered him. “These Northern associations”—the words touched the innermost beatings of my heart—if such an expression can be used. Yet I looked at Dr. Sandford in absolute calm, knowing all that the doctor did not know, and spoke with perfect composure.

‘I cannot escape them, you know, Dr. Sandford, unless I were to go over to the enemy’s lines; and I cannot do that.’

‘I would not wish that,’ said the doctor.

'Then your feelings continue all with the Northern men, Daisy?'

'All—' I said.

I went back to my worsted work, but I had a sense that the doctor was studying me. One cannot judge, of course, of one's own manner, or know what is in it; so I cannot tell what had been in mine. The doctor sat and considered me; I thought, in some perplexity.

'Daisy's feelings are appreciated and returned by the Northern men,' Mrs. Sandford said, laughing. 'Rides and walks—how many rides and walks have you taken, Daisy, these forlorn weeks, with officers of the Northern army? O they are not ungrateful.'

Dr. Sandford made no answer, and when he spoke I knew he was not making answer to these words. But they startled me.

'Is there anybody engaged in this struggle, Daisy, that you are concerned for?'

'Certainly!' I said;—'several.'

'I was not aware—' the doctor began.

'Some whom you know, and some whom you don't know, and on both sides.'

'You have a cousin, I believe, somewhere in the Southern army. He was at West Point, if I remember.'

'Preston Gary. I do not know where he is now, only he is among them. They say, he is with Beauregard. I was very fond of him. Then there is my brother; he either is with them or he will be; and there are still others.'

'On the Southern side,' said the doctor.

'Those two are on the Southern side,' I said. 'Others are on the Northern. I am there myself.'

'Not exactly in the struggle,' said the doctor; 'and yet, I do not know. These women!'

I think the doctor was baffled by my perfect quietness

and readiness. He spoke presently in a disengaged manner,

‘Mr. Ransom Randolph is in no danger at present. I know from a word in a late letter from your father, that he is in Europe still. Would you not like to get out of this confused state of things, and join them there?’

‘I would like better to go if it was peace here,’ I said.

‘Would you? Then you are not afraid lest the rebels should take Washington and confiscate the whole of us?’

‘Major Fairbairn thinks the danger of that is past.’

‘He does! However, other dangers might arise—’

‘I knew you would not think Washington very safe ground for us,’ Mrs. Sandford rejoined.

‘Mrs. Sandford is at her own risk. But I should hardly be doing the duty of a good guardian if I risked anything, where so important a charge is committed to me. I shall get you away from here without delay. How soon can you both be ready?’

I wanted to say I was ready, but I could not get out the words. My two friends debated the matter, and the doctor fixed his own time. The day after to-morrow.

It was good for me, that I had given up the charge of my own interests; or I never could have maintained the ease of manner which it was desirable to maintain in face of this proposition. I was very calm, remembering that ‘a man’s heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps.’ I went on with my worsted stitching under the eye of the doctor. I do not know why he watched me so.

‘Has anybody ventured to tell you, Miss Randolph, that you have changed within a few months?’ This question was put after I had forgotten the doctor and

was marching somewhere before a battery in Patterson's column. I started a little.

'Yes, indeed! has she not?' exclaimed Mrs. Sandford. 'Changed! She came out of school the dearest little schoolgirl that ever lived; or I should say, she went *back* to school so, last year. What has the year done to you, Daisy?'

'What *has* it done to me?' I replied, smiling at her. 'How am I changed?'

'Changed!' Mrs. Sandford repeated. 'Tell her, Grant, what is she now?'

'She would not thank me for telling her,' said the doctor.

'But I will thank you, Mrs. Sandford,' I said. 'I *was* "the dearest little schoolgirl."'

'My dear, you are not that now,' Mrs. Sandford said solemnly.

'It all comes to this, Daisy,' said the doctor. 'You are a psychological puzzle to me. For the matter of that, now I think of it, you always were. When you went to visit Molly Skelton, and carried rose-bushes round the country in your pony chaise, just as much as now. You are not the same Daisy, however.'

'Yes I am; just the same,' I said earnestly.

'Fancy it!' said Mrs. Sandford. 'My dear, you do not see yourself; that is clear.'

'I would like to do the same things again,' I insisted. But that nearly choked me. For a vision of myself in my happy pony chaise; the free, joyous child that I was, ignorant of soldiers and wars, further than as I knew my dear Captain Drummond; the vision of the Daisy that once was, and could never be again; went nigh to shake all my composure down. The emotion came with a rush, and I had nearly succumbed to it.

'Miss Randolph has a philosophy,' the doctor went on,

still watching me,—‘which is not common to the world, and which I have hitherto in vain endeavoured to fathom. I have always fancied that I should be happier if I could find it out.’

‘Did I never tell you what it was, Dr. Sandford?’

‘Never—intelligibly. You will excuse me. I do not mean to accuse you, but myself.’

‘But you know what it is,’ I said facing him. ‘My philosophy, as you call it. It is only, to live for the other world instead of this.’

‘Why not live for this world, while you are in it, Daisy?’

‘I am not going to stay in it.’

‘I hope, very long!’ said the doctor seriously. ‘And do you not think that people are meant to enjoy this world, while they have it?’

‘Yes, when they can,’ I answered; remembering vividly that enjoyment is not always the rule. ‘But I enjoy the world better than you do, Dr. Sandford; because, living for the other, I take the good of both. And if this fails at any time, the other—cannot.’

Dr. Sandford’s blue eye went as deep into mine, and into me, I think, as it could; and he did not look satisfied.

The preparations for our journey were pressed with a diligence that admitted of no delay, all that day and the next. I was quietly busy too, thinking that it did not matter; that the time must come, and as well then as ever.

I had miscalculated my strength, or my weakness. Or perhaps the emotional part of our nature is never to be depended on. That dim morning of our early departure is fixed in my memory as one of the most heart-sinking times my heart ever knew. My companions were brisk and bright, in travelling mood, taking cars and porters and ticket offices and crowds, as pleasant concomitants of a pleasant affair. Glad to get away from Washing-

ton, both of them. And I, alone in my heart, knew what a thread was breaking for me; knew that Thorold's path and mine were starting from that point upon divergent lines, which would grow but further and further apart every day. Until that moment I had not realized what it would be, to leave the neighbourhood of his work and his danger, and cut off all but the most distant and precarious communication between him and me; what it would be, too, to him, to know that I was gone. It did seem then for a minute as if I could not go; as if I *must*, as necessity, remain within hailing distance of him, and at the headquarters of information. But there was another 'must,' stronger than mine; I was seated in the car, the whistle blew its mockery of me; and the slow movement which immediately followed was the snapping of the thread,—the parting of the lines. It was something that no human action could stay or avert now; and the gentle motion soon grew to a whirl of speed which bore me relentlessly away. The slow pang of that first stir of the cars, I can feel yet.

It was a dumb pain at my heart all day. I could not understand myself. For several days I had been quiet and prepared, I thought, and submissive; now to-day all was disorder; no preparedness; no quiet. Instead were heartaches and regrets and wild wishes; sometimes in dull and steady force, like a still rain storm; and sometimes sweeping over me with the fury of a tempestuous blast. I had not strength to resist; my utmost was to keep a calm front before my friends. I did that, I think. But what torture is it not, to be obliged to hear and answer all manner of trifling words, to enter into every trivial thought, of people at ease around one, when the heart is bending and bowing under its life burden; to be obliged to count the pebbles in the way, when one is staggering to keep one's footing at all. Yes, and one must answer

with a disengaged face, and one must smile with ready lips, and attention must not wander, and self-absorption for a minute cannot be allowed. Perhaps it was good for me.

My companions attended to me well, so that I got no respite all day. Not till night, when I reached my room; and when I had respite, I found no rest. It was great relief to put my head down without fear lest somebody should ask me if it ached; but all night long I struggled with the pain that had fought me all day. The next morning I went to find Miss Cardigan. To my great disappointment she was not at home; and would not be at home, I was told, under a week.

I passed slowly in, over the familiar stones of the marble floor, in through the empty rooms, to the innermost one which opened upon the little conservatory. That too was stripped of its beauties; most of the plants were set out in the open ground, and the scaffolding steps were bare. I turned my back upon the glass door, which had been for me the door to so much sweetness, and sat down to think. Not only sweetness. How strange it was! From Miss Cardigan's flowers, the connecting links led on straight to all my sorrow and heartache of the present and perhaps of many future days. They had led me here; and here Mr. Thorold had said words to me that had bound him and me together for the rest of our lives, and made his welfare my welfare. And now, he was in the shock of battlefields; and I—afar off—must watch and listen. And I could not be near and watch. I must be where even good news would be no news, except of the past; where nobody would speak to me of Mr. Thorold, and where I could not speak of him to anybody. I was sure, the more I thought of it, that the only possible chance for a good issue to our engagement, would be to wait until the war should be over; and

if he persisted in his determination of speaking to my father and mother before such a favourable conjuncture, the end would be only disaster. I somewhat hoped, that the pressure of active duty on his part, or some happy negligence of post-office officials, or other contingency, might hinder such a letter as he had threatened from coming to my father's hands at present.

Meanwhile, in Miss Cardigan's little room, I struggled for a right mind. If I was sorrowful, I told myself, I was also glad. If I pitied myself a little for all that had happened, it was also true that I would not have undone it—that is, my part in it,—for the world. I would rather belong to Mr. Thorold, even through all this pain, than be nothing to him and have him nothing to me. Yes, even going away on my distant journey to Europe, the knowledge of his love was a richer jewel in my heart than any other of earth's jewels that I carried. So what was I crying about?

I washed away some of the soreness of the days past in those tears. And then I came quietly back to my position; willing that God should dispose of me and do with me what he pleased; send me away or bring me home; give or take from me. At least so far I was willing, that I gave up all care-taking and ceased to struggle. My mood grew even sunshiny as I walked back to the hotel where we were all stationed. Hope began to execute little dances before me.

The doctor was busy now, I understood, with trying to find some party with whom I might make the journey to Switzerland. Mrs. Sandford was eager to get back to Melbourne, or its neighbourhood; I always called the whole region by that name. How I wished I could be allowed to go with her, and wait there till an opportunity offered for my further journey! But such were not the views of my guardian.

'Here's devotion!' exclaimed Mrs. Sandford as I came in to tea one evening. 'My dear, he says he will go with you himself.'

'Where? who?' I asked.

'Why Grant, to be sure. He says he will go with you himself, and then his mind will be easy.'

'How can he?' I said. 'An army surgeon,—how can he get away?'

'Yes, and in war-time,' said Mrs. Sandford. 'But the truth is, that he needs to get away, he says; he is not fit for duty; and the voyage over and back will just set him up. I think it is a capital plan, for my part. He won't be gone any length of time, you know; and indeed he must not; he will just run across and put you in the hands of your friends; and so your passage is engaged, Daisy, in the "*Persia*." I only wish I was going along, but I can't. I advise you never to marry Grant. It ties one up terribly.'

'It does not tie *you* very close,' the doctor answered.

'When does the "*Persia*" go?' I asked.

'Yes indeed; that *is* a question,' said Mrs. Sandford. 'Just think—she sails Saturday, and this is Thursday. Only one single day for you, Daisy; but after all, it is best so. You can be ready just as well, and the sooner you are off now the better. I shall miss you dreadfully, though.'

I felt my cheeks turn cold, and I busied myself with my cup of tea.

'You are not so eager to be off, Miss Randolph, as my good sister is to have you,' I heard the doctor say.

'No, not quite. I would like better to go if all this trouble in the country were ended.'

'That would be to wait some time, I am afraid,' said the doctor, helping himself to a piece of toast. And I do not know what in his motion and his manner of speech

conveyed to me the notion that he was glad I could not wait. And, my mother's child though I was, I could not thwart him this time.

'It is a good time to be away, *I think*,' said Mrs. Sandford. 'I'd keep the news from her, Grant, if I were you. She sits and studies the papers as if her life were in them.'

'There will be no news on board the steamer,' said the doctor.

Yes, I knew that. The very beginning of my journey was to cut me off from tidings. How should I get them in Switzerland? And I must go too without seeing Miss Cardigan. Well, I thought, nothing can take my best Friend from me.

CHAPTER VIII.

DAISY'S POST.

DR. SANDFORD and I stood together on the deck of the steamer, looking at the lessening shore. I was afraid the doctor should see *how* I looked, yet I could not turn my eyes from it. I had given up the care of myself; I could bear to see America fading out of my sight; yet it seemed to me as if I left Daisy and her life there, and as if I must be like a wandering spirit from another world till I should come back to those shores again. I would minister to my father and mother, but nobody would minister to me. And I thought it was very likely very good for me. Maybe I was in danger of growing selfish and of forgetting my work and all happiness except my own and Thorold's. I could do nothing for either of those now; nothing actively. But I called myself up as soon as that thought passed through me. I could always pray; and I could be quiet and trust; and I could be full of faith, hope and love; and anybody with those is not unhappy. And God is with his people; and he can feed them in a desert. And with that, I went down to my stateroom, to sob my heart out. Not altogether in sorrow, or I think I should not have shed a tear; but with that sense of joy and riches in the midst of trial; the feeling of care that was over my helplessness, and hope that could never die nor be disappointed in spite of the many hopes that fail.

After that, my voyage was pleasant, as every voyage

or journey is when one goes in the Lord's hand and with him for a companion. I had no news, as the doctor had said, and I laid down all the matter of the war; though I was obliged to hear it talked of very much and in a way that was often extremely hard to bear. The English people on board seemed to think that Americans had no feeling on the subject of their country, or no country to feel about. Certainly they shewed no respect for mine; and though Dr. Sandford and one or two other gentlemen could and did answer their words well and cogently, and there was satisfaction in that; yet it was a warfare I did not choose to enter into unless good breeding could be a defence on both sides. They abused Mr. Lincoln; how they abused him! they have learned better since. They abused republics in general, rejoicing openly in the ruin they affected to see before ours. Yes, the United States of America and their boasted Constitution were a vast bubble—no solidity—rather a collection of bubbles, which would go to pieces by their own contact. Specially the weight of dislike and maligning fell on the Northern portion of the country; sympathy was with the South. These natives of the free British Isles were unmistakably disposed to cheer and help on a nation of oppressors, and wished them success. It was some time before I could understand such an anomaly; at last I saw that the instinct of self-preservation was at work, and I forgave as natural, what I could not admire as noble.

This element in our little society troubled somewhat my enjoyment of the voyage. I *had* some patriotic nerves, if I was an American; and every one of them was often tingling with disagreeable irritation. Besides, ill-breeding is of itself always disagreeable enough, and here was ill-breeding in well-bred people,—worst of all. And I had my own private reasons for annoyance. A

favourite theme with the company was the want of soldiers or generals at the North, and the impossibility that a set of mechanics and tradesmen, who knew only how to make money and keep it, should be able in chivalrous and gentlemanly exercises to cope with the Southern cavaliers, who were accustomed to sword and pistol and the use of them from their youth up. Bull Run, they said, shewed what the consequence must always be, of a conflict between soldiers with the martial spirit and soldiers without it. It would be much better and cheaper for the North to succumb at once. I had Southern prejudice enough to believe there might be a good deal of truth in this, but I could not bear to hear it or to think it; for besides the question of country and right, the ruin of the North would be disaster to Mr. Thould and me. I shunned at last all conversation with our English companions, as far as I could, and bent my thoughts forward to the joyful meeting which lay before me with father and mother and brother. Brighter and brighter the prospect grew, as each day brought it nearer; and I sat sometimes by the hour looking over the waters and resting my heart in the hope of that meeting.

'Almost in, Miss Randolph,' said the doctor, coming to my side one of those times.

I brought my eyes from the dancing sea, and answered

'You are glad.'

'Very glad.'

'What route will you take, when we get to land?'

'The shortest.'

'You do not wish to see anything by the way?'

'I can see enough, after I get to them,' I answered.

'You are at a happy time of life!' the doctor said after a pause.

'Are you past it, Dr. Sandford?' I asked, replying, I think, to something in the tones of his voice.

‘I do not know. I think, yes. Cologne cathedral will never be to me what it will be to you.’

‘What will it be to me?’

‘I wish you would tell me, when you see it.’

‘Does it lie in our route?’ I asked somewhat eagerly.

‘It can—if you choose.’

‘But I should not want to stop to look at it,’ I said; ‘and I could not see it without stopping, I suppose.’

‘I suppose not. Well, we will push forward as fast as possible. To Lausanne, is it?’

‘They *were* at Lausanne. They were talking of going to Lucerne.’

‘To stay?’

‘For some time, I think. Papa was getting tired of Lausanne. We shall know as soon as we reach our port.’

‘Wonderful things will crowd upon you now, Daisy,’ the doctor said meditatively. ‘And you are as ready for them as ever.’

‘Don’t they crowd upon everybody?’ I said, remembering what strange ones life had lately brought to me.

‘Everybody does not see them—does not know it. You have this peculiarity, that you will not fail to note every one that comes within your knowledge. Europe will be a wonder gallery to you. And life, perhaps.’

‘O, life is now, Dr. Sandford.’

He had been looking very grave. He smiled at me then, one of his bright, winsome smiles that the child Daisy used to get. It made my heart sore with longing for him, and sorrow.

‘Isn’t it a wonder, that I live, and that I shall live for ever?’ I said. ‘That this world is only the portal to glory? Isn’t it a wonder, that there is a highway from these low grounds to Heaven’s court, and that the gates

of brass and bars of iron that stopped the way, are broken asunder? Isn't it a wonder, that the Prince of Heaven came down to open the way and to shew it to us? and is there any wonder so great, as that, after this, any mortal should refuse to walk that way?'

'Grant Sandford, to wit!' said the doctor with an odd expression, something between pleased and displeased. 'I am afraid, Daisy, he would want an angel to go before him after all.'

I remember this little talk well, for it puzzled me and did not seem like Dr. Sandford. I remember nothing else of any interest till we came to Switzerland and I was near my journey's end. We had pushed on, sometimes by night and day; stopping only for necessary meals and refreshment. I wanted no delay. When we reached the glories of the Swiss mountains, even yet distant, my mood oddly changed, and I was no longer in a hurry. My life, I knew, would take a new turn, in among those mountains somewhere; and it might not, I had a shrewd suspicion that it would not, be a turn for my ease and comfort; and even while I was as eager as ever to see my father and mother, at the same time I was willing to take the last steps of the way more slowly, and enjoy what I had and what I hoped for together, before reality should displace anticipation. This is my understanding of the mood as I look back to it; at the time I did not reason, but only was conscious of being ready to linger and willing to lose nothing of novelty and beauty on my way. However, lingering was not possible. By one conveyance and another we pushed our way on, till Lucerne, our place of destination, was reached.

I saw nothing in the town, almost literally, while we were making our way through its streets. I was in a breathless state; my senses could not play, or my mind could receive no impression from them. It was disap-

pointment and relief too, when coming to the house where my father and mother lived, we were told that the family were gone out of town on some excursion and would not be back till evening. The servants told us. This was no hotel, but a nice little private house which my father had hired and where he and my mother were living entirely at home.

I knew I was at home, as my feet pressed the stairs going up to the little drawing-room. 'At home.' Not since we left Melbourne had the exquisite sensation come over me. It came now like a subtle perfume, pervading and surrounding everything. My eyes filled with tears of great joy, as I mounted the stairs. I would not let Dr. Sandford see them. He, I knew, felt like anything but crying for joy. He was certainly very honestly fond of me and of my company, and I was grateful for it.

The servant led us to a little drawing-room, out of which another opened; over the simple furniture of which my mother's hand had thrown a spell of grace. And luxurious enjoyment too; that belonged to her. A soft rug or two lay here and there; a shawl of beautiful colour had fallen upon a chair-back; pictures hung on the walls, one stood on an easel in a corner; bits of statuary, bronzes, wood-carvings, trifles of art, mosaics, engravings, were everywhere; and my mother's presence was felt in the harmony which subdued and united all these in one delicious effect. My mother had almost an Oriental eye for colour and harmony. It was like seeing a bit of her, to be in her room. I lost my head for a moment, standing in the middle of the floor; then I turned to Dr. Sandford.

'Now you are happy,' he said, extending his hand—
'and I will leave you.'

'No, Dr. Sandford—you will sit down and be happy too.'

'You could command me to sit down, undoubtedly; but I am afraid my happiness is beyond your power.'

'I wish it was not!' I said earnestly. 'You have been very good to me, Dr. Sandford.'

His face flushed a little and paled, and the eyes which were so fond of reading other people's seemed now to shun being read. I could not understand his expression, but it troubled me.

'Happiness is always beyond other people's power,' I said;—'but not beyond one's own.'

'That's your con-founded theory!' he answered, bringing the word out very gingerly and with a little laugh. 'I beg ten thousand pardons, Daisy; but a slight expression of indignation was an unavoidable indulgence just then. You would make every one responsible for all the troubles that come upon him!'

'No—only for their effect upon his happiness,' I ventured, doubtfully.

'You think the effect of troubles upon happiness is then optional!'—he said, with a humorous expression so cool and shrewd that I could not forbear laughing.

'I do not mean exactly that.'

'Your words were well chosen to produce that impression.'

'No, Dr. Sandford—yes, perhaps they were;—but the real truth is, that we may have a happiness that is beyond the reach of trouble. So much *is* optional.'

'With Daisy Randolph,' said the doctor. 'For the rest of the world, a brown study will never be a golden reflection.' He held out his hand as he spoke.

'But are you going?' I said;—'before my father and mother come home?'

'I will call before I leave Lucerne.'

'How soon do you expect to do that?'

'Immediately, Daisy; to-morrow. I must hasten back

to my post, you know; before there is another Bull Run, if possible. It is very good that you are out of the way of such things,' he said, eyeing me earnestly. 'The very mention of them—do you know what it does?'

'It gives me a great feeling of pain, I know,' I said, trying to rally.

'It does that, I see. I did not know the power of imagination was so strong in you. I thought you were rather a literalist.'

'And I think I am,' I answered as calmly as I could. 'It does not require much imagination. It did not, when I was in Washington.'

'It does not now,' said the doctor; 'for your cheeks have not got back their colour yet. What banished it, Daisy?'

It was the old tone and look I used to meet in my childhood, and to which I always then rendered obedience. For an instant the spell was upon me now; then I threw it off, shook hands with the doctor and parted from him with a bow and smile which told him nothing. And he succumbed in his turn; made me a profound reverence and left the room.

My first feeling was of gladness that he was gone. My next was, the sense that I was under my natural guardians once more. I felt it with a thrill of delight, even though I had a full consciousness that I was going to be far less my own mistress than for some time I had been accustomed to find myself. Dr. Sandford rather took laws from me, in most things. This however did not give me much concern. I went round the rooms to quiet myself, for I was growing more and more excited. I went studying one by one the objects in the little home museum, for such those drawing-rooms were to me. I read, not natural history but family history in them; here my father's hand had been, here my mother's, leav-

ing some token of study, or luxury, or art, or feeling. A very handsome meerschaum seemed to give also a hint of my brother's presence. The home review did not quiet me; I found it would not do; I went to the window. And there I sat down immediately, to hear all that nature said to me; as once Miss Cardigan's flowers.

I had expected to see the town; and it was part of the town no doubt that stretched away before me, but it had rather the beauty of the country. There was nothing regular in streets or buildings, nor compact; the houses scattered away down the hill, standing here and there, alone and in groups, with fields or pieces of fields intermingling. Pretty houses, with quaint dormer windows and high sloping roofs. We were on a height, I found, from which the eye went down delightfully over this bit of the rambling old town. A courtyard, with grass and young trees, was the first thing next the house on this side; which I found was not the front; then the ground fell sharply, and most of the houses stood upon a level below bordering the lake. A stretch of the lake lay there, smooth, still, bearing the reflection of some houses on its opposite edge; where softened under a misty atmosphere another little town seemed to rest on a rising bank. And then, just behind it, rose the mountain, looking down upon lake and towns as if to forbid a thought of foolishness in any one who should ever live there. So, in its beautiful gravity, Mont Pilatte seemed to me, then and always. Are not mountains always witnesses for God? This first time I saw it, a misty cloud had swept across the breast of the mountain and hid part of the outline; but the head lifted itself in sunlight just above the veiling cloud, and looked down in unspeakable majesty upon the lower world. Always my eyes went back to that wonderful mountain head; then fell to the placid lake and the little town sleeping in misty sunlight on its

further border ; then caught the sharp pointed towers of a church or cathedral close by at my left hand, just within my picture ; I could not see the whole church ; then back to the soft veiled mountain. A more picturesque combination never went into a view. I sat still in a trance of pleasure, only my eyes moving slowly from point to point, and my heart and soul listening to the hidden melodies which in nature's great halls are always sounding. I do believe, for the matter of that, they are always sounding in nature's least chambers as well ; but there is the tinkle of a silver bell, and there is the thunder of the great organ. At any rate I was quieted, comforted, soothed, and entirely myself again, by the time I had listened to Mont Pilatte for a couple of hours.

The day wore on, and the lights changed, and the cloud deepened on the mountain. The lights had not begun to fade yet, though it was the time of long shadows, when a little bustle below and steps on the stairs drew me away from the window and brought me to my feet ; but I stood still. The first one was mamma, and her first word of course broke the spell under which I had been standing and brought me into her arms. And that word I pondered many a time afterwards. It was simply, 'Why, Daisy !'—but the letters put together tell nothing of what was in the expression. Pleasure and affection there were, of course ; and there was something beside, which I could not help thinking gave token of gratified surprise. What should have excited it I do not know, unless it were that my appearance pleased her better than she had expected. It was not surprise at my being there, for the servants had told of that. My father, who was next, said exactly the same words ; but his 'Why, Daisy !' had an altogether different expression. I flung myself into his arms, and then almost broke my heart with the thought that I had been so long out of them. My

father pressed me very close, and kept very still. I felt my mother touch me on the shoulder, and heard her tell me not to be so excited; but I could not mind her. And papa, sitting down, kept me in his arms and held me fast and kissed me, and I sobbed myself into content.

'Is that Daisy?' said mamma. I was sitting on papa's knee yet. I looked up at her. She was standing beside us.

'Doesn't she look like it?' my father said fondly, stroking my hair.

'She does not act like it,' said my mother,

But I hid my face in papa's neck at that, and he kissed me again.

'Don't you mean to speak to anybody else?' said mamma, with an amused voice.

'Nobody else has any right,' said papa. I looked up however, eagerly, and saw what I could only guess was Ransom, he had so grown and changed. He was looking curious and pleased. I got up to salute him.

'Why, Daisy!' said he, returning my embrace with more new than old emotion as it seemed to me,—'you are a sister of whom a fellow may be proud.'

'Can't you say as much for him, Daisy?' said my mother.

'As far as looks go—' I answered slowly, surveying him. He was excessively handsome, and his mother's own boy in grace of person and manner. I could see that in the first moment.

'As far as looks go'—my mother repeated. '*That* is like Daisy. Is it the very same Daisy?'

I looked up at her, and they looked at me. Oddly enough, we were all silent. Had I changed so much?

'Mamma, there is the difference between ten and seventeen,' I said. 'I don't think there is much other.'

'And between formed and unformed,' said my brother

Ransom ; for my father and mother were still silent, and I could hardly bear to meet their eyes.

‘What is formed, and what is unformed?’ I asked, trying to make it a light question.

‘My opinion is not unformed,’ said Ransom,—‘and your destiny is—formed.’

‘Papa,’ said I, ‘Ransom is very quick in deciding upon my destiny.’ But with that look into each other’s eyes, Ransom’s words were forgotten ; my father clasped me in a fresh fond embrace and my head went down upon his shoulder again. And we were all still. Words are nothing at such times. I think one rather speaks light words, if any ; thoughts are too deep to come out. At last my mother remarked that our toilettes were among the unformed things, and suggested that we should go to our rooms for a little while before dinner. I got up from papa’s knee and followed mamma ; and passing Ransom with a smile, he suddenly clasped me in his arms and kissed me.

‘I am proud of you, Daisy,’ he whispered.

Arrived in mamma’s room, her tenderness came out after her own fashion. She examined me ; her hands touched me caressingly ; she helped me to dress, although her maid was at hand.

‘You did not tell me you had such beautiful hair,’ she said, when I had unbound it to put it in order.

‘Mamma!’ I laughed. ‘Why should I?’

‘And there are a great many other things you have not told me,’ she went on. I had to control myself to prevent a start, though her words meant nothing.

‘Of course, mamma,’ I answered.

‘Yes ; you could hardly have been expected to give me a catalogue raisonné of your advantages. Do you know them yourself, Daisy?’

‘Mamma,—I suppose I know some of them.’

'Do you know, for instance, that your skin is exquisite, in colour and texture?'

'Mrs. Sandford used to tell me so,' I said.

My mother drew the tips of her fingers over my cheek.

'And now, at my saying that, comes a little rose hue here, as delicate as the inside of a shell. But you have lost all the look of delicate condition, Daisy; this is the colour of perfect health.'

'Dr. Sandford has taken care of me, mamma.'

'Your father trusted a great deal to Dr. Sandford. Do you think his trust was well placed?'

'Nobody could have taken more care of me, mamma. Dr. Sandford has been very good.'

'He always was your favourite,' she remarked.

'Well, mamma, he deserved all I have given him.'

'Don't give anybody much,—unless I bid you,' my mother said laughingly. 'Daisy, you have matured better even than I ever thought you would, or than your aunt Gary told me. Your figure is as good as ever mine was.'

She took up one of my hands, looked at it, kissed it, and as she let it drop asked carelessly,

'What has become of Preston now?'

I felt as if breakers were all around me. 'He has joined the Southern army,' I said.

'When did you see him?'

'Not since a year ago.'

'Where then?'

'At West Point, mamma. He only graduated this spring.'

'Were you long at West Point?'

'Yes, ma'am—some weeks.'

'Dr. Sandford did not shew remarkable care in that.'

'He thought so, mamma, for he found me not well, and took me away immediately from school, without

waiting for the term to close. Mrs. Sandford and he were going to West Point—and so—'

'West Point did you good?'

'I grew well there.'

'Your aunt tells me, your voice is very uncommon, Daisy. Is she right in that?'

'Mamma—you can judge better than I. It is not so easy for me to judge how it sounds.'

'You know how it sounds to you.'

'Yes, but then I am thinking of the music. I cannot tell, mamma, how it sounds to other people.'

'Well, we shall be able to judge by and by,' my mother said in a satisfied tone. 'Your speaking voice is as calm and sweet as I ever heard.'

'*Calm?* mamma,' I said laughing.

'Yes, child. Don't you know most people's voices have a little thread, if it is not more, of sharpness or roughness, coming out somewhere. It is sure to come out somewhere; in one form of speech or another; with some people it only appears in the laugh, and they should never laugh. Your voice is like a chime of bells.' And my mother took me in her arms, half-dressed as I was, and pressed her lips full upon mine; looking into my face and playing with me and smiling at me; finishing with another pressure of her mouth to mine.

'Your lips are very sweet,' she said, with a half sigh.

'I wonder who else will think so!'

And if one bit of vanity or self-exaltation could have been stirred in my thoughts, though it were by my mother's praises, these last words banished it well. I was sobered to the depths of my heart; so sobered, that I found it expedient to be busy with my dressing and not expose my face immediately to any more observations. And even when I went down stairs, my father's first remark was,

‘It is the same Daisy!’

‘Did you doubt it, papa?’ I asked with a smile.

‘No, my pet.’

‘Then why do you say that as soon as I make my appearance!’

‘I can hardly tell—the consciousness forced itself upon me. You are looking at life with a microscope,—as of old.’

‘With a microscope, papa!’

‘To pick up invisible duties and find out indiscernible dangers—’

‘When one is as old as I am,’ I said, ‘there is no need of a microscope to find out either dangers or duties.’

‘Ha!’ said my father, folding me in his arms—‘what dangers have you discovered, Daisy?’

‘I believe they are everywhere, papa,’ I said kissing him.

‘Not here,’ he said fondly; ‘there shall be none here for you.’

‘Mr. Randolph,’ said mamma laughing, ‘if Daisy is to be meat and drink as well as scenery to you, we may as well dispense with the usual formalities; but I hope you will condescend to look at dinner as usual.’

CHAPTER VIII.

SKIRMISHING.

THAT first dinner at home! how strange and sweet it was. So sweet, that I could scarcely hear the note of the little warning bell down in the bottom of my heart. But mamma had struck it up stairs, and its vibrations would not quite be still. Yet there was a wonderful charm in my own home circle. The circle was made larger in the evening, by the coming in of two of Ransom's friends, who were also, I saw, friends of my father and mother. They were two Southern gentlemen, as I immediately knew them to be; MM. de Saussure and Marshall, Ransom's worthy compeers in the line of personal appearance and manner. De Saussure especially; but I liked Marshall best. This I found out afterward. The conversation that evening naturally went back to America which I had just come from, and to the time of my leaving it, and to the news then new there and but lately arrived here. I had to hear the whole Bull Run affair talked over from beginning to end and back again. It was not so pleasant a subject to me as to the rest of the company; which I suppose made the talk seem long.

'And you were there?' said Mr. de Saussure suddenly appealing to me.

'Not at Manasses,' I said.

'No, but close by; held in durance in the capital, with liberators so near. It seems to me very stupid of Beauregard not to have gone in and set you free.'

'Free?' said I smiling. 'I was free.'

'There will be no freedom in the country, properly speaking, until that Northern usurper is tossed out of the place he occupies.'

'That will be soon,' said my mother.

'In what sense is Mr. Lincoln a usurper?' I ventured to ask. 'He was duly elected.'

'Is it possible Daisy has turned politician?' exclaimed my brother.

'He is not a usurper,' said Mr. Marshall.

'He is, if being out of his place can make him so,' said De Saussure; 'and the assumption of rights that nobody has given him. By what title does he dare shut up Southern ports and send his cut-throats upon Southern soil?'

'Well, they have met their punishment,' my father remarked. And it hurt me sorely to hear him say it with evident pleasure.

'The work is not done yet,' said Ransom. 'But at Bull Run rates—"sixty pieces of splendid cannon" taken, as Mr. Davis says, and how many killed and prisoners?—the mud-sills will not be able to keep it up very long. Absurd! to think that those Northern shopkeepers could make head against a few dozen Southern swords.'

'There were only a few dozen swords at Manasses,' said De Saussure. 'Eighteen thousand, Mr. Davis puts the number in his Richmond speech; and the Northern army had sixty thousand in the field.'

'A Richmond paper says forty thousand instead of eighteen,' Mr. Marshall remarked.

'Mr. Russell, of the London Times, estimated Beauregard's force at sixty thousand,' I said.

'He don't know!' said De Saussure.

'And Mr. Davis does not know,' I added; 'for the whole loss of cannon on the Northern side that day

amounted to but seventeen. Mr. Davis may as well be wrong in one set of facts as in another. He said also that provisions enough were taken to feed an army of fifty thousand men for twelve months.'

'Well, why not?' said Ransom frowning.

'These gentlemen can tell you why not.'

'Pretty heavy figures,' said Mr. Marshall.

'Why are they not true, Miss Randolph?' Mr. de Saussure asked, bending as before a most deferential look upon me.

'And look here,—in what interest are *you*, Daisy?' my brother continued.

'Nothing is gained by blinking the truth anywhere, Ransom.'

'No, that is true,' said my father.

'Daisy has been under the disadvantage of hearing only one side lately,' my mother remarked very coolly.

'But about the provisions, Miss Randolph?' Mr. de Saussure insisted, returning to the point with a willingness, I thought, to have me speak.

'Mamma says, I have heard only one side,' I answered. 'But on that side I have heard it remarked, that twelve thousand wagons would have been required to carry those provisions to the battlefield. I do not know if the calculation was correct.'

Mr. de Saussure's face clouded for an instant. My father seemed to be pondering. Ransom's frowns grew more deep.

'What side are you on, Daisy?' he repeated.

'She is on her own side, of course,' my mother said.

'I hope there is no doubt of that, Mrs. Randolph,' said Mr. Marshall. 'Such an enemy would be very formidable! I should begin to question on which side I was myself.'

They went off into a long discussion about the proba-

ble movements of the belligerent parties in America; what might be expected from different generals; how long the conflict was likely to last, and how its certain issue, the discomfiture of the North and the independence of the South, would be attained. Mingled with this discussion were laudations of Jefferson Davis, scornful reviling of President Lincoln, and sneers at the North generally; at their men, their officers, their money, their way of making it and their way of spending it. Triumphant anticipations, of shame and defeat to them and the superb exaltation of the South, were scattered, like a salt and pepper seasoning, through all the conversation. I listened, with my nerves tingling sometimes, with my heart throbbing at other times; sadly inclined to believe they might be right in a part of their calculations; very sadly sure they were wrong in everything else. I had to keep a constant guard upon my face; happily my words were not called for. My eyes now and then met papa's, with a look that gave and received another sort of communication. When the evening was over, and papa was folding me in his arms to bid me good-night, he whispered,

'You and I cannot be on two sides of anything, Daisy?'

'Papa—you know on what side of most things I am—' I replied to this difficult question.

'Do I? No, I do not know that I do. What side is it, Daisy?'

'On the Lord's side, papa, when I can find out what that is.'

'Make me sure that you have found it, and I will be on that side too,' he said as he kissed me.

The words filled me with a great joy. For they were not spoken in defiance of the supposed condition, but rather, as it seemed to me, in desire and love of it. Had

papa come to that? The new joy poured like a flood over all the dry places in my heart, which had got into a very dry state with hearing the conversation of the evening. I went to bed tired and happy.

Nevertheless I awoke to the consciousness that I had a nice piece of navigation before me, and plenty of rough water in all probability. The best thing would be for me to be as silent as possible. Could I be silent? They all wanted to hear what I would say. Every eye had sought mine this past evening.

I was the first in the breakfast-room, and papa was the next. We were alone. He took me tenderly in his arms and held me fast, looking at me and kissing me by turns.

‘Are you well now, papa?’ I asked him. ‘Are you quite well again?’

‘Well enough,’ he answered; ‘not just as I was once.’

‘Why not, papa?’

‘I have never quite got over that unlucky fall. It has left my head a little shaky, Daisy; and my strength—Never mind! you are my strength now, my pet. We should have gone home before this, only for the troubles breaking out there.’

I leaned my head upon his breast, and wished the troubles were not! What a division those troubles made, unknown to him, between his heart’s happiness and mine—yes, between him and me. Mamma came in and looked at us both.

‘It is a very pretty picture,’ she said. And she kissed me, while papa did not let me out of his arms. ‘Daisy, you are a beauty.’

‘She is a great deal better than a beauty,’ said my father. ‘But, now I look at you, Daisy—yes, you *are* a beauty, certainly.’

They both laughed heartily at the colour which all this raised in my face.

'Most exquisite, her skin is,' said my mother touching my cheek. 'Did you ever see anything superior to it, Mr. Randolph? Rose leaves are not any better than that. Pshaw, Daisy! you must get accustomed to hear people say it.'

'Nobody shall say it to me, mamma, but you.'

'No,' said my father. 'That is my view of it, too.'

'Nonsense!' said mamma—'there are a thousand ways of doing the same thing, and you cannot stop them all. Your hair is as fine as possible, too, Daisy, although it has not had me to take care of it.'

'But I did just as you told me with it, mamma,' I said.

She kissed me again. 'Did nobody ever tell you you were beautiful?' she asked archly. 'Yes, I know that you did just as I told you. You always did, and always will. But did you not know that you were beautiful?'

'Speak, Daisy,' said papa. Said as it was with a smile, it brought childish memories vividly back.

'Mamma,' I said, 'I have heard something of it—and I suppose it may be true.'

They laughed, and mamma remarked that I was human yet. 'There is a difference between the child and the woman, you will find, Mr. Randolph.'

Papa answered, that it was no very remarkable token of humanity, to have eyes and ears.

'Daisy's eyes were always remarkable,' said my mother.

'But, mamma,' said I, 'in other things there is no difference between the child and the woman. My outside may have altered—my mind is not changed at all; only grown.'

'That will do,' said mamma.

I was obliged to leave it to time, and hoped to make

myself so pleasant that what I could not change in me might be at least tolerated, if it were not approved. It seemed an easy task! I was such a manifest subject of joy, to father and mother, and even Ransom too. A newly discovered land, full of gold, is not more delightfully explored by its finders, than I was watched, scrutinized, commented on, by my family.

That first day, of course, they could not let me out of their sight. It was nothing but talk, all day long. In the evening however our last evening's guests reappeared. The conversation this time did not get upon American politics, so everybody shewed to better advantage; I suppose, myself included. We had music; and the gentlemen were greatly delighted with my voice and my singing. Mamma and papa took it very coolly until we were left alone again; then my mother came up and kissed me.

'You have done your duty, Daisy, in improving your voice,' she said. 'You are a Daisy I am perfectly satisfied with. If you can sing as well in public as you have done to-night in private, papa will be proud of you.'

'In public, mamma?' I said.

'Yes. That does not frighten you. Nothing does frighten you.'

'No, mamma, but—what do you mean by "in public"?'

'Not on the stage,' said mamma.

'But mamma,—papa,'—I said anxiously, 'this is what I want you to understand. I will do anything in the world you wish me to do; only, I am—I must be,—you know,—a servant of Christ.'

'I said nothing against that,' my mother replied. But my father, clasping me in his arms, whispered,

'We will be servants together, Daisy.'

That word sent me to bed with a whole heartful of

thankfulness. I could bear anything now, if his words meant what I hoped they did. And I should have security, too, against any too great trial of my affection and duty to him and to mamma.

An expedition had been arranged for the next day ; in which my brother and his friends were to take me upon the lake. Mamma and papa would not go. It was a day, in one sort, of such pleasure as I had never known till then. The beautiful water, the magnificent shores of the lake, the wonderful lights on the mountains, almost took me out of this world ; to which they seemed scarcely to belong. I cannot tell what a pang in the midst of this pleasure the thought of Mr. Thorold brought with it. The life I was living now was so very far from his life, and so unlike ; my part of the world was now so very distant from his,—there was such an abyss between ;—and yet, the Swiss hills were so glorious, and I was enjoying them. I began to wonder, as we were sailing towards home in the end of the day, what work I had to do in this new and strange place ; why was I here ? Perhaps, to learn patience, and have faith grow strong by trial, while all my life hopes waited upon a will that I did not know and must trust. Perhaps, to stand up for Christian truth and simplicity in the face of much opposition. Perhaps, to suffer, and learn to bear suffering.

‘You are fatigued, Miss Randolph?’ said the soft voice of De Saussure.

‘Or beauty of scenery, so much beauty, makes you melancholy,’ said Mr. Marshall. ‘It always makes me so, if I let myself think of it.’

‘Why should it make any one melancholy?’ I asked. ‘I think beauty has the contrary effect.’

‘A little beauty. But very great and wonderful loveliness—I don’t know why, it always moves me so. It is something too far beyond me ; it is unlike me ; it seems

to belong to another stage of being, while I am held fast in this. It mocks me,—somehow.'

'It does not do so with me,' I said.

'Ah, it is your world!' De Saussure said laughing. 'It could not do so with you very well.'

'But look at Mont Pilatte now,' resumed Mr. Marshall,—'with that crown of light on its brow;—does it not give you the feeling of something inapproachable—not literally but spiritually,—something pure, glorious, infinite—something that shames us mortals into insignificance?'

I lookèd, and I thought I knew why he felt as he did; but I did not think I could explain it to him just then.

'Have you a little of my feeling?' he said again. 'Do you understand it?'

'I understand it, I think,' I said.

'And do not share it at all?'

'No, Mr. Marshall. Of course, the mountain is great, and I am small; but the purity, and the glory,—*that* is not beyond reach; and no human being ought to be insignificant, and none need be.'

'Not if his life is insignificant?'

'Nobody's life ought to be that,' I answered.

'How can it be helped, in the case of many a one?'

'Yes indeed,' said De Saussure; 'there is a question. I should like to hear Miss Randolph answer it.'

One spoke lightly and the other earnestly. It was not easy to answer them both.

'I should like to have you define insignificance first,' I said.

'Can there be a more significant word?' said Mr. de Saussure. 'It defines itself.'

'A life of insignificance, is a life that does not signify anything,' Mr. Marshall added.

‘Most people’s lives signify something,’ I said stupidly, my thoughts running on far ahead of my words.

‘Yes, to somebody in the corner at home,’ Mr. Marshall said, ‘whose affection cannot make a true estimate. But do most people’s lives signify anything, except to some fond judgment of that sort?’

‘Who is estimating *you*, in a corner at home?’ said Mr. de Saussure.

‘Nobody—and that you know. Nobody, except my old mammy.’

‘You are a lucky fellow, Hugh. Free as air! Now I have five or six dear appraisers at my home; who are of opinion that an epaulette and a commission would add to my value; or rather, to do them justice, they are very desirous to have my life—or my death—tell for something, in the struggle which occupies all their thoughts at present. I do not mean that they have no choice, but, one or the other. And so am I desirous; but—Lucerne is so very captivating! And really, as I said, *one* signifies so little.’

‘One is half of two,’ said Ransom—‘and a hundreth part of a hundred.’

‘I should like, I think, to be half of two,’ said De Saussure comically. ‘I don’t care about being the hundreth part of anything.’

‘But you are going when I go?’ said Ransom.

‘Mrs. Randolph says so; and I suppose she will command me. What does Miss Randolph say?’

‘Yes, to my question,’ said Hugh Marshall.

‘I do not quite know what is either question,’ I replied; ‘and a judge ought to understand his cause.’

‘Is it my duty to go and plunge into the *mêlée* at home, because my mother and two aunts and three sisters are all telling me they will renounce me if I do not? I say, what does one signify?’

‘And *I* say, how may one escape from insignificance?—anyhow?’

‘A man with your income need not ask that,’ said Ransom.

‘What does Miss Randolph say?’ De Saussure insisted.

‘If you will tell me, Mr. de Saussure, what the South is fighting for, I can better answer you.’

‘That speech is Daisy all over!’ said Ransom impatiently. ‘She never will commit herself, if she can get somebody to do it for her.’

‘Fighting for freedom—for independence, of course!’ Mr. de Saussure said, opening his eyes. ‘Is there any question?’

‘How was their freedom threatened?’

‘Why,’ said Ransom hotly, ‘what do you think of armies upon the soil of Virginia?—invading armies, come to take what they like? What do you think of Southern forts garrisoned by Northern troops, and Southern cities in blockade? Is that your idea of freedom?’

‘These are not the cause, but the effect, of the position taken by the South,’ I said.

‘Yes, we fired the first gun, Randolph,’ said Mr. Marshall.

‘Sumter was held against us,’ said Ransom.

‘Not till South Carolina had seceded.’

‘Well, she had a *right* to secede!’ cried Ransom. ‘And this right the Northern mudsills are trying to trample out. If she has not a right to be governed as she likes, she is not free.’

‘But why did she secede?’ I asked. ‘What wrong was done her?’

‘You are a girl, and cannot understand such matters!’ Ransom answered impatiently. ‘Just ask mamma to talk to you;—or I will!’

‘Miss Randolph’s question is pertinent though,’ said Mr. Marshall; ‘and I am ashamed to confess I am as little able to answer it as she. What wrong had they to complain of?’

‘Why Hugh, you certainly know,’ his companion answered, ‘that Lincoln was elected; and that if the government is to be in the hands of those who do not think and vote with us—as this election shews it will—we shall be pushed to the wall. The South and her institutions will come to nothing—will be in a contemptible minority. We do not choose that.’

‘Then the wrong done them was that they were out-voted?’ Mr. Marshall said.

‘Put it so!’ De Saussure replied with heat; ‘we have a right to say we will govern ourselves and sail our own boat.’

‘Yes, so I think we have,’ said the other. ‘Whether it is worth such a war, is another question. Such a war is a serious thing.’

‘It would be mean-spirited to let our rights be taken from us,’ said Ransom. ‘It is worth anything to maintain them.’

‘It will not be much of a war,’ resumed De Saussure. ‘Those poor tailors and weavers will find their workshops are a great deal more comfortable than soldiers’ tents and the battle-ground; and they won’t stand fire, depend upon it.’

‘Cowardly Yankees!’ said Ransom.

‘That is Preston’s favourite word,’ I remarked. ‘But I am not clear that you are not both mistaken.’

‘You have lived among Yankees, till it has hurt you,’ said Ransom.

‘Till I have learned to know something about them,’ I said.

‘And is your judgment of the probable issue of the

war, different from that I have expressed, Miss Randolph?" Mr. de Saussure asked.

'My judgment is not worth much,' I said. 'I have doubts.'

'But you agree with us as to the right of preserving our independence?' Mr. Marshall said.

'Does independence mean, the governing power? Does every minority, as such, lose its independence?'

'Yes!' said De Saussure—'if it is to be permanently a minority.'

'That would be our case, you see,' Mr. Marshall went on. 'Are we not justified in endeavouring to escape from such a position?'

I was most unwilling to talk on the subject, but they were all determined I should. I could not escape.

'It depends,' I said, 'the settlement of that question, upon the other question, whether our government is one or twenty.'

'It is thirty!' said Ransom.

I had thrown a ball now which they could keep up without me. To my joy, the whole three became so much engaged in the game, that I was forgotten. I could afford to forget too; and quitting the fair lake and the glorious mountain that looked down upon it, ceasing to hear the eager debate which went on at my side, my thoughts flew over the water to a uniform and a sword that were somewhere in that struggle of rights and wrongs. My heart sank. So far off, and I could not reach him; so busy against the feelings and prejudices of my friends, and I could not reconcile them; in danger, and I could not be near; in trouble, perhaps, and I could not help. It would not do to think about. I brought my thoughts back, and wondered at old Mont Pilatte which looked so steadily down on me with the calm of the ages.

CHAPTER X.

WAITING.

FOR weeks after this sail on the lake my life was like a fête day. Expeditions of all sorts were planned and carried out for my pleasure. One day we were exploring the lake shores in a boat; the next, we went back into the country, as far as we could go and return before evening; a third day we climbed the mountains somewhere and got glorious new views of what the world is. Nothing could hinder, in those days, but that my draught of pleasure was very full. Whatever weight might lie at my heart, when I found myself high, high up above the ordinary region of life, resting on a mountain summit from which I looked down upon all that surrounded me other days; a little of that same lifting up befel the thoughts of my heart and the views that have to do with the spirit's life. I stood above the region of mists for a little. I saw how the inequalities of the lower level, which perplex us there, sink into nothing when looked upon from a higher standpoint. I saw that rough roads led to quiet valleys; and that the blessed sunlight was always lying on the earth, though down in one of those depths one might lose sight of it for a time. I do not know how it is, but getting up into a high mountain has a little the effect of getting out of the world. One has left perplexities and uncertainties behind; the calm and the strength of the everlasting hills is about one; the air is not defiled with contentions or rivalries or jealousies

up there; and the glory of creation reminds one of other glory, and power, and wisdom and might; and one breathes hope and rest. So I used to do. Of all our excursions, I liked best to go up the mountains. No matter how high, or by how difficult a road.

Mamma and papa were only now and then of the party. That I was very sorry for, but it could not be helped. Mamma had seen it all, she said; and when I urged that she had not been to this particular "horn," she said that one "horn" was just like another and that when you had seen one or two you had seen them all. But I never found it so. Every new time was a new revelation of glory to me. If I could have had papa with me, my satisfaction would have been perfect; but papa shunned fatigue, and never went where he could not go easily. I was obliged to be content with my brother and my brother's friends; and after I had made up my mind to that, the whole way was a rejoicing to me, from the time I left the house till we returned, a weary and hungry party, to claim mamma's welcome again. Our party was always the same four. Mr. de Saussure and Hugh Marshall were, I found, very intimately at home with my father and mother, and naturally they were soon on the same footing with me. As far as care went, I had three brothers to look after me, of whom indeed Ransom was not the most careful; and as to social qualifications, they were extremely well-bred, well-educated, and had a great deal of general and particular cultivation. In the evenings we had music and conversation; which last was always very pleasant except when it turned upon American affairs. Then I had great twinges of heart, which I thought it wise to keep to myself as closely as possible.

I remember well the twinge I had, when one evening early in September De Saussure came in, the utmost glee

expressed in his eyes and manner, and announced his news thus;—

‘They have had a battle at Springfield and Lyon is killed.’

‘Who is Lyon?’ I could not help asking, though it was incautious.

‘You should not ask,’ he said more gently as he sat down by me; ‘you have no relish for these things. Even the cause of liberty cannot sweeten them to you.’

‘Who is Lyon, De Saussure?’ my father repeated.

‘A Connecticut fellow.’ The tone of these words, in its utter disdain, was inexpressible.

‘Connecticut?’ said my father. ‘Has the war got into New England? That cannot be.’

‘No, sir, no, sir,’ said Ransom. ‘It is Springfield in Missouri. You find a Yankee wherever you go in this world.’

‘Wilson’s Creek is the place of the battle,’ Mr. de Saussure went on. ‘Near Springfield, in Missouri. It was an overwhelming defeat. Lyon killed, and the next in command obliged to beat off.’

‘Who on our side?’ asked my mother.

‘Ben McCulloch and Price.’

‘How many engaged? Was it much of an affair?’

‘We had twenty thousand or so. Of course, the others had more.’

‘It doesn’t take but one or two Southerners to whip a score of those cowards,’ said Ransom.

‘Why should not the war have got into New England, Mr. Randolph?’ my mother asked. ‘You said, “That cannot be.” Why should it not be?’

‘There are a few thousand men in the way,’ said my father; ‘and I think they are not all cowards.’

‘They will never stand before our rifles,’ said De Saussure.

‘Our boys will mow them down like grass,’ said Ransom. ‘And in New Orleans the fever will take care of them. How soon, mother, will the fever be there?’

Mamma and Ransom compared notes upon the probable and usual time for the yellow fever to make its appearance, when it would wield its scythe of destruction upon the fresh harvest of life made ready for it, in the bands of the Northern soldiers in Louisiana. My whole soul was in a stir of opposition to the speakers. I had to be still, but pain struggled to speak.

‘You do not enjoy the prospect—’ Hugh Marshall said softly.

I only looked at him.

‘Nor do I,’ said he shaking his head. ‘A fair fight is one thing.—It is a terrible state of affairs at home, Miss Randolph.’

I had the utmost difficulty to keep quiet and give no sign. I could have answered him with a cry which would have startled them all. What if Thorold were ordered down there? He might be. He would go where he was ordered. That thought brought help; for so would I! A soldier, in another warfare, I remembered my ways were appointed, even as his; only more wisely, more surely, and on no service that could by any means be in vain. But yet the pain was very sharp, as I looked at the group who were eagerly discussing war matters; my father, my mother, my brother, and De Saussure, who in the interest of the thing had left my side; how keen they were! So were others keen at home, who had swords in their hands and pistols in their belts. It would not do to think. I could but repeat to myself,—“I am a soldier—I am a soldier—and just now my duty is to stand and bear fire.”

There was little chance in those days at Lucerne for me to be alone with papa. The opportunities we had

we both enjoyed highly. Now and then mamma would be late for breakfast, or even take hers in bed; once in a while go out to a visit from which I begged off. Then papa and I drew together and had a good time. One of these chances occurred a few days after the news came of Gen. Lyon's death. We were alone, and I was drawing, and papa had been watching me a little while in silence.

'Daisy,' he began, 'am I wrong? It seems to me that you do not look upon matters at home with just the eye that the rest of us have for them?'

'What matters, papa?' I said looking up, and feeling troubled.

'You do not like the war.'

'Papa,—do you?'

'Yes. I think our countrymen are right, and of course I wish that they should have their rights.'

'Papa,' said I, 'don't you think it must be very strong reasons that can justify so dreadful a thing as a war?'

'Undoubtedly; but the preservation of liberty is one of the strongest that can be conceived.'

'Papa—you know I want liberty for the blacks.'

'It is like you, my dear child,' my father said, after pausing a minute; 'it is like your generous nature; but Daisy, I think those people do not want it for themselves.'

'Papa, if they did not, I should think it would be one of the strongest arguments on my side; but I am sure they do. I know a great many of them that do.'

'Did not you, perhaps, bring about that desire in them, by your kind and possibly somewhat misjudged indulgences?'

'No indeed, papa; it was our overseer, with his wicked ways. That Mr. Edwards is dreadful, papa!'

'All overseers are not good,' said my father with a sigh. 'The people at Magnolia are as well treated, on the whole, as they can be anywhere, I think,—I hope.'

‘You do not know, papa. If they *are*, you have said all. And there is our old Maria, who has nothing to do with Mr. Edwards; she has no hope nor anticipation which does not go beyond this world; and it is so with a great many of them. They have that hope; but they sing, “I am bound for the promised land!”—in a minor key; and to a plaintive air that makes your heart ache.’

‘Yours, Daisy,’ said my father with a somewhat constrained smile.

‘Papa,’ I went on, trembling, but I thought it best to venture,—‘if the issue of this war could be to set all those people free, I could almost be glad.’

‘That will not be the issue, Daisy,’ he said.

‘Papa, what do you think will?’

‘It can have but one issue. The Southern people cannot be put down.’

‘Then, if they succeed, what will be the state of things between them and the North?’

‘It is impossible to tell how far things will go, Daisy, now that they have actually taken up arms. But I do not think the Southern people want anything of the North, but to be let alone.’

‘How would it be, if the North succeeded, papa?’

‘It cannot succeed, Daisy. You have heard a different language, I suppose; but I know the men,—and the women,—of the South. They will never yield. The North must, sooner or later.’

I could not carry this on, and turned the conversation. But I had to listen to a great deal of the same sort of thing, in which I took no part. It came up every day. I discovered that my mother was using her influence and all her art to induce our two young friends to return home and enter the Southern army. She desired with equal vehemence that Ransom should take the same course; and as they all professed to be strong in the

interests and sympathies that moved her, I was a little puzzled to understand why they delayed so long. For they did delay. They talked, but nothing came of it. Still we went on fresh excursions and made new expeditions; spending days of delight on the mountain sides, and days of enchantment in the mountain valleys; and still our party was of the same four. It is true that papa did not at all share mamma's eagerness to have Ransom go; but Ransom did not greatly care for papa's likings; and in the case of the others, I did not see what held them.

The printed news from home we had of course, regularly; and as far as I could without being watched, I studied them. The papers after all were mostly Southern, and so filled with outrageous invective and inflated boasting that I could not judge anything very certainly from what they said. Nothing of great importance seemed to be transpiring between the belligerent parties. I supposed that it wanted but some such occurrence or occasion to send off our three young men like a ball from a rifle, straight to the seat of war. Meanwhile we enjoyed ourselves. Others did, and I did also, whenever I could put down fear and lift up hope; and I was young, and that happened to me sometimes. So the weeks ran on.

'I really don't see why I should be in a hurry to plunge myself into that angry confusion of things at home,' Hugh Marshall said one day. 'It seems to me, they can get through it without my help.'

'Well, you are *not* in a hurry.' I answered.

We were out as usual for a day's pleasure among the mountains, and Hugh and I were resting on a sunny bank waiting for the others to come up. We had distanced them.

'What do *you* think about it?' he said, suddenly drawing himself up from the grass and looking in my face.

‘Men do not rule their course by what women think,’
—I answered.

‘No, you are wrong; they do! Sometimes they do,’—
he said. ‘I have no mother nor sister to counsel me;
only Mrs. Randolph bids me go home and be a soldier;
but I would as lieve take advice from you. What would
you tell me to do—if I were your brother?’

‘I do not tell Ransom anything.’

‘He is under his mother’s tutelage; but I am not.
Tell me what to do, Miss Randolph. I am sure your
counsel would be good. Do *you* wish me to go and fight
the North, as your mother says I ought?’

‘I wish people would not fight at all,’ I said, with my
heart straitened.

‘Of course; but here we are in it, or they are; and it
is the same thing. Don’t you think they can get through
it without me? or do you say as your mother,—“Every
one go!”’

He looked at me more earnestly than was pleasant,
and I was greatly at a loss what to answer. It was
wisest for me not to commit myself to a course opposed
to my mother’s; and yet, truth is wisest of all. I looked
to see Ransom and Mr. de Saussure, but they were not
in sight.

‘You are not speaking in jest,’ I said; ‘and I have no
business to speak in earnest.’

‘You never speak any other way,’ he rejoined. ‘Tell
me your mind. You are never violent; do you feel
as Mrs. Randolph does about it? Would you like me
better if I went heart-and soul into the fray at home?’

‘That would depend upon the views and motives with
which you went into it.’

‘Well—if I did it for love of you?’ he said smiling.

‘I cannot imagine that anybody should do such a
thing for love of me. Nothing but the strongest and

purest convictions of duty can justify such a thing as fighting.'

'I suppose I know what that means,' he said somewhat gloomily.

'No,' said I hastily, 'I don't think you do.'

'What does it mean, then?' he asked.

'Permit me to ask first, Are your convictions strong and clear, that it is your duty to go home and enter the war for the South?'

'That's a searching question,' he said laughing. 'To say yes, would be to condemn myself at once. To say no,—what would that do for me with Mrs. Randolph?'

'You are not speaking to Mrs. Randolph,' I said, half under my breath.

He looked up eagerly in my face. 'You do not think as she does!' he said. 'You do not believe in fighting, under any circumstances?'

'Yes, I do, Mr. Marshall,' I said; and I felt myself colour. 'I do believe in fighting, when it is to relieve the oppressed, to deliver those who are trampled upon, or to save ourselves or others from worse than death.'

'Our friends at the South can hardly be said to be in such extremity,' he said, looking rather perplexed; 'unless you believe all that the papers say about Yankee invaders; and I for one am not ready to do that.'

'Nor I,' I said; 'I know them too well.'

'Then who is so bitterly oppressed just now, Miss Randolph?'

'If you do not know of anybody, I would not fight, Mr. Marshall.'

'Really?' said he. 'Perhaps I ought to go home and take care of my twelve hundred people at Vincennes. Is that your thought?'

'Are they in need of care?' I asked.

'Pon my word, I don't know. Perhaps it would be

nearer right to say, take care of myself; for if the war should come the way of Vicksburg, and Yankee arms have a little success, there might be the mischief to pay at Vincennes. On reflection, I don't see how I could take care of myself, either. Then you do not bid me go?" he asked again.

'You remember our words one day about insignificant lives?'

'Yes!' he cried eagerly; 'and I have been longing ever since to ask you to explain more fully what interested me so much. I never could get a chance. I assure you, I have felt to the bottom of my heart what it is to have one's existence really worth nothing, to anybody. How may it be better? My life has to do with nothing but insignificant things.'

'But you must define insignificance,' I said.

'Is it needful?'

'I think so. What makes things insignificant? Not their being small,—or common?'

'What then, Miss Randolph?'

'Small things, and common things, are often to the last degree important, you know, Mr. Marshall.'

'Yes; but however small and common, I cannot feel that I am important, in any degree,' he said half laughing.

'We were talking of lives, and things.'

'Yes. Excuse me. Well?'

'I think I see the crowns of two hats, down below, which belong to some people that we know.'

'Is it they?' he exclaimed; 'and I wish they were farther off. Finish what you were going to say, Miss Daisy! Do not leave me in ignorance now, after bringing me so far.'

'I can only tell you what I think,' I said.

'And that is precisely what I want to hear,' he answered earnestly.

‘You will not agree to it, though, and I do not know that you will even understand me. Mr. Marshall, I think that *nothing* is insignificant which is done for God; and that everything which is not done for him, directly or indirectly, is insignificant or worse.’

‘I do *not* understand—’ he said thoughtfully. ‘In what sense can a thing be “done for God?” Unless it is building a church or founding a hospital.’

‘Very few churches have been built for God,’ I said. ‘At least I think so.’

‘Why, the old monks—’ Mr. Marshall began. But just then our missing companions came up, and he stopped. They had been lured aside from the way by the sight of some game. We had no more private talk; but Hugh Marshall was sober and thoughtful all the rest of the day.

He sought such talks with me now whenever he could; and seemed to enter into them like a man, with an earnest purpose to know the truth and to do his work in the world if he could find it. I grew, in a way, very fond of him. He was gentle, well-bred, happy-tempered, extremely careful of my welfare and pleasure, and regardful of my opinions, which I suppose flattered my vanity; well-read and sensible; and it seemed to me that he grew more agreeable every day.

The accounts from the seat of war in America were not very stirring just then; nothing great was done or expected; and the question of our young men’s return to take part in what was going on, was suffered for a time to fall out of sight. Meanwhile we left Lucerne and went to Geneva. There was more society, in a quiet way; and there was a fresh harvest of pleasure to be reaped by me and for me in the domains of nature.

CHAPTER XI.

A VICTORY.

‘DAISY,—you are very happy!’ my father said one day when I was sitting with him. We were looking out upon the lake, which our windows commanded; but I found papa’s look had come back from the window to me.

‘You are very happy!’ he said.

‘Yes, papa,—pretty happy.’

‘Pretty happy?’ said he, putting his hand under my chin and turning my face again round to him, and then kissing me. ‘Pretty *and* happy, you mean.’

‘No, papa,’ I said laughing;—‘I don’t mean that.’

‘It is true, though,’ said he. ‘There was a bit of a smile upon your mouth just now—before I spoke;—what were you thinking of?’

‘Papa it is so glorious,—the lake and its shores in this sunlight.’

‘That was all?’

‘No, not quite all, papa.’

‘I thought not. What was the rest of it, Daisy?’

‘Papa, I was thinking with joy, that I belong to the wonderful One who made all that; and so, that the riches of his power and glory are in a certain sense mine;—just as everything good in you is mine, papa.’

He folded me in his arms and kissed me again, very fondly.

‘There is not much good in me, Daisy.’

‘Yes, papa,—for me.’

‘But there is a great deal in *you*,—for somebody.’

‘For you, papa.’

‘Nobody else, Daisy?’

He was holding me close in his arms and looking down into my face. I believe the colour must have come into my cheeks.

‘Ah, I thought so!’ he said. ‘Even so soon, Daisy, you are leaving me for somebody else.’

‘Papa!’ I exclaimed, hiding my face in his neck,—‘I will *never* leave you, till you say so.’

‘Till I say so? I will not be over selfish, my dear child. I do not mean that.’

‘Who is it to be, Daisy?’ my mother’s voice said behind us.

I started up in absolute terror. What had I said? and what did she mean? I looked at her, speechless.

‘Well?’ she said laughing, ‘what is the matter? You need not turn white about it. Is your father the only one to be in your confidence? I will withdraw then.’

‘Stop!—Mamma!’ I cried; ‘what are you saying? There is no confidence. What are you talking about?’

‘I only asked, who it was to be, Daisy? I thought you were talking of leaving us, and naturally concluded it was to be with somebody.’

‘Mamma—oh, mamma, I was speaking only in the abstract.’

Mamma laughed. ‘In the abstract! Well you will have to come from generals to particulars, Daisy. Abstractions will not satisfy anybody long.’

I was in great difficulty and great confusion. Papa drew me into his arms again and kissed my lips and cheeks and eyes, as if he would have hid my blushes.

‘You shall be as abstract as you like,’ he said; ‘and as long as you like. I give you leave.’

‘That’s nonsense, though, Mr. Randolph,’ said my

mother, standing at the back of his chair. 'Daisy cannot live in abstractions for ever. She must choose, and let her choice be known; and the sooner the better. Nobody can guess it now. She has been abstract enough.'

I was in the greatest perplexity at this speech, which conveyed to me no meaning whatever. Let my choice be known? Did mamma know about Mr. Thorold? I knew she could not; but then, what did she mean?

'There is no hurry, Felicia,' said papa.

'I will not have Daisy marry any but an American, Mr. Randolph.'

'Agreed. There is no present likelihood that she will.'

'But when we get to Florence, Mr. Randolph, and she is seen in the great world, things may not absolutely be within your control—or mine.'

Mamma stood tapping her fingers upon the back of my father's chair, and I thought her very odd indeed. Her last sentence however had a word that I could answer. I stood up and faced her.

'Mamma,' I said, 'I am going to say something that you will not like.'

'Then do not say it, Daisy.'

'I would not, if I could help it. But you know, mamma, I am a servant of God—I have not changed,—and I and the "great world" have nothing in common.'

'Well?'—said mamma calmly.

'I do not belong to it. I have no place in it.'

'No, of course. You are just out of school. A few months more will change all that.'

'No, mamma,—please!'

'Yes, Daisy,—please!' she said, tapping my cheek with her finger and then leaning forward to kiss me with smiling lips. 'You do not know what you are talking about, my love. You are made for the great world,

Daisy. There is no danger of turning your head; so I have no objection to explain to you that you are magnificent.'

'Mamma, what difference can that possibly make?'

They both laughed at me, and mamma said I would soon see.

'But mamma,' I urged, 'that world and I have nothing in common. I should be out of my place in it, and it would find me something strange.'

'It is quite time to have that altered then,' she said. 'You may be a nun if you choose afterward; but you shall know what the great world is, before you give it up; and it shall know you. You may spend your odd minutes in considering what dress you will wear for your first appearance, Daisy. Don't ask me for a white cambric and an apron with pockets.'

I stood in much perplexity, not resolved what I ought to say next. Papa took my hand.

'It is not much, to shew yourself,' he said kindly. 'What is the difficulty, Daisy?'

'You mean, shew myself in a fine dress and in a fine assembly, papa?'

'I don't care about the dress,' he answered.

'Yes, but you do, Mr. Randolph,' said my mother. 'Daisy would not wear a print, for instance, to the Grand Duke's ball. Your complexion, Daisy, will take any sort of colour; but rubies will look especially well on this skin, and pearls.' She touched my face caressingly as she spoke, pushing back the hair from my temple and then bringing her hand down to take hold of my chin. 'Little fool!' said she laughing—'does it dismay you?'

'Yes, mamma,—the thought of crossing your pleasure.'

'You shall not do that. Good children always obey their mothers. I am not going to have you settled down

on a plantation at home, east or west, without at least letting the world see you first.'

'Daisy does not want jewels,' said my father. 'She is too young.'

'One day she will,' said mamma; 'and an occasion might make it proper, even now. I hope so; for I want to see the effect.'

Mamma went away, with that; and I sat down again by papa's side. Not to dream over the sunlight on the lake any more; I was busy with cloudy realities. "Children, obey your parents *in the Lord*." O why did duty bid me go contrary to the pleasure of mine! I would have so gladly pleased them to the utmost limits of my power. Papa was watching me, though I did not know it, and presently said very gently,

'What is it, Daisy?'

'Papa, I want to please you and mamma so much!'

'And cannot you?'

'Not in this, papa.'

'Why? Explain to me. I do not understand your position, Daisy.'

'Papa, I am a servant of Christ; and a servant is bound to do his Master's will.'

'But you are begging the question.'

'If you will have patience, papa, I will try to tell you how it is. You know the Lord said, "If any man serve me, let him follow me." You know how he lived and what he lived for. Should I be following in his footsteps, when I was dressing and dancing and talking nonsense or nothings and getting so tired that I could do nothing but sleep all the next day? And papa, that is not all. It is so difficult, when one is dressed to look well and others are dressed in like manner, or for the same object, I mean,—it is very difficult not to wish to look well, and to wish to look better than other people,

and to be glad if one does; and then comes the desire for admiration, and a feeling of pride, and perhaps, emulation of somebody else; and one comes home with one's head filled with poor thoughts, and the next day one is fit for nothing. And is that, following Christ? who went about doing good, who sought not his own, who was separate from sinners. And he said to his people, "Ye are not of the world, even as I am not of the world."'

'Why Daisy,' said my father, passing over the last part of my speech, 'how do you know all this? Have you been out into the great world already?'

'No, papa; but if the little world has such effects, what must the great one do?'

'Pray, what little world have you seen?'

'The little world of West Point, papa. And something of the world of Washington.'

'That is not much like a European court,' said my father. 'How did you like West Point?'

'Very much indeed.'

'Did you go to balls there?'

'O no, sir! only little hops, that the cadets have in the evenings.'

'Was Preston there then?'

'He was entering upon his last year at the Academy.'

'Had he improved?'

'Papa.—I thought he had *not*.'

My father smiled. 'Which of these young friends of ours do you like the best, Daisy?'

'Mr. Marshall and Mr. de Saussure, do you mean?'

'I mean them.'

Something in papa's tone made my answer, I was conscious, a little constrained. I was very sorry, and could not help it.

'Papa—I think—Don't you think, Mr. Marshall has the most principle?'

‘Do you always like people best that *are* the best, Daisy?’ said papa laughing. ‘Because, I confess I have a wicked perverseness to do the other way.’

After this conversation I seemed to see several clouds rising on my horizon in different quarters. I thought it was wisest not to look at them; but there was one that cast a shadow always on the spot where I was. It was so long since I had heard from Mr. Thorold! I had told him he must not write to me; but at the same time he had said that he would, and that he would enclose a letter to my father. Neither letter had come. It was easy to account for; he might not have had a chance to write; or in the confusions at home his despatch might have been detained somewhere; it might reach me after a long interval, or it might never reach me! There was nothing strange about it; there was something trying. The hunger of my heart for one word from him or of him, grew sometimes rapacious; it was a perpetual fast day with me, and nature cried out for relief. *That* cloud cast a shadow always over me now; only except when now and then a ray from the eternal sunshine found a rift in the cloud, or shot below it, and for a moment my feet stood in light. I had letters from the Sandfords; I had even one from Miss Cardigan; it did me a great deal of good, but it broke my heart too.

Mamma and I kept off the subject of the great world for a while; I think my father purposely prolonged our stay at Geneva, to favour my pleasure; and I hoped something after all might prevent the discussion of that subject between mamma and me, at least for the present. So something did.

I came down one afternoon to the green bank behind the house, where a table stood, and where we took our meals when the weather was fine. Our three young men were around it and the air was fragrant with the fumes

of their cigars. The cigars of two of them were tossed away on my appearance. Ransom held his in abeyance.

‘I did not know you were here,’ I said, ‘or I should have scrupled about interrupting anything so pleasant.’

‘You do not think it pleasant, confess, Miss Randolph,’ said De Saussure, drawing near to look over the progress of my work.

‘Do you dislike it, honestly, Miss Randolph?’ said Hugh Marshall.

‘I don’t dislike sugarplums,’ I said.

‘Daisy likes nothing that ordinary people like,’ cried Ransom. ‘I pity the man that will marry you, Daisy! He will live within a hedge-row of restrictions. You have lived among Puritans till you’re blue.’

I lifted my eyes to Ransom without speaking. What there was in my look, I do not know; but they all laughed.

‘What connection is there between cigars and sugarplums?’ Hugh Marshall asked next.

‘None, I suppose,’ I said. ‘Only,—what would you think of a lady who sat down regularly to eat sugarplums three or four times a day and the last thing before going to bed? and who evidently could not live without them.’

‘But why not take a sugarplum, or a cigar, as well as other things—wine, or fruit, for instance?’ said Marshall. ‘It is an indulgence—but we all allow ourselves indulgences of one sort or another.’

‘Besides, with a lady it is different,’ said De Saussure. ‘We poor fellows have nothing better to do, half the time.’

I had no wish to lecture Mr. de Saussure, but I could not help looking at him, which again seemed to rouse their amusement.

‘You seem to say, that is an insignificant way of life,’ Hugh Marshall added.

‘We’ll try for something better to-morrow,’ said De Saussure. ‘We have laid a plan to go to see the lake of Annecy, Miss Randolph, if we can secure your company and approbation. It will just take the day; and I propose that each one of us shall go prepared to instruct the others, at luncheon, as to his or her views of the worthiest thing a man can do with his life;—cigars being banished.’

‘Cigars are not banished yet,’ said Ransom, taking delicate whiffs of his own, which sent a fragrant wreath of blue smoke curling about his face.

‘What do you say, Miss Randolph?’ Hugh asked.

‘Wouldn’t you like to see the house of Eugène Sue?’ said De Saussure.

‘Who was Eugène Sue?’ was my counter question; and they laughed again, our two friends with sparkling eyes.

‘Look here, Daisy!’ said Ransom, suddenly bringing down his chair on four feet and sitting upright,—‘I wish you would put an end to this indulgence of sight-seeing and your society, and send these gentlemen home with me. I must go, and they ought to go too and do their duty. A word from you would send either of them straight to Beauregard’s headquarters. Talk of indulgences!’

‘I do not wish to send either of them there,’ was my incautious answer.

‘Do you think it is always wrong to fight?’ De Saussure asked.

I said no, with an internal shiver running through me from head to foot. They went into a mutual gratulation on the causes for fighting that existed on the part of the Southern States, and the certainty that the warlike spirit of the North would “die off like a big fungus,” as one of them phrased it. I could not discuss the point

with them, and I got away as soon as it could gracefully be done.

But something in this little talk, or in what went before it, had unsettled me; and I slept little that night. Anxieties which had lain pretty still, and pain which had been rather quiet, rose up together and shook me. My Bible reading had given me a word which for a time helped the confusion. "No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life, that he may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier."

Not to be entangled with the affairs of this life!—and my heart and soul were in a whirl of them; I might say, in a snarl. And true the words were. How could I please Him who had chosen me to be a soldier, with my heart set on my own pleasure and busy with my own fears? I knew I could not. The quiet subjection of spirit with which I left Washington, I had in a measure lost at Lucerne. Somehow, opposition had roused me; and the great distance and the impossibility of hearing had made my imagination restless; and the near probability that mamma would not favour our wishes had caused me to take a sort of life and death grasp of them. The management of myself, that I had resigned, I found I had not resigned it; but my heart was stretching out yearning hands to Thorold and crying for a sight of him. Meanwhile, the particular work that I had to do in Switzerland had been little thought of. What was it?

I spent that night waking. My room looked not to the lake, but over an extent of greensward and orchards, lit up now by a bright moon. I knelt at my window, with a strong recollection of former times, and a vain look back at my little old self, the childish Daisy, whose window at Melbourne, over the honeysuckles, had been so well used and had entertained such a quiet little heart. Then there had been Miss Pinshon's Daisy; but all the

Daisies that I could remember had been quiet compared to this one. Must joy take such close hold on sorrow? Must hopes always be twin with such fears?—I asked amid bitter tears. But tears do one good; and after a little indulgence of them, I brought myself up to look at my duty. What was it?

I might love, and fear, and hope; but I must not be ‘entangled.’ Not so concerned about myself, either for sorrow or joy, that I should fail in anything to discern the Lord’s will, or be unready, or be slow, to do it. Not so but that my heart should be free, looking to God for its chief strength and joy always and everywhere,—yes, and holding my hopes at his hand, to be given up if he called them back. With Thorold parted from me, in the thick of the war struggle, almost certain to be rejected by both my father and my mother, could I have and keep such a disentangled heart? The command said yes, and I knew there were promises that said yes too; but for a time I was strangely unwilling. I had a sort of superstitious feeling, that the giving up of my will about these things, and of my will’s hold of them, would be a preliminary to their being taken away from me in good earnest. And I trembled and wept and shrank, like the coward I was.

“And if a man also strive for masteries, yet is he not crowned, except he strive lawfully.”

‘God’s way is the way,’ I said to myself,—‘and there is no other. I know, in what I said to mamma that afternoon about dressing and going into the world, it was not all principle. There was a mixture of selfish disinclination to go into society, because of Mr. Thorold and my feeling about him. My thoughts and will are all in a tangle; and they must be disentangled.’

The struggle was long and sore that night. Worse than in Washington; because here I was alone among

those who did not favour Mr. Thorold, and were opposed in everything to his and my views and wishes. Temptation said, that it was forsaking their cause, to give up my will about them. But there is no temptation that takes us and God has not provided a way of escape. The struggle was sharp ; but when the dawn broke over the orchards and replaced the glory of the moonlight, my heart was quiet again. I was bent, before all things, upon doing the will of God ; and had given up myself and all my hopes entirely to his disposal. They were not less dear hopes for that, though now the *rest* of my heart was on something better ; on something which by no change or contingency can disappoint or fail. I was disentangled. I stood free. And I was happier than I had been in many a long day. "The peace of God." If people could only possibly know what that means !

CHAPTER XII.

AN ENGAGEMENT.

THE expedition to Annecy had been determined on, and papa and mamma were to go. I went in a carriage with them, while the others were on horseback; so I had a nice quiet time, which suited me; a time of curious secret enjoyment. It seemed as if a gratulation came to me from every blade of grass and every ray of sunlight; because I was a servant of God, and as wholly given up to do his will as they were. There was communion between them and me. Of those "ministers of his, that do his pleasure," I would be one; to do what he had for me to do in the world, should be my care and joy at once; and the care of myself—I left it to him. One goes light when one does not carry that burden.

'Daisy, you are dreadfully sober,' said mamma.

'Not *dreadfully*, mamma, I hope,' I said with a smile.

'You are pale too,' she went on. 'Mr. Randolph, Daisy thinks too much.'

'It is an old weakness of hers,' said papa. 'I am afraid it is beyond our reach, Felicia.'

'I will break it up for to-day,' said mamma as the carriage stopped and Mr. de Saussure came to the steps. 'Charles, Daisy has got into a brown study. I give her to you in charge, not to allow anything of the sort again till we get home. And order luncheon at once, will you. I can't go walking or sight-seeing without that.'

Mr. de Saussure gave me his arm and took me with

him, as he said, to help about the luncheon. It was soon spread out of doors, beneath the shade of some large trees, and we gathered round it in holiday mood. Bread was sweet, with that page of beauty spread out before my eyes all the time; for between the boles of the trees and under their hanging branches I could see the glittering waters of the lake and a bit of its distant shore. I did not go into a brown study, however, not wishing to give occasion to Mr. de Saussure's good offices. I thought he had quite enough enjoyed his charge during the business before luncheon. To my disappointment, after the meal papa declared himself tired and went to lie down.

'We have forgotten our agreement,' said Mr. de Saussure. 'At luncheon, we were all to tell, Mrs. Randolph, what we think the worthiest thing to live for.'

'Were we?' said mamma. 'That sounds like one of Daisy's problems.'

'It is not hers, however,' he rejoined; 'any further than that I am mainly curious to know what she will say about it.'

'You ought to be equally anxious about my opinion, it seems to me,' mamma said.

'Do I not know it already? Pour la patrie,—does anything go before that in your mind? Honestly, Mrs. Randolph,—is it not in your opinion the worthiest thing anybody can do, to fight, or to die—still better,—for the independence of the South?'

'You do not think so,' said mamma, 'or you would be there.'

'I am selfish, and have selfish hopes and fears. But *you* think so?'

'Let us hear what you consider the worthiest object of life,' said mamma.

'It is not my turn. Miss Randolph, your mother has spoken—the next honour belongs to you.'

'The worthiest object of life?' I said. 'Is that the question?'

'It will not be a question, when you have answered it,' De Saussure said gallantly.

'You will not like my answer,' I said. 'I should think it would be, To please God.'

'But that is not an answer, pardon me. Of course, the Supreme Being is pleased to see people following the worthiest object; and the question is, What *is* the worthiest?'

I did not like to hear Mr. de Saussure's tongue touch themes where it was not at home. The conversation was too serious for light handling; but I could not get out of it.

'You will find that my answer includes all,' I said. 'It is impossible to lay down a rule, as to particulars, that will fit all cases. It is the best thing one man can do, to lay down his life for his country; the best thing another man can do is to stay at home and devote himself to the care of an infirm mother or father; but in either case, for God.'

'I do not understand—' said Mr. Marshall.

'Suppose the one goes to the battlefield for his own glory, and the other stays at home for his own ease?'

'Don't you think glory is a thing to live for?' said Ransom, with an indignant expression that reminded me painfully of our childish days.

'Yes,' I said slowly,—'I do; but not the praise of men, which is so often mistaken. The glory that comes from God,—*that* is worth living for.'

'What an incomprehensible girl you are!' Ransom answered impatiently.

'She'll mend—' said mamma.

'But Miss Randolph,' said Mr. Marshall, 'the care of infirm relatives, a father or a mother, can anything make that unworthy?'

‘Not in itself,’ I said; ‘but suppose a man’s duty calls him away? It might. You can suppose such a case.’

‘I see what I have to expect,’ mamma said with a laugh. ‘Daisy will take care of me, until some duty calls her away. I will not count upon you, Daisy, any longer than that. De Saussure, what is *your* estimate of life’s objects? On honour, now!’

‘I can think of nothing better than to live for somebody that one loves,’ he said.

‘I knew you would say that,’ she rejoined. ‘Hugh, what do you say?’

‘I need to go to school, Mrs. Randolph.’

‘Well, go to school to Daisy,’ said mamma with another light laugh. ‘And come, let us walk, or we shall not have time. Eugène Sue, is it, that we are going to see?’

‘Only his house, madam. Miss Randolph, I am charged, you know, with your studies to-day.’

I was not in the mood of accepting Mr. de Saussure’s arm, but just then it was the only thing to do. My mother and Ransom and Hugh Marshall were presently some little distance behind, an interval separating us; and Mr. de Saussure and I followed the shores of the lake, taking such counsel together as our somewhat diverse moods made possible. I was thinking, what a life of hard work the two prophets Elijah must have known in their time; he who was first of the name, and his greater successor, John the Baptist. Each of them worked alone, against a universal tide of adverse evil that flooded the land. If I found it so sorrowful to be alone in my family and society, what must they have felt with the whole world against them. And Elijah’s spirit did once give out, brave as he was: “It is enough, O Lord; take away my life.” I thought I could understand it. To be all alone; to have no sympathy in what is dearest to you; to face opposition and scorn and ridicule and con-

tumely while trying to do people good and bring them to good; to have only God on your side, with the bitter consciousness that those whom you love best are arrayed against him; your family and country;—I suppose nobody can tell how hard that is to endure, but he who has tasted it. My taste of it was light indeed; but a half hour with Miss Cardigan would have been inexpressibly good to me that day. So I thought, as I walked along the bank of the lake with Mr. de Saussure; and then I remembered “my hiding-place and my shield.”

‘You are very silent to-day, Miss Randolph,’ said my companion at length. I may remark, in passing, that *he* had not been.

‘It is enough to look, and to think,’ I answered, ‘with such a sight before one’s eyes.’

‘Do you know,’ said he, ‘such independence of all the exterior world,—of mortals, I mean,—is very tantalizing to those disregarded mortals?’

‘Do you find it so? It is fair then to presume, in a place like this, that what takes up my attention has not so much charm for you.’

‘That is severe!’ he said. ‘Do you think I do not see all this beauty before us? But pardon me,—have *you* seen it?’

‘I have tasted it every step of the way, Mr. de Saussure.’

‘I am rebuked,’ he said. ‘You must excuse me—I had counted upon the pleasure of seeing you enjoy it.’

‘One’s enjoyment is not always heightened by giving it expression,’ I said.

‘No, I know that is your theory—or practice,’ he said. ‘My sisters are always so vehement in their praises of anything they like, that nobody else has a chance to know whether he likes it or not. I generally incline to the *not*.’

I added no remark upon Mr. de Saussure's or his sisters' peculiar way of enjoying themselves.

'But you *are* uncommonly silent,' he went on presently;—'*triste, rêveuse*. It is impossible not to suffer from it,—in one who values your words as much as I do.'

'Why I thought you were apt to look upon things from a different point of view,—not from mine,' I said.

'I must be wrong then—always. Miss Randolph, you are of a gentle and kind disposition,—I wish you would be my Mentor!'

'I am not old enough to be Mentor,' I said.

'To be mine! Yes, you are,' he rejoined eagerly. 'I would not have you a day older.'

'I shall be that to-morrow,' I said laughing.

'But if you were mine,' he said, changing his tone, 'every day would only add to your power and your qualifications for doing me good. And I know that is what you love.'

'I cannot see that I have done you the least good, so far, Mr. de Saussure,' I said, amused. 'I think you must be mistaken.'

'Will you try, Daisy?' he said insinuatingly, and stopping short in our walk.

'Try what, Mr. de Saussure?' I said, beginning to be bewildered.

'Surely you know! You are a little cruel. But you have the right. Be my Mentor—be my darling—promise to be one of these days, my wife.'

I dropped my arm from Mr. de Saussure's and stood in a maze, I might say with truth, frightened. Up to that minute, no suspicion of his purpose or mind regarding me had entered my thoughts. I suppose I was more blind than I ought to have been; and the truth was, that in the utter preoccupation of my own heart,

the idea that I could like anybody else but Mr. Thorold or that anybody else could like me, had been simply out of sight. I knew myself so thoroughly beyond anybody's reach, the prior possession of the ground was so perfect and settled a thing, that I did not remember it was a fact hidden from other eyes but mine. And I had gone on in my supposed walled-in safety ;—and here was somebody presuming within the walls, who might allege that I had left the gate open. However, to do Mr. de Saussure justice, I never doubted for a moment that his heart might be in any danger of breaking if I thrust him out. But for all that, I lost my breath in the first minute of discovery of what I had been doing.

‘You hesitate,’ said he. ‘You shall command me, Daisy. I will go instantly, hard as it would be, and give all my power to furthering the war at home ;—or, if you bid me, I will keep out of it, which would be harder still, were you not here instead of there. Speak, won’t you,—a good word for me?’

‘You must do nothing at my command, Mr. de Saussure,’ I said. ‘I have known you only as mamma’s and my brother’s friend ;—I never thought you had any other feeling ; and I had no other towards you.’

‘Mrs. Randolph is my friend,’ he said eagerly. ‘She does me the honour to wish well to my suit. She looks at it, not with my eyes, but with the eyes of prudence ; and she sees the advantages that such an arrangement would secure. I believe she looks at it with patriotic eyes too. You know my estates are nearly adjoining to yours. I may say too, that our families are worthy one of another. But there, I am very conscious, my worthiness ends. I am not personally deserving of your regard—I can only promise under your guidance to become so.’

A light broke upon me.

‘Mr. de Saussure’—I began; but he said hastily, ‘Let us go on—they are coming near us;’ and I took his offered arm again, not wishing more than he to have spectators or hearers of our talk; and now that the talk was begun, I wished to end it.

‘Mr. de Saussure,’ I said, ‘you are under a serious mistake. You speak of my estates; I must inform you that I shall never, under any circumstances, be an heiress. Whoever marries me—if I ever marry—will marry a poor girl.’

‘Pardon me—’ he began.

‘Yes,’ said I interrupting him;—‘I know of what I speak.’

‘What can you mean, Miss Randolph?’

‘I assure you, I mean exactly what I say. Pray take it so.’

‘But I do not understand you.’

‘Understand this,—that I shall be a penniless woman; or something very like it. I am making no jest. I am no heiress—as people think.’

‘But you confound me, Miss Randolph,’ he said, looking both curious and incredulous. ‘May I ask, what can be the explanation of your words? I know your Magnolia property—and it is, I assure you, a very noble one, and unencumbered. Nothing can hinder you from inheriting it—at some, we hope, of course, very distant day.’

‘Nevertheless,’ I said, ‘if I live to see that day, I shall be very poor, Mr. de Saussure.’

‘You will condescend to explain so extraordinary a statement?’

‘Is not my word sufficient?’

‘Pardon me, a thousand times; but you must see that I am in a difficulty. Against your word I have the word of two others—your mother and your brother, who

both assure me of the contrary. May it not be, that they know best?’

‘No, Mr. de Saussure; for the fact depends on something out of their knowledge.’

‘It is out of my knowledge too,’ he said.

I hesitated a little, and then said,

‘I will explain myself, Mr. de Saussure, trusting to your honour to keep silence about it. I am a friend of the coloured people.’

‘Oh!—So are we all,’ he said.

‘And I will never be rich at their expense.’

‘By their means, is not necessarily at their expense,’ he said gently.

‘It is at their expense,’ I repeated. ‘I do not choose to be rich so. And the religion I live by, forbids me to do to others as I would not like they should do to me.’

‘I am sure, by that rule, your dependants at Magnolia would implore you not to give them over to other hands. They will never have so kind a mistress. Don’t you see?’ he said with the same insinuating gentleness.

‘I shall give them over to no other hands. I would make them as free as myself.’

‘Make them free!’

‘That is what I would do,’

‘You cannot mean it,’ he said.

‘You see, Mr. de Saussure, that I shall be very poor.’

‘You are playing with me.’

‘I am very serious.’

‘It is rank Northern madness!’ he said to himself. ‘And it is Mrs. Randolph’s daughter. The thing is impossible.’

‘It is Mrs. Randolph’s daughter,’ I said withdrawing my hand from his arm. ‘I pray you not to forget it.’

‘Pray, forgive me!’ he said eagerly. ‘I was bewil-

dered, and am yet. I did not know where I was. It seems to me I cannot have heard you aright.'

'Quite right, Mr. de Saussure.'

'But just reflect!' he said. 'These creatures, whose cause you are advocating, they are but half human; they cannot take care of themselves; their very happiness is identified with their present position.'

'It is not the view they take of it.'

'They are incapable of forming any judgment on the matter.'

'At least they know what *they* mean by happiness,' I said; 'and in their mouths it is not a synonym with slavery. And if your words are true, Mr. de Saussure, in the case of some of those poor people,—and I know they are,—it is one of the worst things that can be said of the system. If some of them are brought so low as to be content with being slaves, we have robbed them of their humanity.'

'It is absolutely Northern radicalism!' said Mr. de Saussure to himself.

'No,' I said,—'it is Christian justice and mercy.'

'You will allow me to represent to you, without any presumption, that there are very many Christians, both at the South and North, who do not look at the matter with your eyes.'

'I suppose they have never really seen it,' I answered sadly. 'People that have always lived close to something, often do not know what it is. My father has never seen it—nor, my mother. I have.'

'They would not agree with you; your views would not harmonize with theirs.'

'And therefore I trust to your honour to keep silence respecting mine.'

'I am bound,' he answered gloomily; and we walked a few minutes in silence.

‘You will change your manner of thinking, Miss Randolph,’ he began again. ‘Yours is the vision of inexperienced eyes and of impulsive generosity. It will not remain what it is.’

‘Inexperienced eyes see the clearest,’ I answered. ‘The habit of wrong is no help towards judging of the right.’

‘You will think differently by and by.’

‘Not while I am a servant of God and he commands me to break every yoke, to do as I would be done by, to look not on my own things, but also on the things of others. We owe our poor people not liberty only, but education, and every advantage for restored civilization;—a great long debt.’

‘And is this the reason why you will not look favourably on my suit?’ he said after another interval.

‘It is a reason why you will not wish to prosecute it, Mr. de Saussure.’

‘You are very severe!’ he said. ‘Do you really think that?’

‘You know it is true. I do not wish to be severe.’

‘Have you then no kindness for me?’

‘Why do you ask?’

‘You are so dreadfully calm and cool!’ he said. ‘One has no chance with you. If this matter were not in the way, would you have any kindness for me, Daisy? Is this all that separates us?’

‘It is quite enough, Mr. de Saussure. It is as powerful with you as with me.’

‘I am too late, I suppose!’ he said, as it seemed to me, rather spitefully. As he *was* too late, it was no use to tell him he could never have been early enough. I was silent; and we walked on unenjoyingly. Vexation was working in his countenance, and a trace of that same spite; I was glad when we came to the end of our way

and the other members of our party closed up and joined us.

As I cared nothing for the house they had come to see, I excused myself from going any nearer, and sat down upon the bank at a little distance while they gratified their curiosity. The view of the lake and lake shores here was very lovely; enough to satisfy any one for a long while; but now, my thoughts only rested there for a minute, to make a spring clear across the Atlantic. Mr. Thorold was very close to me, and I was very far from him; that was the burden of my heart. So close to me he had been, that I had never dreamed any one could think of taking his place. I saw I had been a simpleton. Up to that day I had no suspicion that Mr. de Saussure liked me more than would be convenient; and indeed I had no fear now of his heart being broken; but I saw that his unlucky suit made a complication in my affairs that they certainly did not need. Mamma approved it; yes, I had no doubt of that. I knew of a plantation of his, Briery Bank, only a few miles distant from Magnolia and reputed to be very rich in its incomings. And, no doubt Mr. de Saussure would have liked the neighbourhood of Magnolia, and to add its harvest to his own. And all the while I belonged to Mr. Thorold and nobody else could have me. My thoughts came back to that refrain with a strong sense of pain and gladness. However, the gladness was the strongest. How lovely the lake was, with its sunlit hills!

In the midst of my musings, Hugh Marshall came and threw himself on the ground at my side. I welcomed him with a smile; for I liked him; he was a friend; and I thought,—This one does not want me at any rate. I was a great simpleton, I suppose.

‘I was afraid you had deserted me to-day,’ he said.

‘I am sure, it is I who might rather have thought that

of you,' I answered; and indeed I had wished for his company more than once.

'You could not have thought it!' he said.

'Have you satisfied your curiosity with Eugène Sue's house?'

'I do not care to look at anything that you don't like,' he replied.

'Cigars?—' I suggested.

'No indeed. If you disapprove of them, I shall have no more fellowship with them.'

'That is going quite too far, Mr. Marshall. A man should never give up anything that he does not disapprove of himself.'

'Not to please somebody he wishes to please?'

'Of course,' I said, thinking of Mr. Thorold,—'there might be such cases. But in general.'

'This is one of the cases. I wish to please you.'

'Thank you,' I said earnestly. 'But indeed I should be more pleased to have you follow your own sense of right than any notion of another, even of myself.'

'You are not like any other woman I ever saw,' he said smiling. 'Do you know, they all have a passion for command? There are De Saussure's mother and sisters,—they do not leave him a moment's peace, because he is not at home fighting.'

I was silent, and hoped that Mr. de Saussure's friends might now perhaps get him away from Geneva at least.

'You think with them, that he ought to go?' Hugh Marshall said presently with a shadow, I thought, on his words.

'I would not add one more to the war,' I answered.

'Your mother does not think so.'

'No.'

'Mrs. Randolph has almost signified to me that her

favour will depend on my taking such a course, and doing all I can to help on the Confederacy.'

'Yes, I know,' I said rather sadly; 'mamma feels very strongly about it.'

'You do not?'

'Yes, Mr. Marshall, I do; but it is in a different way.'

'I wish you would explain,' he said earnestly.

'But I do not like to set myself in opposition to mamma; and you ought to do what you yourself think right, Mr. Marshall; not what either of us thinks.'

'What do *you* think is right?' he repeated eagerly.

'My thoughts do not make or unmake anything.'

'They make—they will make, if you will let them—the rule of my life,' he answered. 'I have no dearer wish.'

I was struck with dismay.

'Please do not say that!' I said trembling. 'My thoughts should rule only my own life; not anybody else's.'

'One more!' said Hugh Marshall. 'They must rule one more. There will be one, somewhere, whose highest pleasure will be to please you, as long as he has a life to give to it.—Will you take mine?' he said after a pause and in a lower tone. 'I offer it to you undividedly.'

It cannot be told, the sickness of heart which came over me. The mistake I had made in my blindness, the sorrowfulness of it, the pain I must give, the mischief it might do, I saw it all at once. For a while, I could not find words to speak. Hugh studied my face, and must have seen no ground of hope there, for he did not speak either. He was quite silent and left it to me. Oh, Lake of Annecy! what pain comes to me now with the remembrance of your sweet waters.

I turned at last and laid my hand upon Hugh's arm. He did not mistake me; he took my hand in his, and stood looking at me with a face as grave as my own.

‘What is the matter, Daisy?’ he said sorrowfully.

‘I have made a miserable mistake!’ I said. ‘Cannot we be friends, Mr. Marshall?—dear friends, and nothing more?’

‘Why “nothing more”?’

‘I can be no more to you,’ I answered.

‘Why not?’

‘I have not the feeling. I have not the power. I would, if I could.’

‘It is I who have made a mistake,’ he said, as he dropped my hand.

‘No, it is I,’ I said bitterly. ‘I have been childishly wrong. I have been foolish. It never entered my thought, that you—or anybody—liked me, except as a friend.’

‘And he got your heart without your knowing it?’

‘Who?’ said I, frightened.

‘De Saussure, of course.’

‘De Saussure! No indeed. I would a thousand times rather give it to you, Hugh. But, I cannot.’

‘Then it will come,’ said he taking my hand again; ‘if you can say *that*, it will come. I will wait.’

‘No, it will not come,’ I said, as we looked one another in the face. ‘I can be only a friend. May I not be that?’

He eyed me keenly, I saw, and my eyes for a moment fell. He let go my hand again.

‘Then I understand,’—he said. ‘Shall we go? I believe it is time.’

‘Where is mamma?’ I asked, looking about in some bewilderment now.

‘Mrs. Randolph and the rest have gone on; they are some distance ahead of us by this time.’

And what were they all thinking too, by this time! In great dismay I turned to go after them with my un-

welcome companion. We walked in silence; I blaming myself greatly for stupidity and blindness and selfish preoccupation which had made me look at nobody's affairs but my own; and grieving sadly too for the mischief I had done.

'Mayn't we be friends, Mr. Marshall?' I said somewhat timidly at last; for I could not bear the silence.

'I can never be anything else,' he said. 'You may always command me. But I have not misunderstood you, Daisy? You meant to tell me that—*some one*, has been more fortunate than I, and been beforehand with me?'

'I did not mean to tell you that,' I said in a good deal of confusion.

'But it is true?' he said, looking searchingly at me.

'Nobody knows it, Hugh,' I said. 'Not my mother nor my father.'

The silence fell again and again became painful. The others of our party were well in advance. We caught no glimpse of them yet.

'We will be friends, Mr. Marshall?' I said anxiously.

'Yes, we will be friends, Daisy; but I cannot be a friend near you. I cannot see you any longer. I shall be a wreck now, I suppose. You might have made me—anything!'

'You will make yourself a noble name and place in the world,' I said laying my hand on his arm. 'The name and the place of a servant of God. Won't you, Hugh? Then you will come to true joy, and honour—the joy and honour that God gives. Let me have the joy of knowing that! I have done so much mischief,—let me know that the mischief is mended.'

'What mischief have you done?' he asked with his voice roughened by feeling.

'I did not know what I was leading you—and others—into.'

‘You led to nothing; except as the breath of a rose leads one to stretch out one’s hand for it,’ he answered. ‘The rose has as much design!’

He turned aside hastily, stooped for a little twig that lay on the roadside, and began assiduously breaking it up. And the silence was not interrupted again, till we came in sight of our friends in advance of us, leisurely walking to let us come up. Then Hugh and I plunged into conversation; but what it was about I have not the least remembrance. It lasted though, till we joined company with the rest of our party, and the talk became general. Still I do not know what we talked about. I had a feeling of thunder in the air, though the very stillness of sunlight beauty was on the smooth water and the hilly shore; and I saw clouds rising and gathering, even though Mont Blanc as we returned that evening shewed rosy hues to its very summit in the clear heaven. I can hardly tell how, my mother’s manner or something in it, made me sure both of the clouds and the thunder. It was full of grace, tact and spirit, to such a point of admiration. Yet I read in it, yes, and in that very grace and spirit, a certain state of the nervous powers which told of excitement at work, or a fund of determination gathering; the electric forces massing somewhere; and this luminous play only foretold the lightning.

CHAPTER XIII.

A TRUCE.

It is odd with what significance little things become endued, from their connection with other things which are not little. I remember the white dress mamma wore the next day, and the red cashmere scarf she had wrapped round her. I remember how happy and easy the folds of her drapery were, and how I noticed her graceful slow movements. Surely grace is a natural attribute of power, even though power be not always graceful; at least any uncertainty of meaning or manner is fatal to gracefulness. There was no uncertainty about mamma ever, unless the uncertainty of carelessness; and that itself belonged to power. There was no uncertainty in any fold of her cashmere that morning; in any movement of her person, slow and reposeful as every movement was. I knew by a sort of instinct what it all meant. Indeed these were mamma's ordinary characteristics; only appearing just now with the bloom of perfection upon them. She was powerful and she knew it; I knew myself naturally no match for her. It was always very hard for me to withstand mamma. Nothing but the sense of right ever gave me courage to do it. But striving for the right, the Christian is not at his own charges, and has other strength than his own to depend upon.

'You do not eat, my darling,' papa said to me.

'Daisy has too much to think of,' said mamma with a

sort of careless significance. 'I will have another bit of chicken, if you please, Mr. Randolph.'

'What is she thinking of?'

'Girls' thoughts are unfathomable,' said mamma.

'Is it thoughts, Daisy?' said my father.

'I suppose it may be, papa.'

'Then I shall do something to break up thinking,' he said.

But I knew I must not look for help so. To appeal to one of my parents against the other, was what it would never answer to do, even if I could have done it. I felt alone; but I was as quiet as mamma. I had not so good an appetite.

In the course of the morning she had me up stairs to consider the matter of dresses and fashions; and we were turning over a quantity of laces and jewels. Mamma tried one and another set of stones upon me and in my hair.

'Rubies and pearls are your style,' she said at length. 'Diamonds are out of harmony, somehow. You are magnificent, Daisy; and pearls make you look like the Queen of Sheba. I cannot imagine why diamonds do not suit you.'

'I do not suit them, mamma.'

'Pardon me. You do not know yourself. But girls of your age never do. That is where mothers are useful, I suppose. Which is it to be, Daisy?'

'I do not want either, mamma.'

'Yes; that is of course too. But which do you like best, of the two? I suppose you have some preference.'

'Mamma, I think I prefer the pearls, but you know—'

Mamma stopped my mouth with a kiss. 'Little goose!' she said,—'I am not talking of pearls. Did I not say what I was thinking of? I supposed we both

had the same thought, Daisy, and that you would understand me.'

'I thought it was pearls and rubies, mamma.'

'Well now you know it is not; and again I come back to my question,—Which is it to be?'

'Which—of what, mamma?'

'Nonsense, Daisy;—you know.'

'I know nothing of any choice that I have to make, ma'am, if you do not mean about jewels; and of them, as I said, I should prefer neither.'

'You may choose and refuse among jewels,' said my mother,—'and refuse and choose; but among some other things it is necessary to make a choice and stick to it.'

'Yes, mamma; but I am not in such a necessity.'

'What choice have you made, then? It is the same thing, Daisy; only I want to know. Do you not think it is reasonable that I should know?'

'Please explain yourself, mamma.'

'Hugh Marshall, then, and Charles de Saussure. What is your mind about them?'

'I like them, mamma, as your friends and as mine,—very well,—but no more.'

'Only very well.'

'No more, mamma.'

'Very well, is a good deal,' said mamma coolly. 'Which of them must I like a little more than very well, Daisy?'

'Mamma?—'

'Whoever owns and possesses you, I should wish to like very much. Which is it to be, Daisy?'

'Neither of these gentlemen, mamma.'

'Did De Saussure propose to you yesterday?'

'Yes.'

'What did you say to him?'

'I made him understand that he was nothing to me.'

‘He is something to me,’ said mamma. ‘He is one of the first young men I know, and has one of the finest estates—close by yours, Daisy.’

‘Estates are nothing in such a matter, mamma.’

‘That is like saying that pearls and rubies are nothing on such a skin as yours,’ said mamma laughing. ‘But you may think of the men, Daisy, and I will think of the estates; that is all *en règle*.’

‘I do not wish to think of these men, mamma.’

‘It is late in the day to say that. You must have thought of them both, Daisy, and long ago.’

‘It never entered my head till yesterday, mamma, that either of them liked me.’

‘You must have seen it for weeks past.’

‘I did not, mamma,—I never thought of such a thing as possible, till yesterday.’

‘Is it a possible thing,’ said mamma, ‘that a daughter of mine can be such a simpleton? It is time you were married, Daisy, if you can break hearts like that, without knowing it.’

‘Better be a simpleton than wicked,’ I said.

‘And that comes to the point,’ said mamma. ‘You have most unaccountably encouraged the addresses of these gentlemen—and seeing that you did, so have I;—now, to clear both yourself and me, let your preference be made known. It need not take you long to make your mind up, I suppose.’

‘I am very sorry, mamma. I have done wrong; I have been very foolish; but I cannot do worse. I do not like either of these gentlemen well enough for what you mean.’

‘If you have done wrong, you can mend it,’ said mamma. ‘Liking will come fast enough, Daisy; a girl like you does not think she can like anybody but her father and mother; she finds out her mistake in time. So will

you. I will decide for you, if you have no choice. Charles de Saussure is my friend, and I think he is most of a man of the two. I will tell Charles that you will make him happy by and by.'

'No, mamma, I will not. Do not tell him so.'

'Do you like Hugh Marshall better?'

'I do not like either of them in the way you mean.'

'Do you like Hugh better? Answer me.'

'Mamma—'

'No, answer me. A plain answer. Do you like Hugh better?'

'A great deal better; but—'

'That settles it,' said mamma. 'You shall be Hugh Marshall's wife. Don't tell me a word against it, Daisy, for I will not hear you. I do not like Marshall as well, myself, but his property is even larger, I believe; and as I am not in love, I may be allowed to think of such things. It is away over on the Mississippi; but we cannot help that. I will make Hugh happy to-day, and then you shall, Daisy.'

'No, mamma,—never. It cannot be.'

'It must, Daisy. You have compromised yourself, and me. You have allowed these gentlemen's attentions; you have been seen everywhere with them; you owe it to yourself and them to declare your choice of one of them now. You must make up your mind to it. If you are not in love, it cannot be helped; that will come in time; but I think you *are*. Hey, Daisy?' she said, lifting my chin with her forefinger and looking into my face,—'isn't it true? Isn't it true? Ah, silly thing!—Eyes that are wells of sweetness for somebody—for all down they go,—a mouth that has smiles enough for somebody,—though it trembles,—and what does this rose leaf mean, that is stealing over every one of your two cheeks? it is a witness to somebody, who has brought it

there. Go—I know all about it. You may make your confession to Hugh, if you like it best.’

I thought mamma would have broken my heart. I rose up in despair.

‘To-day, Daisy,’ mamma repeated. ‘It must be done to-day.’

What could I say? I did not know.

‘Mamma, it is not as you think. I do not care for Hugh Marshall.’

‘Is it De Saussure, then?’ she asked, turning quickly upon me.

‘No, mamma.’

‘Is it Preston Gary?’ she asked, with a change in her voice.

‘No, O no, mamma!’

‘Then it is one of these. Daisy, I protest I have not skill enough to find out *which* of them; but you know, and that is sufficient. And they must know too; there can be no more of this three-cornered game. It is time to put an end to it. I have read you, if you have not read yourself; and now, my child, you must be content to let the rose blossom, that you keep so carefully folded up in its green leaves. One of these gentlemen will leave us presently; and the other, whichever it is, I shall consider and treat as your acknowledged suitor; and *so must you, Daisy*. He will be going home to the war, he too, in a short time more; and he must go with the distinct understanding that when the war is over you will reward him as he wants to be rewarded. Not till then, child. You will have time enough to think about it.’

My mother had shut my lips. I was afraid to say anything good or bad. She had read me; yes, I felt that she had, when she looked into my face and touched my cheeks and kissed my lips, which I knew well enough were trembling, as she had said. She had read me, all

but the name in my heart. What if she had read that? The least movement now on my part might bring it to the light; what if it came? I did not know what then, and I was greatly afraid. An old awe of my mother and sense of her power, as well as knowledge of her invincible determination, filled me with doubt and fear. She might write to Mr. Thorold at once and forbid him ever to think of me; she might send him word that I was engaged to Mr. de Saussure. And indeed I might also possibly clear my own action to Mr. Thorold; but change hers, never. My faith failed, I believe. I was like Abraham when he went into Egypt and feared somebody would kill him to get possession of his wife. I did not, like him, resort to a fiction for my safety; but neither did I trust God and dare tell the truth.

My own will was as good as mamma's. I was not afraid of weakly yielding some time or other; I was only afraid of her outside measures.

She resumed her occupation of trying laces and jewels on me; finally laughed, chucked me under the chin, kissed me, called me a pretty gobse, and bade me go and dress myself "for whomever I liked best." I went to my room to have the heartache.

I had given up the management of myself; I was not struggling now; I knew there would be a way out of all my perplexities some time; but nevertheless my heart ached. I did dress myself, however, for that is an important part of a woman's work; and I went down stairs with a vague hope in my heart that I might see Hugh and somehow enlist him on my side, so far at least as to make him delay his departure; though I could not imagine how I could ask it, nor what I could say to him of any sort that would benefit me or that would not do him harm. But I thought in vain. I did not see him. Mr. de Saussure came, and played chess with me all the

evening. I played very ill, and he won every game, till I thought he would stop for the very stupidity of it.

Some painful days followed that day; during which mamma managed to make me accept Mr. de Saussure's attentions in public and in private. She managed it; I could not escape them without making a violent protest, and I did not of course choose that. Hugh Marshall was gone; he had come only to take a hurried leave of us; suddenly obliged to return home, he said; "he had lingered too long." Mr. de Saussure's eyes flashed with triumph; every line of mamma's face (to me) expressed satisfaction, of course gracefully concealed from everybody else. But Hugh and I parted with a great grasp of the hand, which I am sure came from both our hearts and left mine very sore. Then he was gone. After that, Mr. de Saussure took Hugh's place and his own too in our little society; and for a few days things went on in a train which I knew was preparing mischief.

Then one night the explosion came. We were out on the lake in a boat; mamma, Mr. de Saussure, and I; we had gone to see the colours come and go on the great head of Mont Blanc. In the glory of the sight, I had forgotten who was with me and where I was, for the moment; and I was thinking of the colours and lights of the New Jerusalem, than which those before me seemed scarcely less unearthly. Thinking, with a pang at the distance between; with a longing for those pure heights where human life never casts its flickering shadow; with a cry for Thorold in my heart, whom every sight of joy or beauty was sure to bring before me. I was rudely recalled from my momentary dream, though it was by my mother's soft voice.

'Daisy—'

I started and came back to earth and the Lake of Geneva.

‘Mr. de Saussure is going soon to leave us and return home—you know for what. Before he goes, he desires the satisfaction of kissing your hand. I suppose he would have liked a little more, but I have only promised the hand.’

‘I have explained myself to Mr. de Saussure, mamma; he is under no mistake.’

‘So I have told him. He could not ask more than you have given him; but leaving us for a long while, Daisy, and on such a service, a little further grace would not be ill bestowed. I shall give him leave, if you do not,’ she added laughing; ‘and I may give him more than you would like, Daisy.’

I think at that minute I felt as if I would like to make one spring out of this world and all its confusions into that other world I had been thinking of; but one does not get quit of one’s troubles so easily. That minute on the Lake of Geneva was one of the *ugliest* I have ever known. Mamma was smooth and determined; Mr. de Saussure looked triumphant and expectant; for a moment my heart shrank, but I do not think I shewed it outwardly.

‘Daisy—’ said mamma smiling.

‘Yes, ma’am.’

‘Mr. de Saussure is waiting. Will you speak the word?—or shall I?’

‘I have spoken to Mr. de Saussure,’ I said coldly.

‘Not very clearly. He understands you better now.’

‘Permit me to say,’ put in blandly Mr. de Saussure,—‘that I am rejoiced to find I did *not* understand you at a former conversation we held together. Mrs. Randolph has been my kind interpreter. You will not *now* refuse me?’ he said as he endeavoured to insinuate his fingers into mine.

‘Kiss her, Charles!’ said mamma; ‘she is a coy girl. I give you leave.’

And before I could anticipate or prevent it, Mr. de Saussure’s arm was round me and the salute was given. I think mamma really thought she could bestow me away as she pleased. I am sure she had no idea of the nature she was combating. Nobody had ever withstood her successfully; she did not think that I could be the first. But this little thing—it was not a little thing to me at the time—cut the knot of my difficulties. Released from Mr. de Saussure’s encircling arm, I removed myself to the other side of the boat and drew my shawl round me. I do not know what significance was in my action, but mamma said, ‘Nonsense!’

‘I have not offended, have I?’ said Mr. de Saussure. ‘Remember, I had liberty.’

‘Mamma,’ I said, ‘if you will sit a little further that way, you will restore the balance of the boat.’

‘Which you have entirely disarranged, Daisy,’ she said as she moved herself.

‘Daisy will acknowledge I had liberty,’ Mr. de Saussure repeated.

‘Mamma,’ I said, ‘don’t you think it is growing chill?’

‘Row us home, Charles,’ said my mother. ‘And, Daisy, don’t be a fool. Mr. de Saussure had liberty, as he says.’

‘I do not acknowledge it, ma’am.’

‘You must give her line, Charles,’ mamma said, half laughing but vexed. ‘She is a woman.’

‘I hope she will grant me forgiveness,’ he said. ‘She must remember, I *thought* I had liberty.’

‘I shall not forget,’ I answered. ‘I understand, that respect for me failed before respect for my mother.’

‘But!—’ he began.

‘Be quiet, Charles,’ my mother interrupted him.

‘Pull us to shore; and let fits of perverseness alone till they go off. That is my counsel to you.’

And the remainder of our little voyage was finished in profound silence. I knew mamma was terribly vexed, but at the same time I was secretly overjoyed; for I saw that she yielded to me, and I knew that I should have no more trouble with Mr. de Saussure.

I did not. He lingered about for a few days longer, in moody style, and then went away and I saw him no more. During those days I had nothing to do with him. But my mother had almost as little to do with me. She was greatly offended; and also, I saw, very much surprised. The woman Daisy could not be quite the ductile thing the child Daisy had been. I took refuge with papa whenever I could.

‘What is all this about De Saussure and Marshall?’ he asked one day.

‘They have both gone home.’

‘I know they have; but what sent them home?’

‘Mamma has been trying to make them go, this long while, you know, papa. She wanted them to go and join Beauregard.’

‘And will they? Is that what they are gone for?’

‘I do not know if they will, papa. I suppose Mr. de Saussure will.’

‘And not Marshall?’

‘I do not know about him.’

‘What did *you* do, Daisy?’

‘Papa—you know I do not like the war.’

‘How about liking the gentlemen?’

‘I am glad they are gone.’

‘Well, so am I,’ papa answered; ‘but what had you to do with sending them home?’

‘Nothing, papa,—only that I unfortunately did not want them to stay.’

‘And you could not offer them any reward for going?’

‘Papa, a man who would do such a thing for *reward*, would not be a man.’

‘I think so too, Daisy. Your mother somehow takes a different view.’

‘She cares only for the soldier, papa; not for the man.’

Papa was silent and thoughtful.

There were no other intimate friends about us in Geneva; and our life became, I must confess, less varied and pleasant after the young men had gone. At first I felt only the relief; then the dulness began to creep in. Papa led the life of an invalid, or of one who had been an invalid; not an active life in any way; I thought, not active enough for his good. Some hours I got of reading with him; reading to him, and talking of what we read; they did my father good, and me too; but they were few, and often cut short. As soon as mamma joined us, our books had to be laid aside. They bored her, she said, or hindered her own reading; and she and papa played draughts and chess and piquet. Mamma was not in a bored state at other times; for she was busy with letters and plans and arrangements, always in a leisurely way, but yet busy. It was a sort of business with which I had no sympathy, and which therefore left me out. The cause of the South was not my cause; and the discussion of toilettes, fashions, costumes and society matters, was entirely out of my line. In all these, mamma found her element. Ransom was no resource to anybody; and of course not to me, with whom, now as ever, he had little in common. Mamma held me aloof, ever since Mr. de Saussure’s departure; and I only knew indirectly, as it were, that she was planning a social campaign for me and meditating over adornments and advantages which should help to make it triumphant. Life in this way was not altogether enjoyable. The only conversation which could

be said to be general among us, was on the subject of home affairs in America. That rung in my ears every day.

‘Glorious news, sir!’ cried Ransom one day as he came in to dinner. ‘Glorious news! The first real news we have had in a long time.’

‘What is it?’ said my father; and ‘What, Ransom?’ my mother asked, with a kindling eye. My heart sank. Those know who remember those times, how one’s heart used to sink when news came.

‘What is it, Ransom?’

‘Why a large body of them, the Yankees, got across the Potomac the night of the 20th; got in a nest of our sharpshooters and were well riddled; then, when they couldn’t stand it any longer, they fell back to the river and tried to get across again to the other side, where they came from; and they had no means of getting across, nothing but a couple of old scows; so they went into the water to get away from the fire, and quantities of them were drowned, and those that were not drowned were shot. Lost a great many, and their commanding officer killed. That’s the way. They’ll have enough of it in time. The war’ll be over in a few weeks or months more. De Sausure will not have time to raise his regiment. I don’t think, mamma, it’s any use for me to go home, it’ll be over so soon.’

‘Where was this?’ inquired my father.

‘Some place—Ball’s Bluff, I believe. It was a grand affair.’

‘How many did they lose?’ my mother said.

‘O I don’t know—some thousands. We lost nothing to speak of. But the thing is, they will lose *heart*. They will never stand this sort of thing. They have no officers, you know, and they *can* have no soldiers. They will be obliged to give up.’

Words were in my heart, but my lips knew better than to speak them. *Had* they no officers? Had Christian no soldiers under him? My head was ready to believe it; my heart refused. Yet I thought too I had seen at the North the stuff that soldiers are made of.

'If I were you,' said my mother, 'I would not let it all be over before I had a part in it.'

'The war is not ended yet, Felicia,' my father remarked; 'and it will take more than a few hard knocks to make them give up.'

'They have had nothing but hard knocks, sir, since it began,' Ransom cried.

'Your father always takes a medium view of everything,' my mother said. 'If it depended on him, I believe there would be no war.'

'I should have one other vote for peace,' papa said looking at me.

'It is well Daisy was not born a boy!' Ransom said.

'I hope you will not make me wish you had been born a girl,' my father replied. 'Strength is no more noble when it ceases to be gentle.'

'Must not every woman wish for peace?' I said. It was an unhappy attempt at a diversion, and if I had not been in a hurry I should not have made it.

'No,' my mother answered, not sharply, but with cold distinctness. 'Before the South should submit to the dictation or reproof of Northern bores and fanatics, I would take a musket myself and die in the trenches.'

'It is an ugly place to die in, my dear,' answered my father.

'See Daisy shiver!' Ransom exclaimed; and he burst into a laugh, 'Mamma, Daisy's blood has grown thin at the North. She is not a true Southern woman. There is no fire in you, Daisy.'

Not at that moment, for I was sick and cold, as he

said. I could not get accustomed to these things, with all the practice I had.

‘No fire in her?’ said papa calmly. ‘There is ammunition enough, Ransom. I don’t want to see the fire, for my part. I am glad there is one of us that keeps cool. My darling, you look pale—what is it for?’

‘Fire that burns with a blue flame,’ said mamma.

‘Blue?’—said papa, with a look at me which somehow set us all to laughing.

‘The carmine is coming in again,’ said mamma. ‘I profess I do not understand you, Daisy.’

I was afraid she began to suspect me.

It was very true that mamma did not understand me; and it was the unhappiness of my life. I tried hard to narrow the distance between us, by every opportunity that the days or the hours gave; and a certain accord was after a time established anew in our relations with each other. Mamma again took to adorning and playing with me; again studied my toilettes and superintended my dressing; made me as exquisite as herself in all outward paraphernalia. I let her alone; in this at least I could gratify her; and no occasion of gratifying her was to be lost. Papa was pleased too, though I think it made less difference to him what I was dressed in; yet he observed me, and smiled in a way to shew his pleasure whenever a new device of mamma’s produced a new effect. She sought society for herself and me now. We removed from Geneva and went to Florence. I was thankful it was not to Paris. Every foot of Italy had great charms for me; and I dreamed over Florence, with a delighted fancy that never grew tired or tame. That my evenings were spent in what I did not care for, could not spoil my days. Our walks and drives, which papa and I often now took alone, were delicious beyond expression. I forgot the whirl of the night before and

of the evening to come, and I was the child Daisy again, I think, in very much. At night mamma had me.

There was a lull at this time in the news from home. Both parties in America were gathering up their strength; and in the mean time the only affairs we heard of were inconclusive skirmishes, sometimes turning out for the advantage of one side, sometimes of the other; but not to signal advantage for anybody. I hoped, with such a lull, that things might subside into a state susceptible of composition. I might have reasoned, if I looked at home, upon the unlikelihood of any such thing. No news of advantages lost or gained had any effect upon my mother and brother but to make them more keen in the cause and more relentless in pursuit of their end. The hearing of a trifling success was like a taste of blood to the lion; the loss of Beaufort and its forts was turned into an occasion of triumph because "the great naval expedition" had accomplished no greater things. They laughed at McClellan's review of troops; and counted up the gains his adversaries were to realize from the co-operation of foreign well-wishers. And then the taking of Mason and Slidell put them into a fume of indignation and scorn. My father shared, though more gently, in all this. I was alone. Could I tell them that my heart was with the Northern army; and how it went out after every gleam of one particular sabre?

My mother drew me into society by degrees. I hardly knew where the line was passed, between quiet conversaziones and brilliant and courtly assemblies. It was passed when I was unwitting of it, or when I felt unable to help it. My mother had been so much alienated by my behaviour toward Marshall and De Saussure, that I thought it needful to please her by every means in my power, short of downright violation of conscience. "Children, obey your parents *in the Lord*,"—I did not

forget; I thought I was doing the very thing. For it was not to please myself, that I let my mother make me look as she chose and let her take me where she would. My heart was too sore to be ambitious and too sober to feel the flutterings of vanity. I knew the effect of her doings was often what satisfied her; but the nearest approach to a thrill of vanity in myself was, I think, the wish that Christian could see me. And as he could not, I seemed to wear an armour of proof against other eyes. I did not care for them.

Nevertheless, I began to be sensible that they cared for me. I obeyed my mother at first because she signified her will very absolutely, and allowed me to see that any refusal on my part would make a breach between us. I left myself in her hands, to dress and adorn and lead about as she liked; I could not help it without an effort that would have parted us. And besides, I believe I accepted these engrossments of society as a sedative to keep me from thinking. They took a great deal of time and occupied my attention while they lasted.

By degrees there came a change. As I said, I was admired. At first I cared little for any eyes but those which could not see me; but that did not last. I began to like to be admired. Soon after that, it dimly dawned upon me, that some of those whom I saw now every day, might come to admire me too much. I had learnt a lesson. There were several gentlemen, whose society I liked very well, who gave us, I began to perceive, a great deal of it. I saw them at night; I saw them by day; they met us in our walks; they even joined us in our rides. One was a German; a very cultivated and agreeable talker, well-bred, and in high position at Florence. Another was a delightful Italian; poor I think. A third was a young English nobleman; rich, but nothing more that I could discover. The German talked to me; the

Italian sang with me; the Englishman followed me, and was most at home in our house of them all. I had been taking the good of all this, in a nice society way, enjoying the music and the talk and the information I got from the two first, and I am afraid enjoying too the flowers and the attentions of the third, as well as of still others whom I have not mentioned. I was floating down a stream and I had not thought about it, only enjoyed in a careless way; till a little thing startled me.

‘We do not have so much time for our walks as we used, Daisy,’ papa said one day when he came into the drawing-room and found me with my habit on. ‘Where are you going now?’

‘To ride, papa, with Lord Montjoy.’

‘My Daisy is not a daisy any longer,’ said papa folding me in his arms. ‘She has grown into a white camellia. Going to ride with Lord Montjoy!’—

I cannot say what in these last words of papa gave me a whole revelation.

‘I think you are mistaken, papa,’ I said. ‘I am Daisy yet.’

‘I *was* mistaken,’ said papa smiling, but rather shadowedly, I thought;—‘I should have said a rose camellia. Here is Lord Montjoy, my dear. Go.’

I am sure Lord Montjoy had little satisfaction in that ride; at least I am sure I had little. I was longing for time to think, and frightened besides. But when the ride was over, mamma wanted me; the evening claimed me for a grand reception; the morning held me in sleep; we had company at luncheon; I was engaged with another riding party in the afternoon, and another assembly expected me at night. I could not rest or think, as I wanted to think, till night and morning had again two or three times tossed me about as a society ball. I think one’s mind gets to be something like a ball too,

when one lives such a life; all one's better thoughts rolled up, like a hybernating hedgehog, and put away as not wanted for use. I had no opportunity to unroll mine for several days.

But I could not bear this state of things long; and at last I excused myself from a party one morning and went to walk with papa; and then that hedgehog of thoughts began to stir and unfold and come to life. Still I wanted quiet. We had been going through a picture gallery, where I did not see the pictures; then, as often before, I persuaded papa to walk on further and take post where we could look at our leisure on the beautiful Dome. This was an unceasing pleasure to me. Papa was not so fond of it; he came for my sake, as he often was accustomed to do. To-day, instead of soothing, its majestic beauty roused all there was to rouse within me. I suppose we were a long time silent, but I do not know.

'Daisy, you are very quiet,' papa said at length.

'Yes papa,' I said rousing myself. 'I was thinking.'

'That is an old disease of yours, my pet. I wish I could enjoy that great Dome as much as you do.'

'Papa, it is so perfect!'

'The Grecian temples suit me better, Daisy.'

'Not me, papa.'

'Why do they not? What can equal their grace and symmetry?'

'It is cold beauty, papa; there is nothing to lift the thoughts up; and I don't believe those who built them *had* any high thoughts—spiritual thoughts, I mean, papa.'

'And you think the builder of the Dome of Florence had?'

'Yes sir—I think so.'

'The one means no more to me than the other, Daisy.'

'Papa,' I said, 'don't you remember, when you sent

me word I must stay two years longer in school without seeing you and mamma, you sent me a promise too?—by Aunt Gary.'

'I remember very well, Daisy. Are you going to claim the promise?'

'Papa, may I?'

'Certainly.'

'But papa,—does the promise stand good, like Herod's promise to that dancing woman? is it to be whatever I ask?'

'I believe I said so, Daisy. By the way, why do you not like dancing?'

'I suppose I should like it, papa, if I let myself do it.'

'Why not let yourself do it? You do not want to make yourself singular, Daisy.'

'No more than I must, papa. But about your promise.'

'Yes. Well?'

'It stands good, papa? if it is "to the half of your kingdom."'

'That was a rash promise of Herod, Daisy.'

'Yes, papa; but I am not a dancing girl.'

Papa laughed, and looked at me, and laughed again, and seemed a good deal amused.

'What put that argument into your mouth?' he said. 'And what is the reason that it is an argument? You are very absurd, Daisy! You are very absurd not to dance; so your mother says; and I am absurd too, by that reasoning; for I like you better than if you did. Well, not being a dancing girl, what is your petition? I reckon it will stand good, even to the half of my kingdom. Though indeed I do not know how much of a kingdom will remain to me, by the time matters are composed at home. There will be no crops grown at the South this year.'

‘It would not cost more to go to Palestine, would it, papa, than to live as we are doing now?’

‘Palestine!’ he exclaimed. ‘Your mother would never go to Palestine, Daisy.’

‘But you and I might, papa,—for a few months. You know mamma wants to go to Paris, to be there with Aunt Gary, who is coming.’

‘She wants you there too, Daisy, I much suspect; not to speak of me.’

‘What better time can we ever have, papa?’

‘I do not know. I am afraid your mother would say any other would be better.’

‘Papa, I cannot tell you how glad I should be to go now.’

‘Why, Daisy?’ said papa looking at me. ‘To my certain knowledge, there are several people who will be desolate if you quit Florence at this time—several besides your mother.’

‘Papa,—that is the very reason why I should like to go—before it becomes serious.’

Papa became serious immediately. He lifted my face to look at it, flushed as I suppose it was; and kissed me, with a smile which did not in the least belie the seriousness.

‘If we go to Paris, Daisy?—we should leave your enemies behind.’

‘No papa—two of them are going to Paris when we go.’

‘That is serious,’ said my father. ‘After all, why not, Daisy?’

‘O papa, let us get away while it is time!’ I said. ‘Mamma was so displeased with me because of Mr. de Saussure and Mr. Marshall; and she will be again—perhaps.’

‘Why, Daisy,’ said papa lifting my face again for scrutiny,—‘how do you know? are you cased in proof

armour? are you sure? Do you know what you are talking of, Daisy?

‘Yes,—I know, papa.’

‘I see you do. Whenever your eyes are deep and calm like that, you are always in your right mind and know it. That is, you are thoroughly yourself; and so far as my limited acquaintance with you goes, there is no other mind that has the power of turning you. Yes, Daisy; we will go to Palestine, you and I.’

I kissed his hand, in the extremity of my joy.

‘But this is not a proper season for travelling in Syria, my pet. I am afraid it is not. The winter rains make the roads bad.’

‘O yes, papa. We will be quiet when it rains, and travel on the good days. And then we shall be in time to see the spring flowers.’

‘How do you know anything about that, Daisy?’

‘Papa, I remember when I was a child, at Melbourne, Mr. Dinwiddie told me some of these things; and I have never forgotten.’

‘Have you wanted to go to Palestine ever since you were ten years old?’

‘O no, papa; only of late. When your promise came, then I thought very soon what I would ask you. And now is such a good time.’

‘There will be different opinions about that,’ said my father. ‘However, we will go, Daisy. To the half of my kingdom. Your mother has the other half. But allow me to ask you just in passing, what do you think of our young English friend?’

‘He has no head, papa.’

Papa looked amused.

‘Signor Piacevoli—what do you think of him?’

‘He is very nice and kind and full of good things; but he has no principles, papa; no settled principles.’

‘He has a head,’ said papa.

‘Yes, sir; out of order.’

‘How do you estimate Mr. Leypoldt, then? *his* head is in order, and a good deal in it.’

‘Only the truth left out, papa.’

‘The truth?’ said my father. ‘He is fuller of truth, of all sorts, than any one else I know, Daisy.’

‘Truth of all sorts, papa, but not *the* truth. He understands the world, and almost everything in it; but not who made it nor what it was made for; and he knows men; but not their work, or place, or destiny in the universe. He knows what they are; he has no idea what they ought to be, or what they may be.’

‘He is not a religious man, certainly. Do you carry your principles so far, Daisy, that you mean you would not let anybody approach you who is not of your way of thinking?’

A pang shot through my heart, with the instant sense of the answer I ought to give. I might have evaded the question; but I would not. Yet I could not immediately speak. I was going to put a bond upon myself; and the words would not come.

‘Do you mean that, Daisy?’ papa repeated. ‘Seriously. Is it your rule of supposed duty, that a man must be a Christian after your sort, to obtain your favour?’

‘Papa,’ I said struggling,—‘one cannot control one’s liking.’

‘No,’ said papa laughing; ‘that is very true. ‘Then if you *liked* somebody who was not that sort of a Christian, Daisy, you would not refuse to marry him?’

‘Papa,’ I said with difficulty,—‘I think I ought.’

The words struck upon my own heart, I cannot tell how heavily. But they were forced from me. When the question came, it had to be answered. I suppose the matter had really been in my mind before, vaguely, and

I had refused to look at it, while yet I could not help seeing its proportions and bearing; so that when papa asked me I knew what I must say. But the spoken words stunned me, for all that.

‘I suppose,’ said papa, not lightly, ‘you will think so till you are tried; and then you will take a woman’s privilege of changing your mind. But if the trial is to come in *that* shape, Daisy, it is very far off. There are no men of your way of thinking, my pet.’

He kissed me as he said it; and I could not for a moment speak.

‘But we will go to Palestine, papa?’

‘Yes, we will go to Palestine. That is fixed. You and I will take a holiday, and for a while give up all thoughts of marrying and giving in marriage.’

CHAPTER XIV.

FLIGHT.

I AM coming to the holiday of my life; a time that seems, as I look back to it, like a chequered mosaic of pleasure pieces laid in bright colours, all in harmony, and making out a pattern of beauty. It is odd I should speak so; for I have known other holidays, when fewer clouds were in my sky and fewer life-shadows stretching along the landscape. Nevertheless, this is how it looks to me in the retrospect; and to write of it, is like setting the pins of that mosaic work over again. Not one of them is lost in my memory.

Truly I have known other holidays; yet never one that took me out of so much harassment and perplexity. And I could not get rid of all my burdens, even in Palestine; but somehow I got rid of all my anxious trouble about them. I had left behind so much, that I accepted even thankfully all that remained. I was free from mamma's schemes for me, and cleared from the pursuit of those who seconded her schemes; they could not follow me in the Holy Land. No more angry discussions of affairs at home, and words of enmity and fierce displeasure toward the part of the nation that held my heart. No more canvassing of war news; not much hearing of them, even; a clean escape from the demands of society and leisure for a time to look into my heart and see what condition it was in. And to my great astonishment I had found the love of admiration and the

ambition of womanly vanity beginning to stir again; in me, who knew better things, and who really did not value these; in me, who had so much to make me sober and keep down thoughts of folly. I found that I had a certain satisfaction when entering a room, to know that the sight of me gave pleasure; yes, more; I liked to feel that the sight of no one else gave so much pleasure. I could hardly understand, when I came to look at it, how so small a satisfaction could have taken possession of my mind; I was very much ashamed; but the fact remained. When we set sail for Palestine I got clear, at least for the time, from all this. I hoped for ever. And it was exceedingly sweet to find myself alone with papa.

How mamma ever consented to the plan, I do not know. Because papa had settled it and given his word, perhaps; for in those cases I know she never interfered; necessity made her yield. She would not go with us; she went to Paris, where Aunt Gary was come for the winter. Ransom went home to join the army; and papa and I took our holiday. I ought not to have been so happy, with so many causes of anxiety on my mind; Ransom in the war on one side, and Christian already engaged on the opposite side; both in danger, not to speak of other friends whom I knew; and my own and Mr. Thorold's future so very dark to look forward to. But I was happy. I believe, the very enormous pressure of things to trouble me, helped me to throw off the weight. In fact, it was too heavy for me to bear. I had trusted and given up myself to God; it was not a mock trust or submission; I laid off my cares, or in the expressive Bible words, "rolled them" upon him. And then I went light. Even my self-spoken sentence, the declaration that I ought not to marry a person who was not a Christian, did not crush me as I thought it would. Somebody has said very truly, "There is a healing power

in truth." It is correct in more ways than one. And especially in truth towards God, in whole-hearted devotion to him, or as the Bible says again, in "wholly following the Lord," there is strength and healing; "quietness and assurance for ever." I was no nearer despair now than I had been before. And I was more ready for my holiday.

My holiday began on board the steamer, among the novel varieties of character and costume by which I found myself surrounded. I was certainly getting far away from the American war, far from Parisian saloons; I could not even regret the Dome of Florence. And I shall never forget the minute when I first looked upon the coast of Jaffa. I had been in the cabin and papa called me; and with the sight, a full, delicious sensation of pleasure entered my heart, and never left it, I think, while I stayed in the land. The picture is all before me. The little white town, shining in the western sun on its hill, with its foot in the water; the surf breaking on the rocks; and the long line of high land in the distance, which I knew was the hill country of Palestine. I was glad, with a fulness of gladness. Even the terrors of landing through the surf could not dash my pleasure, though the water was not quiet enough to make it safe, and I did not see how we were possibly to get through. I thought we would, and we did; and then out of the confusion on the quay we found our way to a nice little hotel. Few things I suppose are *nice* in Jaffa; but this really seemed clean, and I am sure it was pleasant. The Oriental style of the house—the courtyard, and alcove rooms, stone floors and cushioned divans,—were delightful to me. And so was our first dinner there; papa and I alone, tired and hungry, and eating with the Mediterranean full in sight, and the sun going down 'ayont the sea.' I established a truce with sorrowful thoughts that

evening, and slept the night through in peace. The next morning papa found me standing at the window of one of our rooms that looked inward from the sea.

‘Well, Daisy,’ said he putting his hands on my shoulders—‘I have got my Daisy of ten years old back again. What is it now?’

‘O papa,’ I exclaimed, ‘look at the housetops! I have read of housetops all my life; and now here they are!’

‘They have been here all the time, Daisy.’

‘But it is so impossible to realize without seeing it, papa. It was on such a housetop that Peter was when he had his vision. You can see, it is the pleasantest part of the house, papa. I should like to sleep on the housetop, as they do in summer; with only the stars over me. How nice!’

‘What was Peter’s vision, besides the stars?’

‘Papa! Not the stars; his vision was at noonday. I have just been reading about it. How delicious the Bible will be here!’

‘It is always delicious to you, I think,’ papa said; I fancied rather sadly. ‘It is a taste you were born with. Sit down and read me about that vision.’

But it was papa that sat down, and I stood by the window, and we read together those chapters of the Acts; and papa grew very much interested, and we had an excellent talk all breakfast time. The strange dishes at breakfast helped the interest too; the boiled rice and meat, and the fish and the pomegranates. I seemed to have my living in Bible times as well as places. The Mediterranean lay sparkling before us; as it was before Peter no doubt when he went up to that housetop to pray. The house is gone; but it is the same sea yet.

‘I shall always look upon Jaffa with respect,’ said papa at last; ‘since here it was that the gates of religion

were publicly set open for all the world, and the key taken out of the hands of the Jews. It is a little place too, to have anything of so much interest belonging to it.'

'That is not all, papa,' I said. 'Solomon had the cedar for the Temple, and for all his great buildings, floated down here.'

'Solomon!' said papa.

'Don't you remember, sir, his great works, and the timber he had to get from Lebanon?'

'Did it come this way?'

'The only way it could come, papa; and then it had to go by land up to Jerusalem—the same way that we are going; thirty-three miles.'

'Where did you learn so much about it?'

'That isn't much, papa; all that is in Murray; but now may I read you about Solomon's floats of timber, while you are finishing that pomegranate?'

'Read away,' said papa. 'Pomegranates are not ripe now, are they?'

'They keep, papa.'

Papa laughed at me, and I read to him as much as I liked; and he was almost as much engaged as I was.

'We'll go out and look at this famous harbour for lumber,' he said. 'It is not good for much else, Daisy; I thought yesterday we should certainly make shipwreck on that reef. Is it possible there is no better along the coast.'

'It is not what we would call a harbour at all, papa. Nothing but little boats can get through that narrow opening in the reef; and I suppose, Solomon's cedar timber got through.'

'The ships of old time were not much more than our boats, many of them,' said my father. 'How delightfully you realize everything, Daisy!'

'Well, papa,—don't you?'

‘Not the past, child. I realize *you* by my side.’

‘Papa, if you think about it a little, you will realize Joppa too.’

‘I have not your imagination, Daisy. About Solomon’s temple,—there is nothing of it left now, I suppose?’

‘O no, papa!’

‘It might, Daisy. Thebes is vastly older.’

‘But papa,—don’t you remember, there was not one stone of all those buildings to be left upon another stone. Nothing is left—only some of the foundation wall that supported the floor, or the platform, of the Temple.’

‘Well, we shall see, when we go to Jerusalem,’ my father said.

In the mean time we went out and took a great walk about the environs of Joppa. Through the miles of gardens; the grand orange groves, and pomegranate, lemon, fig, apricot and palm orchards. The oranges and lemons getting their great harvests ready; cultivation going on beneath the trees; the water-wheels working; the curious hedges of prickly pear, four and six feet high, reminding us all the while, if nothing else did, that we were in a very strange land. What endless delight it was! The weather had just cleared the day before; and to-day, the fifteenth of January, the sun shone still and fair and warm. I saw that papa was getting good with every step, and growing interested with every hour. We went down to the beach, and strolled along as far as the tanneries; every wave that broke at my side seeming to sing in my ears the reminder that it broke on the shores of Palestine. Papa wished the oranges were ripe; I wished for nothing.

Then we entered the city again, and examined the bazars; lingering first a good while to watch the motley, picturesque, strange and wild crowd without the city gate. It was my first taste of Oriental life; papa knew it be-

fore, but he relished it all afresh in my enjoyment of it. Of course we were taken to see Simon's house and the house where Tabitha died.

'Do you realize anything here, Daisy?' papa asked as we stood on the flat roof of the first of these two.

'Yes, papa.'

'Pray, what? St. Peter never saw this building, my dear.'

'No, papa, I don't think it. But he saw the Mediterranean—just so,—and he had the same sky over him, and the same shores before him.'

'The same sky, Daisy? What is the sky?'

'Yes papa, I know; but there is a difference. This Syrian sky is not like the sky over Florence nor like the sky over Melbourne. And this is what Peter saw.'

'You are a delicious travelling companion, Daisy,' said papa. 'Your mother is good, but you are better. Well, take me with you now in your journey into the past.'

We sat down there on the roof of the so-called house of Simon, papa and I; he gave the guide a bonus to keep *him* contented; and we read together chapters in the Old Testament and chapters in the New. It was drinking water from wells of delight. Bible words never seemed so real, nor so full. And then when I thought that I was going on to Jerusalem—to Jericho—to Mount Tabor, and the Sea of Galilee, and Lebanon,—that Joppa was only the beginning,—I could hardly contain my joy. I could only give thanks for it all the time. True, I did remember, as I looked over that bright sea of the Levant, I did remember that far away there was a region of conflict where the interests nearest to me were involved; a strife going on, in which the best blood in the world, the dearest in my account, might be shed or shedding. I remembered it all. But the burden of that care was too heavy

for me to carry ; I was fain to lay it down where so many a load has been laid before now ; and it was easier for me to do it in Syria than anywhere else ; God's own land, where his people had had so many tokens to trust him. Where Peter's doubts of conscience were resolved by a vision, where the poor worker of kindness was raised from the sleep of death, it was not *there* the place for me to doubt whether the Lord looked upon my trouble, or whether he cared about it, or whether he could manage it. I laid care and doubt to sleep ; and while I was in the Lord's land I walked with the Lord's presence always before me. There is no want to them that fear him.

We were detained at Joppa three days by a most pouring rain, which kept us fast prisoners in doors. The time was however not lost. We had despaired of making arrangements at Joppa for our journey, any further than such as would take us to Jerusalem. Joppa is no place for such arrangements. But while we waited there in the rain, a party of English people arrived who came to take the steamer for home. They had just ended their travels in the Holy Land ; and while waiting for the steamer, one of them who was an invalid sought the shelter of our hotel. We came to know each other. And the end was, we secured their travelling equipment. Tents, servants and all, were made over to papa, with mutual pleasure at the arrangement. So when the sun shone out on the fourth day, we were ready to start in great comfort. I had a dear little Syrian pony, which carried me nicely through my whole journey ; papa had another that served him well. The tents and tent fittings were in the English style of perfection ; cook and interpreter and other servants knew their business, and we had no reason to complain of them from the beginning to the end of our tour. Moreover, in those days of waiting at Joppa, and intercourse with the ladies of the party, I got from them some

useful hints and details which were of great service to me afterwards. I had always wished to go through Palestine living in our own tents; papa had been a little uncertain how he would do. Now it was settled. I had my maid, of course; but she was the greatest trouble I had, all the way.

The morning of our setting out from Joppa is never to be forgotten. It was clear and balmy. For miles we rode through the orange gardens, getting ready fast for their superb harvest, which would be ripe a month later. Then through a pleasant open country; cornfields and meadows interspersed with trees in patches. It was easy riding, and I liked my pony, and my heart was full of exhilaration.

‘Well?’ said papa, as my eye met his one time in the course of its wanderings.

‘Papa, it is the plain of Sharon!’

‘You speak as if it were a place where you had played when you were a child.’

‘Papa, in some measure it is like that; so often I have read about the old things that were done here.’

Papa smiled at me and asked what? But I could not tell him while we were going at a canter.

‘It would be pretty in spring,’ he said. ‘Where are we to stop to-night, Daisy? I have left all that to you. I do not know the country as you do.’

‘Papa, we set off so late, we shall not be able to get further than Latron to-night.’

‘What place is that? is it any place?’

‘Supposed to be the Modin of the Maccabees.’

‘Have you brought any books, Daisy?’ was papa’s next question.

‘No, papa, except ‘Murray,’ and the Bible.’

‘We ought to have more,’ he said. ‘We must see if we cannot supply that want at Jerusalem.’

Papa's interest in the subject was thoroughly waking up. We lunched at Ramleh. How present it is to me, those hours we spent there. The olive groves and orchards and cornfields, the palms and figs, the prickly pear hedges, the sweet breath of the air. And after our luncheon we stayed to examine the ruins and the minaret. Our master of ceremonies, Suleiman, was a little impatient. But we got off in good time and reached our camping ground just before sunset. There too, the sunlight flashing on those rocks of ruin comes back to me, and the wide plain and sea view which the little hill commands. Papa and I climbed it to look at the ruins and see the view while dinner was getting ready.

'What is it, Daisy?' he said. 'You must be my gazetteer and interpreter for the land; Suleiman will do for the people.'

'It is an old Crusaders' fortress, papa; built to command the pass to Jerusalem.'

That was enough for papa. He pored over the rough remains and their associations; while I sat down on a stone and looked over the Philistine plain; scarce able to convince myself that I was so happy as to see it in reality. Papa and I had a most enjoyable dinner afterwards; he enjoyed it, I knew; and our night's rest was sweet, with a faint echo of the war storms of the ages breaking upon my ear.

To my great joy, there was no storm of the elements the next morning, and we were able to take up our march for Jerusalem. The road soon was among the hills; rough, thickety, wild; from one glen into another, down and up steep ridge sides, always mounting of course by degrees. Rough as it all was, there were olives and vineyards sometimes to be seen; often terraced hillsides which spoke of what had been. At last we came up out of a deep glen and saw at a distance the white line of

wall which tells of Jerusalem. I believe it was a dreary piece of country which lay between, but I could hardly know what it was. My thoughts were fixed on that white wall. I forgot even papa.

We had pouring rains again soon after we got to Jerusalem. I was half glad. So much to see and think of at once, it was almost a relief to be obliged to take things gradually. I had been given numerous good bits of counsel by the kind English ladies we had seen at Jaffa; and according to their advice I persuaded papa that we should go down at once to Jericho and the Dead Sea, without waiting till the weather should grow too hot for it; then Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives and all the neighbourhood would be delightful. Now, they were very gray and forlorn to a stranger's eye. I wanted papa to be pleased. I could have enjoyed Jerusalem at any time. But I knew that by and by Jericho would be insupportable.

So papa and Suleiman made their arrangements. All that we wanted was a guard of Arabs; everything else we had already. The rain ceased after the third day; and early in the morning we went out of the eastern gate of the city and moved slowly down the slope of the Kedron valley and up the side of Mount Olivet.

It was my first ride in the environs of Jerusalem; and I could hardly bear the thoughts it brought up. Yet there was scant time for thoughts; eyes had to be so busy. The valley of the Kedron! I searched its depths, only to find tombs everywhere, with olive trees sprinkled about among them. Life and death; for if anything is an emblem of life in Palestine, I suppose it is the olive. They looked sad to me at first, the olives; their blue-gray foliage had so little of the fresh cheer of our green woods. Afterwards I thought differently. But certainly the valley of the Kedron was desolate and mournful in the

extreme, as we first saw it. Nor was Olivet less so. The echo of forfeited promises seemed to fill my ear; the shades of lost glory seemed to tenant all those ways and hillsides. I could but think what feet had trod those paths; what hands of blessing had been held out on these hills; turned back and rejected, to the utter ruin of those who rejected them. The places of Solomon's splendour and David's honour, in the hands of the Moslem; or buried beneath the ruins of twenty desolations. And in the midst of such thoughts which possessed me constantly, came thrills of joy that I was there. So we mounted over the shoulder of the Mount of Olives, and the day cleared and brightened as we went on. Then came the ruins of Bethany. I would have liked to linger there; but this was not the time. I left it for the present.

'We must dismount here, Daisy,' said papa the next minute. And he set me the example. 'Our own feet will do this next piece of road most satisfactorily.'

We scrambled down, over the loose stones and rock, the very steep pitch just below Bethany. I do not know how deep, but hundreds of feet certainly. Our mules and horses came on as they could.

'Is this to be taken as a specimen of Palestine roads, Daisy?'

'I believe they are pretty bad, papa.'

'How do you like it?'

'O papa,' said I stopping, 'I like it. Look—look yonder—do you see that glimmer? do you know what that is, papa?'

'It is water—'

'It is the Dead Sea.'

'Thirty-six hundred feet below. We have a sharp ride before us, Daisy.'

'Not quite so much below *us*—we have come down some way. Papa, don't you enjoy it?'

‘I enjoy *you*,’ he said smiling. ‘Yes, child, I enjoy it; only I don’t enjoy such villainous roads.’

‘But then, papa, you know it is the only possible way the road can go, and always has been; and so we are sure that Christ was here many a time. *Here*, papa, where our feet are treading.’

Papa looked at me and said nothing.

The way was so pleasant, that we walked on ahead of our mules, till we came to the spring about a mile from Bethany. It was strange to look at the water pouring out its never failing stream, and to remember it had been doing just so ever since nineteen hundred years ago.

‘How often travellers have rested here and drunk of the water, papa; how often Christ was here.’

‘That arch was not over the spring in those days, though,’ said papa.

But papa stood and looked at the spring and at the ravine, and I saw that he was catching something of my feeling. We mounted there, and the rest of the way we had no more talk. I did not want to talk. There was too much to think about, as we wound down the rough valleys or watercourses among the desolate hills; while the air grew constantly warmer as we got lower. No trees, no life, no vine terraces; and this was the way to Jericho. At the ruined khan, a good distance from the top, we dismounted and stopped to rest and take our lunch.

‘Well, Daisy,’ said papa, ‘are you enjoying yet?’

‘Every minute, papa.’

‘I am very glad. But I am very tired.’

‘Papa, you must take a good rest here; and here is an orange for you. I will give you something else directly.’

Papa stretched himself out wearily on the stones.

‘What is the source of your pleasure just now, Daisy? It is as barren a landscape as ever I traversed.’

‘Papa, David went this way when he fled from Absalom.’

‘Humph!’ said papa, as if there were not much pleasure in that association.

‘And Jesus and his apostles came this way, up from Jericho; up and down, I suppose, many a time; they have rested *here*, papa.’

‘And I see, Daisy, you love the ground where those feet have trod. I never could understand it before. I fancy, I could never attain power of realization to get near enough to the subject.’

‘Do you now, papa?’

‘Hardly. By sympathy with you, Daisy.’

‘A little below, papa, we shall come to the Valley of Achor, where Achan was stoned.’

‘I don’t know that story, Daisy. You may read it to me.’

We had a long reading and resting there by the ruined khan. Papa was ready to listen and talk; and I saw that so long as we were in Palestine he would read the Bible as much as I liked. Then we made the rest of our way. I knew he could not but be interested with that. The scenery became so wild and grand as to satisfy even him. We got the glorious view of the plains of Jericho from the top of the steep descent, and stood still for some time to look. Papa said it was a noble view; but to me it was so full of the riches of association that I could hardly feast upon it enough. Down there, Jericho of old had stood and fallen; when the priests and the people of Israel compassed it about with trumpets of victory. There or over against it, the Jordan had been divided to let the people pass over. In later days Elijah and Elisha had gone over singlehanded. Down on that plain had stood Herod’s Jericho, which Christ had gone through time and again; where Zaccheus climbed the tree to see him, and

Bartimeus sitting by the wayside had cried out for his mercy and got it. What was there before me in all that scene that did not tell of the power of faith—of the grace of God—of the safety and strength of his children—of the powerlessness of their enemies. My heart sang hymns and chanted psalms of rejoicing, while my little Syrian pony stood still with me at the top of the pass of Adummim. I even forgot papa.

At the bottom we found ourselves in a new world. Water and wood, luxuriant vegetation of many kinds; a stream even to ford, the brook which comes down from Wady Kelt, now full with the rains; a warm delicious atmosphere, and the sun shining on the opposite Moab mountains.

And then came another sight which is very pleasant at the close of a long day of fatigue and excitement; our tents, up and ready for us. Our Syrian cook gave us a good dinner; and papa was satisfied to see me so happy. I thought he was a little happy himself.

CHAPTER XV.

OLD BATTLEFIELDS.

THE next day papa was so tired that he would not go anywhere. So I had to be quiet too. It was no hardship. I was rather glad, to take in leisurely the good of all I had before and around me, and have time for it. Our tents were pitched by the beautiful fountain Aines-Sultân; which the books told me was Elisha's fountain. I wandered round it, examining the strange trees and bushes, gathering flowers; I found a great many; studying the lights and shades on the Moab mountains, and casting longing looks towards the Dead Sea and the Jordan. I took my maid with me in my wanderings, and Suleiman also kept near me like a shadow; but nobody of all our caravan behaved to me with anything but the most observant politeness. The Arabs, taught I suppose by other travellers whom they had attended, were very eager to bring me natural curiosities; birds and animals and shells and plants. I had no lack of business and pleasure all that day. I wanted only some one to talk to me who could tell me things I wanted to know.

The day had come to an end, almost; the shadow of Quarantania had fallen upon us; and I sat on a rock by the spring watching the colours of the sunset still bright on the trees in the plain, on the water of the sea, and on the range of the Moab hills. From all these my thoughts had at last wandered away, and were busy at the other

end of the world; sad, with a great sense that Mr. Thorold was away from me; heavy, with a moment's contrast of pleasures present and pleasures past. My musings were suddenly broken by seeing that some one was close by my side, and a single glance said, a stranger. I was startled and rose up, but the stranger stood still and seemed to wish to speak to me. Yet he did not speak. I saw the air of a gentleman, the dress of a European in Syria, the outlines of a personable man; one glance at his face shewed me a bronzed complexion, warm-coloured auburn hair, and a frank and very bright eye. I looked away, and then irresistibly was driven to look back again. He smiled. I was in confusion.

‘Don’t you know?’ he said.

‘Not—?’

‘Yes!’

‘Can it be,—Mr. Dinwiddie?’

‘Is it possible it is Daisy?’ he said, taking my hand.

‘O Mr. Dinwiddie, I am so glad to see you!’

‘And I am so glad to see you—here, of all places, at Elisha’s fountain. The first question is, How came we both here?’

‘I persuaded papa to bring me. I wanted to see Palestine.’

‘And I heard of you in Jerusalem, and felt sure it must be *you*, and I could not resist the temptation to take a little journey after you.’

‘And you are travelling through Palestine too?’

‘In one way. I am living here—and life is a journey, you know.’

‘You are *living* in Palestine?’

‘In Jerusalem. I came here as a missionary, five years ago.’

‘How very nice!’ I said. ‘And you can go with us?’

He shook my hand heartily, which he had not yet let go, laughing, and asked where we were going?

'I want to see the Dead Sea, very much, Mr. Dinwiddie; and papa was in doubt; but if you were with us there would be no more difficulty.'

'I shall be most happy to be with you. Do you know where you are now?'

'I know a little. This is Elisha's fountain, isn't it?'

'Yes; and just hereabouts are the ruins of old Jericho.'

'I did not know. I wondered, and wanted to know. But, Mr. Dinwiddie, have you got a tent?'

'I never travel without one.'

'Then it is all right,' I said; 'for *we* have a cook.'

'I should not miss that functionary,' he said, shaking his head. 'I am accustomed to act in that capacity myself. It is something I have learned since I came from Virginia.'

We were called to dinner and had no time then for anything more. Our table was spread in front of the tents, in a clear spot of greensward; in the midst, I thought, of all possible delights that could be clustered together—except one. The breeze was a balmy, gentle evening zephyr; the sunlight, hidden from us by the Quarantania, shone on the opposite mountains of Moab, bringing out colours of beauty; and glanced from the water of the Dead Sea, and brightened the hues of the green thickets on the plain. Jericho behind us, the Jordan in front of us, the confusions of the world we live in thrust to a great distance out of the way,—I sat down to the open-air meal with a profound feeling of gratitude and joy. It was also a relief to me to have Mr. Dinwiddie's company with papa; he knew the land and the people and the ways of the land, and could give such good help if help were needed. He could be such good society too.

I fancied that papa's reception of Mr. Dinwiddie was rather slack in its evidence of pleasant recollection; but however, every shadow of stiffness passed away from his manner before dinner was over. Mr. Dinwiddie made himself very acceptable; and there, where we had so much to talk about, talk flowed in full stream. It was arranged that the new member of our party should be our guest and our travelling companion during as much of our journey as his duties allowed; and I went to sleep that night with a deep and full sense of satisfaction.

Papa declared himself still the next day unable for a very long and exciting day's work; so it was decided that we should put off till the morrow our ride to the Jordan and the Dead Sea, and Mr. Dinwiddie proposed to conduct me to Mount Quarantania to see the hermits' caves which are remaining there. Of course they remain; for the walls of caves do not crumble away; however, the staircases and rock ways which led to the upper ones have many of them suffered that fate.

We had a delicious walk. First along the foot of the mountain, skirting a little channel of running water which brings the outflow of another fountain to enrich a part of the plain. It was made good for the cultivation of a large tract; although very wild and disorderly cultivation. As we went, every spot within sight was full of interest; rich with associations; the air was warm but pleasant; the warble of the orange-winged blackbird—I don't know if I ought to call it a warble; it was a very fine and strong note, or whistle,—sounding from the rocks as we went by, thrilled me with a wild reminder of all that had once been busy life there, where now the blackbird's cry sounded alone. The ruins of what had been,—the blank, that was once so filled up,—the forlorn repose, where the stir of the ages had been so restlessly active. I heard Mr. Dinwiddie's talk as we went; he

was telling and explaining things to me. I heard, but could not make much answer. Thought was too full.

A good distance from home, that is, from the tents, we reached the source of all that fertilizing water the channel of which we had followed up. How wild the source was too! No Saracenic arch over that; the water in a full flow came out from among the roots of a great tree—one of the curious thorny *dôm* trees that grow in thickets over the plain. I believe our Arabs called them *dôm*; Mr. Dinwiddie said it was a *Zizyphus*. It was a very large tree at any rate, and with its odd thorny branches and bright green foliage canopied picturesquely the fine spring beneath it. All was wild and waste. The Arabs do not even root out the *dôm* or *nubk* trees from the spots they irrigate and cultivate; but the little channels of water flow in and out among the stems and roots of the trees as they can. Times are changed on Jericho's plain.

I thought so, as we turned up the slope of rock rubbish which leads to the foot of the cave cliffs. The mountain here is a sheer face of rock; and the caves, natural or artificial, pierce the rock in tiers, higher and lower. The precipice is spotted with them. The lowest ones are used now by the Arabs to pen their sheep and quarter their donkeys; Mr. Dinwiddie and I looked into a good many of them; in one or two we found a store of corn or straw laid up. Many of the highest caves could not be got at; the paths and stairs in the rock which used to lead to them are washed and worn away; but the second tier are not so utterly cut off from human feet. By a way chiselled in the rock, with good nerves, one can reach them. My nerves were good enough, and I followed Mr. Dinwiddie along the face of the precipice till we reached some sets of caves communicating with each other. These were partly natural, partly enlarged by labour. Places were cut for beds and for cupboards;

there was provision of a fine water tank, to which, Mr. Dinwiddie told me, there were stone channels leading from a source some hundreds of feet distant; cistern and tubes both carefully plastered. A few Abyssinian Christians come here every spring to keep Lent, Mr. Dinwiddie said. How much more pains they take than we do, I thought.

‘Yes,’ said Mr. Dinwiddie, when I said my thought aloud,—“Skin for skin; all that a man hath will he give for his life.” But when the conscience knows that heaven is not to be bought that way, then there is no other motive left that will use up all a man’s energies but the love of Christ constraining him.’

‘The trouble is, Mr. Dinwiddie, that there is so little of that.’

‘So little!’ he said,—‘even in those of us who love most. I do not mean to say that this love had no share in determining the actions of those who used to live here; perhaps they thought to get nearer to Christ by getting nearer to the places of his some time presence and working in human flesh.’

‘And don’t you think it *does* help, Mr. Dinwiddie?’ I said.

He turned on me a very deep and sweet look, that was half a smile.

‘No!’ he answered. ‘The Lord may use it,—he often does,—to quicken our sense of realities and so strengthen our apprehension of spiritualities; but just so he can use other things, even remote distance from such and all material helps. Out of that very distance he can make a tie to draw the soul to himself.’

‘There must have been a great many of those old Christians living here once?’ I said.

‘Yes,’ said Mr. Dinwiddie. ‘On this face of the mountain there are thirty or forty caves—I think there

are many more in the gorge of the Kelt, round on the south face. Do you see that round hole over your head?

We were standing in one of the caverns. I looked up.

‘I cannot get you up there,’ he went on,—‘but I have climbed up by means of a rope. There are other rooms there, and one is a chapel—I mean, it was one,—with arches cut to the windows and doorways, and frescoed walls, full of figures of saints. Through another hole in another ceiling, like this, I got up into still a third set of rooms, like the ones below. Into those nobody had come for many a year; the dust witnessed it. Back of one room, the chapel, was a little low doorway; very low. I crept through—and there in the inner place, lay piled the skeletons of the old hermits; skulls and bones, just as they had been laid while the flesh was still upon them; the dust was inches deep. A hundred feet higher up there are more caverns. No, I should not like to take you—though the Abyssinian devotees come to them every spring. Yet higher than those, far up, near the top of the mountain, I have explored others, where I found still more burial caves like the one just here above us. Chapels and frescoes were up there too.’

‘And difficult climbing, Mr. Dinwiddie.’

‘Very difficult. Broken stairs and dizzy galleries, and deep precipices, with the vultures floating in air down below me.’

‘What a place for men to live!’

‘Fitter for the doves and swallows which inhabit the old hermits’ houses now. Yet not a bad place to live either, if one had nothing to do in the world. Sit down and rest and let us look at it.’

‘And I have got some luncheon for you, Mr. Dinwiddie. I should have missed all this if you had not been with me. Papa would never have come here.’

There were many places in front of the cells where

seats had been cut out in the rock; and in one of these Mr. Dinwiddie and I sat down, to eat fruit and biscuit and use our eyes; our attendant Arab no doubt wondering at us all the while. The landscape in view was exceedingly fine. We had the plains of Jericho, green and lovely, spread out before us; we could see the north end of the Dead Sea and the mouth of the Jordan; and the hills of Moab, always like a superb wall of mountain rising up over against us.

‘Do you know where you are?’ said Mr. Dinwiddie.

‘Partly.’

‘The site of old Jericho is marked by the heaps and the ruins which lie between us and our camp.’

‘Yes. That is *old* Jericho.’

‘Over against us, somewhere among those Moab hills, is the pass by which the hosts of the “sons of Israel” came down, with their flocks and herds, to the rich plains over there,—the plains of Moab.’

‘And opposite us, I suppose, somewhere along there in front of old Jericho, is the place where the waters of the river failed from below and were cut off from above, and the great space was laid bare for the armies to pass over.’

‘Just over there. And there Elijah and Elisha went over dry shod, when Elijah smote with his mantle upon the waters; and there by the same way Elisha came back alone, after he had seen his master taken from him.’

‘Those were grand times!’ I said, with a half breath.

‘They were rough times.’

‘Still, they were grand times.’

‘I think, these are grander.’

‘But Mr. Dinwiddie, such things are not done now as were done then.’

‘Why not?’

‘Why how can you ask?’

‘How can you answer?’

‘Why, Mr. Dinwiddie, the river is not parted now, this river nor any other, for the Lord’s people to go over without trouble.’

‘Are you sure?’ said he, with the deep sweet look I had noticed. ‘Do they never come now, in the way of their duty, to an impassable barrier of danger or difficulty, through which the same hand opens their path? Did you never find that they do, in your own experience?’

A little, I had; and yet it seemed to me that a very Jordan of difficulty lay before me now, rolling in full power. Mr. Dinwiddie waited a moment and went on.

‘That old cry, “Where is the Lord God of Elijah?”—will bring down his hand, now as then; mighty to hold back worse waves than those of the “Descender.” Aaron’s rod, and the blast of the priests’ trumpets, were but the appeal and the triumph of faith. And before that appeal stronger walls than those of Jericho fall down, now as well as then.’

‘Then it must be the faith that is wanting,’ I said.

‘Sometimes’—Mr. Dinwiddie answered; ‘and *not* sometimes. That earnest Sunday-school teacher, who prayed that the Lord would give him at least one soul a week out of his Bible class, and who reported at the end of the year, *fifty-two* brought to God,—what do you think of his faith?—and his Jericho?’

‘Is it true?’ I said.

‘It is true. What are the walls of stone and mortar to that? We wrestle not with flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world.—But our Captain is stronger.’

I think we were both silent for some time; yet there was a din of voices in my ear. So it seemed. Silence was literally broken only by the note of a bird here and there; but the plain before me, the green line which

marked the course of the Jordan, the Moab mountains, the ruins at my feet, the caves behind me, were all talking to me. And there were voices of my own past and present, still other voices, blending with these. I sat very still, and Mr. Dinwiddie sat very still; until he suddenly turned to me and spoke.

‘Will nothing but a miracle do, Miss Daisy?’

The tone was so gentle and so quietly blended itself with my musings, that I started and smiled.

‘O yes,’ I said;—‘I do not suppose I want a miracle.’

‘Can a friend’s counsel be of any use?’

‘It might—of the greatest,’ I answered;—‘if only I could tell you all the circumstances.’

‘Before we go to that, how has it fared with my little friend of old time, all these years?’

‘How has it *fares* with me?’—I repeated in doubt.

‘There is only one sort of welfare I know,’ he said.

‘It is not strength to the body, or gold to the purse. I am “well” only when God’s favour is shining on me and I am strong to run the way of his commandments.’

‘I am not strong,’ I said.

‘You know I do not mean my own strength, or yours,’ he answered.

‘I have never forgotten what you used to tell me,’ I said.

‘Good. And yet, Miss Daisy, I would rather you could tell me you *had* forgotten it; that you had gone on so far from that beginning as to have lost it out of view.’

‘Ah, but I have not had so many friends to teach me, and help me, that I could afford to forget the first one,’ I said. ‘I have one dear old friend who thinks as you do,—and that is all; and I cannot see her now.’

“If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him,”’ Mr. Dinwiddie said.

‘I lack wisdom, very much; but it does not seem to come, even though I ask for it. I am sometimes in a great puzzle.’

‘About what to do?’

‘Yes.’

‘You can always find out the first step to be taken. Jesus will be followed step by step. He will not shew you but one step at a time, very often. But take that, holding his hand, and he will shew you the next.’

‘So I came here,’ I said.

‘And what is the work to be done here? on yourself, or on somebody else?’

‘I do not know,’ I said. ‘I had not thought it was either. Perhaps I am learning.’

He was silent then, and I sat thinking.

‘Mr. Dinwiddie,’ I said, ‘maybe you can help me.’

‘I will gladly, if I can.’

‘But it is very difficult for me to put you in possession of the circumstances—or in the atmosphere of the circumstances. I do not know that I can. You know that papa and mamma do not think with me on the subject of religion?’

‘Yes.’

‘There are other things in which I think differently from them—other things in which we feel apart; and they do not know it. Ought I to let them know it?’

‘Your question is as enigmatical as an ancient oracle. I must have a little more light. Do these differences of feeling or opinion touch action?—either yours or theirs?’

‘Yes,—both.’

‘Then, unless your minds are known to each other, will there not be danger of mistaken action, on the one part or on the other?’

‘Telling them would not prevent that danger,’ I said.

‘They would disregard your views, or you would disregard theirs,—which?’

‘I must not disregard theirs,’ I said low.

Mr. Dinwiddie was silent awhile. I had a sort of cry in my heart for the old dividing of the waters.

‘Miss Daisy,’ he said, ‘there is one sure rule. Do right; and let consequences break us to pieces, if needs be.’

‘But,’ said I doubtfully, ‘I had questioned what was right; at least I had not been certain that I ought to do anything just now.’

‘Of course I am speaking in the dark,’ he answered. ‘But you can judge whether this matter of division is something that in your father’s place you would feel you had a right to know.’

I mused so long after this speech, that I am sure Mr. Dinwiddie must have felt that he had touched my difficulty. He was perfectly silent. At last I rose up to go home. I do not know what Mr. Dinwiddie saw in me, but he stopped me and took my hand.

‘Can’t you trust the Lord?’ he said.

‘I see trouble before me, whatever I do,’ I said with some difficulty.

‘Very well,’ he said; ‘even so, trust the Lord. The trouble will do you no harm.’

I sat down for a moment and covered my face. It might do me no harm; it might at the same time separate me from what I loved best in the world.

‘Cannot you trust?’ he repeated. ‘“He that putteth his trust in the Lord shall be made fat.”’

‘You know,’ I said getting up, ‘one cannot help being weak.’

‘Will you excuse me?—That is precisely what we *can* help. We cannot help being ignorant sometimes,—foolish sometimes,—short-sighted. But weak we need

not be; for "in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength;" and "he giveth power to the faint."

'But there is no perfection, Mr. Dinwiddie.'

'Not if by perfection you mean, standing alone. But if the power that holds us up is perfect,—what should hinder our having a fulness of that? "If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it." Isn't that promise good for all we want to ask?'

I sat down again to think. Mr. Dinwiddie quietly took his place by my side; and we were still for a good while. The plains of Jericho and the Jordan and the Moab mountains and the Quarantania, all seemed to have new voices for me now; voices full of balm; messages of soft healing. I do think the messages God sends to us by natural things are some of the sweetest and mightiest and best understood of all. They come home.

'Do you think,' I asked after a long silence, 'that this mountain was really the scene of the Temptation?'

'Why should we think so? No, I do not think it.'

'But the road from Jericho to Jerusalem—there is no doubt of that?'

'No doubt at all. We are often sure of the roads here, when we are sure of little else.'

There was a pause; and then Mr. Dinwiddie broke it.

'You left things in confusion at home. How do you feel about that?'

'At home in America?' I said. 'I do not feel about it as my parents do.'

'You side with the North!'

'I have lived there so much. I know the view taken there; and it seems to me the right one. And I have lived at the South too; and I do not like the view held there,—nor the practice followed.'

'There are some things I can fancy you would not like,' he said musingly. 'I have not known what to think. It

seems to me they have made a false move. But it seems to me they must succeed.'

'I don't know,' I said. 'Perhaps.'

He looked at me a little hard, and then we left the hermits' caves and went down the plain to our encampment.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FORLORN HOPE.

THE spot where our tents were pitched commands a view, I think one of the loveliest in the world. Perhaps with me association has something to do with the feeling. That broad sweep of the plains of Jericho, bright with their groves of Zizyphus trees; the lake waters coming in at the south; the great line of the Moab horizon, and the heights of the western shore; and then the constant changes which the light makes in revealing all these; I found it a study of beauty, from the morning till the night. From the time when the sun rose over the Moab mountains and brightened our dôm trees and kissed our spring, to the evening when the shadow of Quarantania stretched over all our neighbourhood, as it stretched over Jericho of old, and the distant hills and waters and thickets glowed in colours and lights of their own.

The next morning after my walk I was up early, and going a little way from my tent door, I sat down to enjoy it. The servants were but just stirring; my father and Mr. Dinwiddie safe within their canvas curtains. It was very nice to be alone, for I wanted to think. The air was deliciously balmy and soft; another fair day had risen upon us in that region of tropical summer; the breath of the air was peace. Or was it the speech of the past? It is difficult to disentangle things sometimes. I had troublesome matters to think about, yet somehow I

was not troubled. I did not lay hold of trouble, all the while I was in Palestine. Mr. Dinwiddie's words had revealed to me that it might be my duty to tell my father all that was in my heart. Suspicions of the fact, only, had crossed my thought before; but "as iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." I saw more clearly. And the longer I sat there on my stone looking over to the line of the Jordan and to the hills through which the armies of Israel had once come down to cross it, the clearer it grew to my mind, that the difficulty before me was one to be faced, not evaded. I saw that papa had a right to know my affairs, and that *he* would think it became me as a Christian not to make a mystery of them. I saw I must tell papa about myself. And yet, it did not appal me, as the idea had often appalled me. I was hardly afraid. At any rate, there before me the hosts of the Israelites had passed over dry shod; though the river was swift and strong; and the appeal of Elisha,—“Where is the Lord God of Elijah?”—came home to my ear like a blast of the priests' silver trumpets. I felt two hands on my shoulders.

‘Studying it all, Daisy?’

‘Papa, I am never tired of studying.’

‘This is a wonderful place.’

‘Papa, you know little about it yet. Old Jericho was up there.’

‘You speak as if I had gone to school in “old Jericho,”’ said my father laughing. ‘I have the vaguest idea, Daisy, that such a city existed. That is all.’

‘Sit down, papa, while breakfast is getting ready, and let me mend your knowledge.’

So we read the story there, on the stone by the spring. Mr. Dinwiddie joined us; and it was presently decided that we should spend the morning in examining the ground in our neighbourhood and the old sites of what

had passed away. So after breakfast we sat out upon a walk over the territory of old Jericho.

‘But it is strange,’ said papa, ‘if the city was here, that there are no architectural remains to testify as much.’

‘We rarely find them, sir, but in connection with Roman or Saracenic work. Shapeless mounds, and broken pottery, as you have it here, are all that generally mark our Palestine ruins.’

‘But Herod?’ said papa. ‘He was a builder.’

‘Herod’s Jericho was a mile and a half away, to the east. And moreover, if anything had been remaining here that could be made of use, the Saracens or Crusaders would have pulled it to pieces to help make their sugar mills up yonder, or their aqueducts.’

‘There is no sugar cane here now?’

‘Not a trace of it. Nor a palm tree; though Jericho was a city of palms; nor a root of the balsam, though great gain was derived to Judea in ancient times from the balsam gardens here.’

We mounted our horses and rode down to the site of Herod’s Jericho, on the banks of the little stream that issues from the gorge of the Wady Kelt. How lovely, and how desolate, it was. The stream overhung with trees and bordered with oleanders and shrubs of which I have forgotten the names, and crossed by old arches still; and around, the desolate tokens of what once was. Foundation lines, and ruined aqueducts. Mr. Dinwiddie made us remark the pavement of the road leading up to the Kelt, the old road to Jerusalem, the road by which Jesus went when the blind men called him, and over which, somewhere on its way, stretched the sycamore tree into which Zaccheus climbed. Ah how barren and empty the way looked now!—with him no longer here. For a moment, so looked my own path before me,—the dusty, hot road; the desolate pass; the barren mountain

top. It was only a freak of fancy; I do not know what brought it. I had not felt so a moment before, and I did not a moment after.

‘Where his feet lead now, the green pastures are not wanting,—’ Mr. Dinwiddie said; I suppose reading my look.

‘Never, Mr. Dinwiddie?’

‘Never!’

‘But it *seems*, often, to people, that they are wanting.’

‘Their eyes are so blinded by tears that they cannot see them, sometimes. Even then, they can lie down and feel them,—feel that they are in them.’

‘Are there any sycamore trees here now?’ my father asked.

‘Two or three poor old specimens; just enough to shew for the story. Those sycamore figs belong to the low and warm situations; this is the proper place for them.’

Papa felt so well that we determined to push on to the Jordan. It was a hot, long ride, over a shadeless and barren plain; and when we came to the river papa declared himself very much disappointed. But I was not. Narrow and muddy as the stream was, it was also powerful in its rapid flood; no one could venture to bathe in it. The river was much swollen and had been yet more so; the tracks of wild animals which the floods had disturbed were everywhere to be seen. Papa and Mr. Dinwiddie reasoned and argued, while I sat and meditated; in a deep delight that I should see the Jordan at all. We took a long rest there, on its banks. The jungle was a delicious study to me, and when the deep talk of the gentlemen subsided enough to give me a chance, I got Mr. Dinwiddie to enlighten me as to the names and qualities of the various trees and plants. They were of fine luxuriant growth. Poplars and sycamores and other

trees, willows, I think, and exquisite tamarisks in blossom; and what I specially admired, the canes. I understood then how people might go into the plain to see "a reed shaken with the wind." Growing twelve to fifteen feet high, with graceful tufts of feathery bloom which they bow and sway to the breeze in a manner lovely to see.

Another day we rode down to the shore of the Dead Sea; papa being none the worse for his Jordan excursion. Then the rain visited us, and for two or three days we were kept in our tents. With some difficulty I then persuaded papa to go further south, to the shore of the Dead Sea, to some pleasant camping ground by one of its western springs; there rain falls almost never. So, first at Ain Feshkah and then at Ain Jidi, we spent another couple of weeks; without Mr. Dinwiddie it would have been impossible, but his society kept papa from wearying and made everything as enjoyable as could be to both of us. It was the middle of February when we returned to Jerusalem.

The rainy season was not of course at an end yet; but a change of beauty had come over the land. We found fruit trees in blossom, almond and peach; and apricots just ready to bloom. Corn up and green; and flowers coming and come. I had my own plans, made up from the experience and counsels of my English friends; but papa wanted to see Jerusalem, and I waited. Of course I wanted to see Jerusalem too; and here again Mr. Dinwiddie was our excellent friend and guide and instructor. Papa was quite in earnest now; and went about the city examining walls and churches and rock-tombs and all the environs, with a diligent intentness almost equal to mine; and he and Mr. Dinwiddie had endless talks and discussions, while I mused. The words, 'Constantine,' 'Byzantine,' 'Crusaders,' 'Helena,' 'Saracenic,' 'Herod,'

‘Josephus;’ with modern names almost as well known; echoed and re-echoed in my ears.

‘Daisy!’ said papa suddenly in one of these talks,—
‘Daisy! you are not interested in this.’

‘Papa, it is so uncertain.’

Mr. Dinwiddie laughed.

‘But the question, child; don’t you care about the question? how is it ever to be made certain? I thought *this* question would engage all your attention.’

‘How can it ever be made certain, papa? After those hundred and fifty years when there were no Jews allowed here, who was to remember the spot of the Sepulchre? Few but Christians knew it, in the first place.’

‘O, you *have* thought about it!’ said papa. ‘But are you not interested in a *probable* site, Daisy?’

‘No, papa.’

‘All these old churches and relics then do not concern you?’

‘Papa, I only go to see them for your sake.’

‘Well,’ said papa, ‘now I will go to the Mount of Olives for your sake.’

That was my plan; following the advice of the English party, who said they had enjoyed it. We hired for a time a little stone dwelling on the Mount of Olives, from which we had a fine view of the city; and to this new home papa and I moved, and took up our quarters in it. Of all my days in the Holy Land, excepting perhaps the time spent at Jericho and Engedi, these days were the best. They are like a jewel of treasure in my memory.

The little dwelling to which we had come was rougher in accommodation than our tents; but the season was still early, and it gave better shelter to papa. It was a rude stone house, with a few small rooms at our service; which I soon made comfortable with carpets and cushions. The flat roof above gave us a delightful view of the coun-

try and abundant chance to examine and watch all its points and aspects. I spent the hours up here or at the window of our little sitting-room; using my eyes all the time, to take in and feast upon what was before them. Only when papa would go out with me, I left my post; to take up the survey from some new point of view. I had a great deal to think of, those days; a certain crisis in my life had come, or was coming; I was facing it and getting ready for it; and thinking and looking seemed to help and stimulate each other. It was wonderful to watch the lights change on Jerusalem; from the first sunbeam that came over the hills of Moab and touched the city, to the full glare of the midday, and then the sunset colours on land and rock and building, transforming the dull greys and whites with a flush of rosy beauty and purple splendour. The tints that hovered then upon the red hills of Moab were never to be forgotten. I watched it, this change of light and shade and colour, from day to day. I learned to know Jerusalem and her surrounding hills and her enclosing valleys; and the barrier wall of Moab became a familiar line to me. All this while, as I said, I had a great deal to think of, and was thinking. Past, present and future chased each other in and out of my head; or rather, it seems to me, dwelt there together.

‘Daisy!’—papa called to me when I was on the roof one day. I ran down.

‘What are you doing up there?’

‘I was looking, papa. I was studying topography.’

‘Let us go out and study it a little by actual survey. I think a walk would do me good.’

We went down first to the valley of the Kedron, and wandered about there; sometimes sitting down under the shade of the olive trees to rest; speculating upon localities, recalling scenes of history; wondering at the

path which descends into the valley from St. Stephen's gate and goes on over the Mount of Olives to Bethany. Above all things, that path held my eyes. No doubt the real path that was travelled eighteen centuries ago lay deep beneath many feet of piled-up rubbish; but the rubbish itself told a tale; and the path was *there*. After a long stay in the valley, we mounted the hill again, where our temporary home was; and passing that, went on to the height of the hill. There we sat down. The westering sun was casting lines of light all over the landscape, which would be soon floods of colour. Papa and I sat down to look and wait.

'It certainly is worth coming for,' said papa. 'Our journey realizes more than all I had hoped from it, Daisy.'

'I am so glad, papa!'

'But you, Daisy, how is it with you? You seem to me a little, and not a little, *distracte*.'

'I have so much to think of, papa.'

'More than I have?'

'Why yes, papa,' I said half laughing. 'I think so.'

'You must have fields of speculation unknown to me, Daisy.'

'Yes, papa. Some time I want to talk to you about them.'

'Isn't now a good time?' said papa carelessly.

I was silent a while, thinking how to begin. It was a good time, I knew, and I dared not let it pass. I had been waiting till Mr. Dinwiddie should have left us and papa and I be quite alone; and he was to join us again as soon as we started on our northward journey. Now was my best opportunity. All the more, for knowing that, my heart beat.

'Papa,' I began, 'may I ask you a few questions, the better to come at what I want?'

‘Certainly. Your questions, Daisy, I have always found stimulating.’

‘Then first, what is it you think of most, in looking over from this place to Jerusalem?’

‘Of course,’ said papa rousing himself, ‘the prominent thought must be the wonderful scene that was acted there eighteen hundred years ago; not the course of history before or after. Is that what you mean?’

‘I mean that, papa. I mean the death of Christ. Papa, what was that for?’

‘Why as I understand it, Daisy, it was a satisfaction to the justice of God for the sins of the world. Are you going to put me through a course of theology, Daisy?’

‘No, papa. But do you think it was for all the world, or only for a part of them?’

‘For all, of course. The Bible words I take to be quite clear on that point, even if it were possible that it should have been otherwise.’

‘Then it was for you and me, papa?’

‘Yes.’

‘And for those ignorant Moslems that live in the city now?’

‘Yes, of course it was; though I think they will not have much good of it, Daisy.’

‘Never mind that, papa. Then it was for my old June, and for Maria and Darry and Pete and Margaret, and all the rest of our people at Magnolia?’

‘Yes,’ said papa, rousing up a little. I did not look at him.

‘Papa, don’t you think the Lord Jesus loves the people for whom he died?’

‘Certainly. It is inconceivable that he should have died for them if he did not love them. Though that is also a great mystery to me, Daisy.’

‘Papa, don’t you think that, having died for them, he holds them precious?’

‘I suppose so,’ said papa slowly.

‘Every one?’

‘Yes.’

‘Do you think he loves one man less than another because his skin is darker?’

‘Certainly not, Daisy.’

‘Then papa—should we?’

‘I do not know that we do,’ papa said after a pause.

‘Papa, think. What would you say to our, or anybody’s, holding white men in slavery—making them work without wages—and forcing them to obey under the lash?’

‘They are an inferior race, Daisy,’ papa answered again after a pause. His voice shewed he did not enjoy the conversation; but it was needful for me to go on.

‘Papa, they have been kept down. But suppose they were inferior,—since Christ died for them, does he not love them?’

‘I have no doubt of it.’

‘Then papa, what will he say to us, for keeping those whom he loves and died for, at arms’ length or under our feet? and what will he say to us for keeping them out of the good he died to give them?’

‘We do not, Daisy! They have their religious privileges.’

‘Papa, I have lived among them as you never did. They may not meet together to pray, on pain of the lash. They cannot have Bibles, for they are not allowed to read. They have no family life; for husbands and wives and parents and children are parted and torn from each other at the will or for the interest of their owners. They live like the animals.’

‘Not on my estates!’ said papa rousing himself again. ‘There is no selling and buying of the people there.’

‘Pete’s wife was forcibly taken from him, papa, and then sent South.’

‘By whom?’

‘By Edwards. And the rest of the hands were in mortal fear of him; utterly cowed. They dared not move without his pleasure.’

‘Abuses,’ papa muttered;—‘nothing to do with the system.’

‘What must the system be where such things are possible? where one such thing is possible? And oh, papa, they suffer! there is no such thing as real comfort of life; there is no scope or liberty for the smallest upward tendency. Nothing is their own, not their own time; they have no chance to be anything but inferior.’

‘They have all the essentials of comfortable living, and they *are* comfortable,’ said my father.

‘Papa, they do not think so.’

‘Few people do think so,’ said papa. ‘It is a vice of humanity.’

I was silent a little bit, and then I ventured to say,

‘Papa, the Lord Jesus loved them well enough to die for them.’

‘Well,’ said papa, rather growlingly, ‘what then?’

‘I am thinking, what will he say to us for handling them so.’

‘What would you do for them, Daisy?’

‘All I could, papa,’ I said softly.

‘How much could you, do you suppose?’

‘Papa, I would not stop as long as there was anything more to be done.’

‘I suppose you would begin by setting them all free?’

‘Wouldn’t you wish it, papa, for yourself and me, if

we were two of them?—and for mamma and Ransom, if they were two more?’

‘You are mistaken in thinking it is a parallel case. They do not wish for liberty as we should.’

‘Then it only shews how much harm the want of liberty has done them already. But they wish for it quite enough, papa; quite enough. It breaks my heart to think how much they do wish for it.’

‘My child, you do not know what you are talking about!’ papa answered; half worried, I thought, and half impatient. ‘In the first place, they would not be better off if they were set free; though you think they would; and in the second place, do you know how it would affect our own condition?’

‘Papa,’ I said low,—‘it has nothing to do with the question. I do not care.’

‘You would care.’

‘I care for this other more, papa.’

‘Daisy, understand. Instead of being well off, you would be poor; you would be *poor*. The Southern estates would be worth nothing without hands to cultivate them; and my Northern estates will go to your brother.’

‘I should never be rich in the way you think, papa.’

‘How so?’

‘I would never be rich in that way.’

‘What would you do?’

‘I would be poor.’

‘It is not so easy to do as to talk about,’ said my father. ‘At the present time, Daisy,—I suppose, if you had your will, you would set at liberty at once all the people on the Magnolia plantations?’

‘Indeed I would, papa.’

‘Then we should be reduced to a present nothing. The Melbourne property brings in very little, nothing, in fact, without a master on the spot to manage it. I dare say

some trifling rent might be obtained for it; and the sale of Magnolia and its corresponding estates would fetch something if the times admitted of sale. You know it is impossible now. We should have scarce anything to live upon, my child, to satisfy your philanthropy.'

'Papa, there was a poor woman once, who was reduced to a handful of meal and a little oil as her whole household store. Yet at the command of the prophet of the Lord, she took some of it to make bread for him, before she fed herself and her child—both of them starving. And the Lord never let her want either meal or oil all the time the famine lasted.'

'Miracles do not come for people's help, now-a-days, Daisy.'

'Papa, yes! God's *ways* may change, his ways of doing the same thing; but he does not change. He takes care of his people now without miracles, all the same.'

'“All the same”!' repeated papa. 'That is an English expression, that you have caught from your friends.'

We were both silent for a while.

'Daisy, my child, your views of all these things will alter by and by. You are young, and have slight experience of the things of life. By and by, you will find it a much more serious thing than you imagine to be without wealth. You would find a great difference between the heiress and the penniless girl; a difference you would not like.'

'Papa,' I said slowly,—‘I hope you will not be displeased or hurt,—but I want it to be known; and I wanted *you* should know, that I never shall be an heiress. I never will be rich in that way. I will take what God gives me.'

'First throwing away what he has given you,' said papa.

‘I do not think he has given it, papa.’

‘What then? have we stolen it?’

‘Not we; but those who have been before us, papa; they stole it. All we are doing, is keeping that which is not ours.’

‘Enough too, I should think!’ said papa. ‘You will alter your mind, Daisy, about all this, if you wait a while. What do you think your mother would say to it?’

‘I know, papa,’ I said softly. ‘But I cannot help thinking of what will be said somewhere else. I would like that you and I, and she too, might have that “Well done”—which the Lord Jesus will give to some. And when they enter into the joy of their Lord, will they care what his service has cost them?’

My eyes were full of tears, and I could scarcely speak; for I felt that I had gained very little ground, or better no ground at all. What indeed could I have expected to gain? Papa sat still, and I looked over at Jerusalem, where the westing sun was making a bath of sunbeams for the old domes and walls. A sort of promise of glory, which yet touched me exceedingly from its contrast with present condition. Even so of other things, and other places besides Jerusalem. But Melbourne seemed to be in shadow. And Magnolia?—

I wondered what papa would say next, or whether our talk had come to a dead-lock then and there. I had a great deal more myself to say; but the present opportunity seemed to be questionable. And then it was gone; for Mr. Dinwiddie mounted the hill and came to take a seat beside us.

‘Any news, Mr. Dinwiddie?’ was papa’s question, as usual.

‘From America.’

‘What sort of news?’

‘Confused sort—as the custom is. Skirmishes which

amount to nothing, and tell nothing. However, there is a little more this time. Fort Henry has been taken, on the Tennessee river, by Commander Foote and his gunboats.'

'Successes cannot always be on one side, of course,' remarked my father.

'Roanoke Island has been taken, by the sea and land forces under Burnside and Goldsborough.'

'Has it!' said papa. 'Well,—what good will that do them?'

'Strengthen their hearts for continuing the struggle,' said Mr. Dinwiddie. 'It will do that.'

'The struggle cannot last very long,' said my father. 'They must see sooner or later how hopeless it is.'

'Not in the light of these last events,' said Mr. Dinwiddie. 'What does my other friend here think about it?'

'About what, Mr. Dinwiddie?'

'The length of the struggle.'

'Do you think Daisy has some special means of knowledge?' asked my father carelessly.

'Well—yes,' said Mr. Dinwiddie. 'She has been among Northern friends a good while; perhaps she can judge better of their tone and temper than I can,—or you, sir.'

'I cannot hold just the view that you do, Mr. Dinwiddie,—or that papa does.'

'So I supposed. You think there are some good soldiers in the Northern army.'

'It would be absurd to suppose there are not,' said my father; 'but what they do want, is a right understanding of the spirit of the South. It is more persistent and obstinate, as well as strong, than the North takes any account of. It will not yield. It will do and endure anything first.'

I thought I had heard papa intimate a doubt on that issue; however I said nothing.

‘If *spirit* would save a people,’ Mr. Dinwiddie rejoined, ‘those walls over against us would not bear the testimony they do. No people ever fought with more spirit than this people. Yet Jerusalem is a heap of ruins.’

‘You do not mean that such a fate can overtake the whole South?’ said my father.

‘I mean, that the race is not always to the swift. The South have right on their side, however.’

‘Right?’ said I.

‘I thought that would bring you out,’ Mr. Dinwiddie said with a kindly look at me.

‘Daisy is an abolitionist,’ said papa. ‘Where she got it, is out of my knowledge. But I think, Mr. Dinwiddie, there are minds so constituted that they take of choice that view of things which is practically the most adverse to their own interest.’

‘Tell papa, Mr. Dinwiddie, that that cannot be.’

‘What cannot be, if you please?’

‘I mean, that which is the *right* cannot be the wrong in any sense; cannot be even the wrong view for anybody’s interest that adopts it.’

‘Fair theories—’ said papa.

‘Something else, it must be, papa. There is a promise—“With what measure ye measure, it shall be measured to you again.” “Give, and it shall be given unto you; full measure, pressed down, heaped up, and running over, shall men give into your bosom.”’

‘Why into my bosom?’ said papa. ‘I would rather it were into my hands, or a basket, or anything.’

We went off into a laugh upon that, and Mr. Dinwiddie explained, and the conversation turned. We went into the house to have tea; and there we discussed the

subject of our further journey and when we should set off. Mr. Dinwiddie was engaged to go with us to Lebanon. But it was concluded that we would wait yet a little for the season to be further advanced. For me, I was in no hurry to leave the Mount of Olives and Jerusalem.

We sat on the roof that evening and watched the lights kindle in Jerusalem, and talked of the old-time scenes and changes; till I supposed the question of home troubles and our poor Magnolia people was pretty well driven from papa's mind. But when Mr. Dinwiddie was gone, and I was bidding him good-night, he held me fast in his arms, looking down into my face.

'Little Daisy!'—he said.

'Not just now, papa.'

'The very same!' he said. 'My little Daisy!—who was always forgetting herself in favour of any poor creature that came in her way.'

'Papa—what did our Lord do?'

'Daisy, do you expect to conform yourself and everybody to that pattern?'

'Myself, papa. Not everybody.'

'Me?'—

I could not answer papa. I hid my face on his breast; for he still held me. And now he kissed me fondly.

'We must not do what mamma would never agree to,' he said very kindly. Again I could make no answer. I knew all about mamma.

'Daisy,' said papa presently, we had not changed our position,— 'is Mr. Dinwiddie your friend, or mine?'

'Of us both, papa!' I said in astonishment. 'Of me particularly, perhaps; because he knows me best and has known me longest.'

'Then he comes here to see you?'

'And you, papa.'

'I am afraid he does not come to see me,' papa said.
'Do you like to see him very much, Daisy?'

'Certainly, papa; very much; because he is an old, old, very good friend. That is all.'

'You are sure?'

'Quite sure, papa.'

'I believe that is all,' said papa looking into my face.
'I am afraid, however, that our friend wishes he were not quite so old a friend.'

'No, papa,' I said; 'you are mistaken. I am sure Mr. Dinwiddie does not think so. He knows better.'

'How does he know better?'

'I think he understands, papa.'

'What?'

'Me.'

'What about you?'

'I think he thinks only that,—what I said, papa.'

'And how came you to think he thinks anything about it?'

'Papa—'

'Has he ever told you his thoughts?'

'No, sir; certainly.'

'Then what do you mean, Daisy.'

'Papa—we have talked.'

'But not about that?'

'No, papa; not about Mr. Dinwiddie's feelings, certainly. But I am sure he understands.'

'What, my pet?'

'My feelings, papa.'

'Your feeling about himself?'

'Yes.'

'How should he understand it, Daisy?'

'I think he does, papa—'

'You say, you "have talked"? What course did your talk take?'

My heart beat. I saw what was coming now,—what ought to come. It was my time.

‘It was a very general course, papa. It did not touch, directly, my feeling for Mr. Dinwiddie, or anybody.’

‘Indirectly?’

‘I think—I do not know—I half fancied, Mr. Dinwiddie thought so.’

‘Thought what?’

‘That it did touch some feeling of mine.’

‘Not for himself. For some other?’

‘Yes—’ I whispered.

‘For whom?’ he said abruptly. And then as I hesitated,—‘For one of those two?’

‘What two?’

‘De Saussure or Marshall?’

‘O no, papa!’

‘Your cousin Gary?’

‘O no, papa!’

‘Have I lost you, Daisy?’ he said then in a different tone, gentle and lingering and full of regret. My breath was gone; I threw my arms around his neck.

‘Why did you never tell me before, Daisy?’

‘Papa,—I was afraid.’

‘Are you afraid now?’

‘Yes.’

‘Let us have it over then, Daisy. Who is it that has stolen you from me?’

‘O no one, papa!’ I cried. ‘No one could. No one can.’

‘Who has tried, then?’

‘A great many people, papa; but not this person.’

‘How has it come to pass then, my pet? And who is this person?’

‘Papa, it came to pass without anybody’s knowing it or meaning it; and when I knew it, then I could not

help it. But not what you say has come to pass; nobody has stolen or could steal me from you.'

'I have only lost, without any other being the gainer,' said papa a little bitterly.

'No, papa, you have not lost; you cannot; I am not changed, papa, do you not *see* that I am not changed? I am yours, just as I always was,—only more, papa.'

Papa kissed me, but it cut me to the heart to feel there was pain in the kiss. I did what my lips could to clear the pain away.

'Half is not as much as the whole, Daisy,' he said at length.

'It may be, papa. Suppose the whole is twice as large as it used to be?'

'That is a good specimen of woman's reasoning. But you have not told me all yet, Daisy. Who is it that holds the other half?'

There was so much soreness and disappointment shewn in papa's words, rather in the manner of them, that it was extremely difficult for me to carry on the conversation. Tears are a help, I suppose, to other women. They do not come to me, not at such times. I stood still in papa's arms, with a kind of dry heartache. The pain in his words was a terrible trial to me. He folded me close again and kissed me over and over, and then whispered, 'Who is it, Daisy?'

'Papa, it was at West Point. I never meant it, and never knew it, until I could not help it.'

'At West Point!' said papa.

'Two years ago, when Dr. Sandford took me there.'

'It is not Dr. Sandford!'

'O no, papa! He is not to blame. He did everything he could to take care of me. He knows nothing at all about it.'

'Who is it, then?'

‘He was a cadet then, papa; he is in the army now.’

‘Who is he?’

‘He is from Vermont; his name is Thorold.’

‘Not a Southerner?’

‘No, papa. Do you care very much for that?’

‘Is he in the *Northern* army, Daisy?’

‘He could not help that, papa; being a Vermonter.’

Papa let me go; I had been standing in his arms all this while; and took several turns up and down our little room. I sat down, for my joints trembled under me. Papa walked and walked.

‘Does your mother know?’ he said at last.

‘I dared not tell her.’

‘Who does know?’

‘Nobody, papa, but you, and an old friend of mine in New York,—an aunt of Mr. Thorold’s.’

‘Daisy, what is this young man?’

‘Papa, I wish you could know him.’

‘How comes it that he, as well as you, has kept silence?’

‘I don’t know, papa. His letter must have miscarried. He was going to write to you immediately, just before I left Washington. I was afraid to have him do it, but he insisted that he must.’

‘Why were you afraid?’

‘Papa, I knew you and mamma would not be pleased; that it would not be what you would wish; and I feared mamma, and perhaps you, would forbid him at once.’

‘Does he write to you?’

‘I would not let him, papa, without your permission; and I was afraid I could not get that.’

‘What did you expect to do then, Daisy, if I was never to be told?’

‘I thought to wait only till the war should be over,

papa, when—he might see you himself and you might see him. I thought that would be the best way.'

'He did not?'

'No; he insisted on writing.'

He was right. What is the young man's name, Daisy? you have not told me yet.

'Christian Thorold.'

'Thorold,' said papa. 'It is an English name. Have you heard nothing from him, Daisy, since you came to Switzerland?'

'Nothing,'—I said.

Papa came over again to where I sat on the divan, bent down and kissed me.

'Am I such a terror to you, Daisy?'

'O no, papa,' I said bursting into tears at last;—'but mamma—you know if mamma said a word at first, she would never go back from it.'

'I know,' he said. 'And I choose, for the present, that this matter should remain a secret between you and me. You need not tell your mother until I bid you.'

'Yes, papa. Thank you.'

'And, Daisy,' said he stroking my hair fondly,—'the war is not ended in America yet, and I am afraid we have a long time to wait for it. Poor child!—But for the present there are no storms ahead.'

I rose up and kissed papa, with a very tender good-night given and exchanged; and then I went to my room. The Jerusalem lights were out. But a peace, deep and wide as the blue arch of the sky, seemed to have spanned my life and my heart.

CHAPTER XVII.

OUT OF THE SMOKE.

THERE was an immense burden lifted off me. It is difficult to express the change and the relief in my feelings. The next day was given to an excursion in the neighbourhood; and I never can forget how rare the air seemed to be, as if I were breathing pure life; and how brilliant the sunlight was that fell on the wonderful Palestine carpet of spring flowers. All over they were; under foot and everywhere else; flashing from hidden places, peeping round corners, smiling at us in every meadow and hillside; a glory upon the land. Papa was in great delight, as well as I; and as kind as possible to me; also very good to Mr. Dinwiddie. Mr. Dinwiddie himself seemed to me transformed. I had gone back now to the free feeling of a child; and he looked to me again as my childish eyes had seen him. There was a great amount of fire and vigour and intellectual life in his countenance; the auburn hair and the brown eyes glowed together with the hue of a warm temperament; but that was tempered by a sweet and manly character. I thought he had grown soberer than the Mr. Dinwiddie of my remembrance.

That particular day lies in my memory like some far-off lake that one has seen just under the horizon of a wide landscape,—a still bit of silvery light. It is not the distance, though, in this case, that gives it its shining. We were going that morning to visit Gibeon and Neby

Samwil; and the landscape was full, for me, of the peace which had come into the relations between me and papa. It was a delicious spring day; the flowers bursting under our feet with their fresh smiles; the air perfumed with herby scents and young sweetness of nature; while associations of old time clustered all about, like sighs of history. We went first along the great stony track which leads from Jerusalem to the north; then turned aside into the great route from Jaffa to Jerusalem; not the southern and rougher way which we had taken when we came from the coast. This was the approach of almost all the armies which have poured their fury on the devoted city. We went single file, as one has to go in Palestine; and I liked it. There was too much to think of to make one want to talk. And the buoyancy of the air seemed to feed mind as well as body, and give all the stimulus needed. Mr. Dinwiddie sometimes called out to me to point my attention to something; and the rest of the time I kept company with the past and my own musings.

We visited Gibeon first, and stood by the dry pool where Abner and Joab watched the fight of their twelve picked men; and we read Solomon's prayer.

'This is a wonderful country,' said papa, 'for the way its associations are packed. There is more history here than in any other region of the world.'

'Well, papa, it is the world's history,' I said.

'What do you mean, Daisy?'

I hesitated; it was not very easy to tell.

'She is right though,' said Mr. Dinwiddie; 'it is the very core of the world's history, round which the other is slowly gathering and maturing, to the perfected fruit. Or to take it another way,—ever since God at the first did visit the Gentiles, to take out of them a people for his name, his dealings with that people have been an

earnest and an image of his course with his Church at large. We may cut down to the heart of the world and find the perfect flower here—as we do in bulbs.’

‘A blossoming to destruction then, it seems,’ said my father.

‘No!’ said Mr. Dinwiddie—‘to restoration and glory. The history of this land is not yet finished.’

‘And you think *that* is in store for it yet?’

Mr. Dinwiddie answered,—“Thus saith the Lord; If ye can break my covenant of the day, and my covenant of the night, and that there should not be day and night in their season; then may also my covenant be broken with David my servant, that he should not have a son to reign upon his throne; and with the Levites the priests, my ministers. As the hosts of heaven cannot be numbered, neither the sand of the sea measured: so will I multiply the seed of David my servant, and the Levites that minister unto me.”’

‘Who spoke that?’

‘The prophet Jeremiah.’

‘And when, pray?’

‘When Nebuchadnezzar and his army were just upon the point of completing the destruction of the city and of the people.’

‘Then it refers to their return from captivity, does it not?’

‘As the type of the other restoration,’ said Mr. Dinwiddie. ‘For “In those days, and at that time, will I cause the Branch of righteousness to grow up unto David; and he shall execute judgment and righteousness in the land. In those days shall Judah be saved, and Jerusalem shall dwell safely; and this is the name whereby she shall be called, The Lord our righteousness.” Moreover, in Ezekiel’s vision of a new temple and city, he gives the dimensions of the temple large enough to take

in all Jerusalem, and the holy city as many times exceeding its utmost actual limits; and he says, "the name of the city from that day shall be, The Lord is there." Jehovah shammah. I wish the day were come.'

'You take it as entirely figurative!' said papa. 'I thought just now you made it entirely literal.'

'What is a figure?' said Mr. Dinwiddie. 'And if you take away the literal, where will the spiritual be?'

'True,' said papa. 'These are things I have not studied.'

And then we mounted to the height of Neby Samwil and sat down for a good long look. Mr. Dinwiddie was here as elsewhere invaluable. He told us everything and pointed out everything to us, that we ought to see or know. The seacoast plain lay below, spread out for many a mile, with here a height and there a cluster of buildings, and the blue sea washing its western border. We could easily see Jaffa, Ramleh and Lydda; we picked those spots out first which we knew. Then Mr. Dinwiddie pointed us to Ashdod, and to Ekron, a little to the left of Ramleh.

'And that is where Nebuchadnezzar was with his army, before he went up to Jerusalem,' I said.

'The first time,' said Mr. Dinwiddie. 'Yes; there his hosts of Chaldeans lay in the plain; and there after the place was taken he impaled the chiefs of the town; and then flushed with power, came up to Jerusalem and cast banks against it. So he says; and we know that so Isaiah prophesied he would do; and we know that Hezekiah bought him off.'

'Did he come up this way of the Beth-horons?' I asked.

'I suppose so. And down this way, Joshua chased the fleeing kings and their followers and overthrew them as they fled down the pass—what a rush it must have

been!—and down there, down where the green sweeps into the hills from the plain, there is Ajalon.'

'Papa, do you see?'

'I see; but I do not understand quite so well as you do, Daisy, what you are talking about.'

'It is Miss Randolph's own country,' remarked Mr. Dinwiddie.

'She is not a Jewess,' said papa.

'Pardon me—we have it on authority that "he is a Jew which is one inwardly;"—an Israelite indeed,' Mr. Dinwiddie muttered to himself.

I saw papa was puzzled and half displeased. I hastened to turn the conversation, and shewed him where Bethel lay and the mountains of Ephraim; and finally ordered our luncheon basket to be brought forward. But we had to leave our position and choose a shaded place, the sun was growing so hot.

'How long do you expect to remain here—in Palestine, Mr. Dinwiddie?' something prompted me to ask. He hesitated a moment or two and then replied—

'I cannot tell—probably as long as I stay anywhere on this scene of action.'

'You do not mean ever to come home?' I said.

'What is "home," Miss Daisy?' he replied, looking at me.

'It is where we were born,' said papa.

'Would your daughter say so?'

'No,' I answered; for I was born at Magnolia. 'But I think home is where we have lived,—is it not?'

'Melbourne?' Mr. Dinwiddie suggested.

'No,' said I; 'it is not Melbourne now, to be sure; but neither could it be possibly any place in Europe, or Asia.'

'Are you sure? Not in *any* circumstances?'

I cannot tell what, in his tone or look, drove his mean-

ing home. But I felt the colour rise in my face and I could not answer.

‘It is where the heart is, after all,’ Mr. Dinwiddie resumed. ‘The Syrian sky does not make much difference. *My* home is waiting for me.’

‘But we speak of home here, and properly.’

‘Properly, for those who have it.’

‘I think, Mr. Dinwiddie, that we say “home” sometimes, when we speak only of where the heart *was*.’

‘Better not,’ he said. ‘Let us have a living home, not a dead one. And that we can, always.’

‘What do you know of places where the heart *was*?’ said papa, looking at me curiously.

‘Not much, papa; but I was thinking; and I think people mean that sometimes.’

‘We will both trust she will never come nearer to the knowledge,’ said Mr. Dinwiddie, with one of his bright looks at papa and at me. It was assuming a little more interest in our affairs than I feared papa would like; but he took it quietly. More quietly than I could, though my reason for disquietude was different. Mr. Dinwiddie’s words had set vibrating a chord in my heart which could not just then give a note of pleasure. I wanted it to lie still. The wide fair landscape took a look to me instantly, which indeed belonged to it, of “places where the heart *was*,” and the echo of broken hopes came up to my ear from the gray ruins near and far. Yet the flowers of spring were laughing and shouting under my feet. Was it hope, or mockery?

‘What are you questioning, Miss Daisy?’ said Mr. Dinwiddie, as he offered me some fruit.

‘I seemed to hear two voices in nature, Mr. Dinwiddie;—I wanted to find out which was the true.’

‘What were the voices?—and I will tell you.’

‘One came from the old heap of Ekron yonder, and

the ruins of Ramleh, and Jerusalem, and Gibeon, and Bethel;—the other voice came from the flowers.'

'Trust the flowers.'

'Why, more than the ruins?'

'Remember,'—said he. 'One is God's truth; the other is man's falsehood.'

'But the ruins tell truth too, Mr. Dinwiddie.'

'What truth? They tell of man's faithlessness, perversity, wrongheadedness, disobedience; persisted in, till there was no remedy. And now, to be sure, they are a desolation. But that is not what God willed for the land.'

'Yet surely, Mr. Dinwiddie, there come desolations into people's lives too.'

'By the same reason.'

'Surely without it sometimes.'

'Nay,' he said. 'The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants; and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.'

'But their lives are empty sometimes?'

'That they may be more full, then. Depend on it, the promise is sure,—they shall not want any good thing.'

'One must let the Lord judge then,' I said somewhat sorrowfully, 'what are the good things.'

'Will we not?' said Mr. Dinwiddie. 'Do *we* know? We must agree to his judgment, too; and then we shall find there is no want to them that fear him. The Lord is my Shepherd!—I shall not want. But the sheep follow the shepherd, and never dream of choosing out their own pasture, Miss Daisy.'

My voice choked a little and I could not answer. And all the rest of the day I could not get back my quiet. The talk of leaving the choice of my life out of my own hands, had roused my hands to cling to their

choice with a terrible grasp lest it should be taken away from them. The idea that Thorold and I might be parted from each other, made my heart leap out with inexpressible longing to be with him. It was not till we got home to the Mount of Olives again, and I was watching the glory of the sunset, turning Jerusalem to gold and bringing out rosy and purple and amethyst hues from the Moab mountains, that my heart leapt back to its rest and I heard the voice of nature and God again above the din of my own heart.

As soon as the season was far enough advanced, and Mr. Dinwiddie could make his arrangements to be with us, we left Jerusalem and its surroundings and set off northwards. It was hard to go. Where many a sorrowful traveller has left his little mound of farewell stones on Scopus, I stood and looked back; as long as papa would wait for me. Jerusalem looked so fair, and the thought and prospect of another Jerusalem lay before me, fairer indeed, but so distant. And I fancied storms and some rough travelling between. And here, in the actual Jerusalem, my life had been very sweet; peaceful with a whole flood tide of peacefulness. I resolved I would not lose nor forget this ungratefully; but as long as I could I would be happy. So I turned my face at last to enjoy every foot of the way to Nablous.

During our stay at Jerusalem and on the Mount of Olives, of course letters and papers had been received regularly; and sometimes a bit of news from America had made all our hearts stir. Mine, with a new throb of hope and possible exultation; for what we heard was on the side of Northern successes. Still, papa and Mr. Dinwiddie agreed these were but the fortune of war, and could not in the nature of things last. The South could not be overcome. So they said, and I feared. But a thrill of possible doubt came over me when I heard of

Fort Donelson, and the battle of Pea Ridge, and the prowess of the little iron-clad Monitor. And a great throb of another kind heaved my heart, when we got the news of President Lincoln's Message, recommending that assistance should be given by Congress to every Southern State which would abolish slavery. A light broke in upon the whole struggle; and from that time the war was a different thing to me. Papa and Mr. Dinwiddie talked a great deal about it, discussing the subject in almost all its bearings. I sat by and said nothing.

I would not read the papers myself, all this time. In America I had studied them, and in Switzerland and in Florence I had devoured them. Here in the Holy Land, I had made an agreement with myself to be happy; to leave the care of things which I could not manage, and not to concern myself with the fluctuations on the face of affairs which I could not trace out to their consequences, do what I would. So I heard the principal points of news from papa's talk and Mr. Dinwiddie's; I let the papers alone. Only with one exception. I could not help it. I could not withhold myself from looking at the lists of wounded and killed. I looked at nothing more; but the thought that one name might be there would have incessantly haunted me, if I had not made sure that it was not there. I dreaded every arrival from the steamers of a new mail budget.

From Mr. Thorold I got no letter. Nor from Miss Cardigan. From Mrs. Sandford one; which told me nothing I wanted to know. To mamma papa had written, describing to her the pleasure we were enjoying and the benefit his health was deriving from our journey, and asking her to join us at Beyrout and spend the summer on Lebanon.

Towards Beyrout we now journeyed gently on; stopping and lingering by the way as our custom was. At

Nablous, at Nazareth, at Tiberias, at Safed, at Banias; then across the country to Sidon, down to Khaiffa and Carmel; finally we went up to Beyrout. Papa enjoyed every bit of the way; to me it was a journey scarcely of this earth, the happiness of it was so great. Mr. Dinwiddie everywhere our kind and skilful guide, counsellor, helper; knowing all the ground, and teaching us to use our time to the very best advantage. He made papa more at ease about me, and me about papa.

At Beyrout, for the first time since we left Jerusalem, we found ourselves again in a hotel. Mr. Dinwiddie went to find our despatches that were awaiting us. Papa lay down on the cushions of a divan. I sat at the window, wondering at what I saw. I wonder now at the remembrance.

It was afternoon, and the shades and colours on the mountains and the sea were a labyrinth of delight. Yes, the eye and the mind lost themselves again and again, to start back again to the consciousness of an enchanted existence. The mountains rising from the coast were in full view of my window, shaded with all sorts of green from the different woods and cultivation which clothed their sides. The eye followed their growing heights and ridges, till it rested on the snow summit of Sunnin; then swept round the range to the southward; but ever came back again to the lofty, reposeful majesty of that white mountain top in the blue ether. Little streams I could see dashing down the rocks; a white thread amongst the green; castles or buildings of some stately sort were upon every crag; I found afterwards they were monasteries. The sea waves breaking on the rocks of the shore gave other touches of white, and the sea was taking a deep hue, and the town stretching back from it looked gay and bright, with pretty houses and palm trees and palaces, and bright-coloured dresses flitting here and

there in the streets; and white sails were on the sea. I had never seen, I have never seen, anything more lovely than Beyrout. I had come to the city rather anxious; for we expected there to meet a great budget of news, which I always dreaded; wandering about from place to place, we had been blissfully separated for some time from all disturbing intelligence. Now we must meet it, perhaps; but the glory of the beauty before me wrapped my heart round as with an unearthly shield. Peace, peace, and good will,—it spoke, from Him who made the beauty and owned the glory; softly it reminded me that my Father in heaven could not fail in love nor in resources. I leaned my head against the frame of the open window, and rested and was glad.

Mr. Dinwiddie came back with a business step. I looked up, but I would not fear. He laid a pile of letters and papers before papa, and then sat down to the consideration of some of his own.

‘What is doing at home, Dinwiddie?’ papa asked.

‘A good deal, since our last advices.’

‘What? I am tired of reading about it.’

‘Yes,’ said Mr. Dinwiddie. ‘You want me to save you the trouble?’

‘If it is no trouble to you.’

‘The news is of several advantages gained by the Yankees.’

‘That won’t last,’ said papa. ‘But there are always fluctuations in these things.’

‘Back in March,’ Mr. Dinwiddie went on, ‘there are reported two engagements in which our troops came off second best—at Newbern and at Winchester. It is difficult perhaps to know the exact truth—the papers on the two sides hold such different language. But the sixth of April there was a furious battle at Pittsburg Landing, our men headed by Beauregard, Polk and Sidney John-

ston, when our men got the better very decidedly; the next day came up a sweeping reinforcement of the enemy under Grant and others, and took back the fortune of war into their own hands, it seems.'

'Perhaps that is doubtful too,' observed my father.

'I see Beauregard asked permission to bury his dead.'

'Many killed?' asked my father.

'Terribly many. There were large numbers engaged, and fierce fighting.'

So they *can* do it, I said to myself, amid all my heart-beating.

'There will be of course, some variation of success,' said my father.

'The pendulum is swung all to one side, in these last news,' said Mr. Dinwiddie.

'What next?'

'Fort Pulaski is taken.'

'Pulaski!' my father exclaimed.

'Handsomely done, after a bombardment of thirty hours.'

'I am surprised, I confess,' said papa.

'The House of Representatives has passed a bill for the abolition of slavery in the District.'

'O I am glad!' I exclaimed. '*That* is good.'

'Is that *all* you think good in the news?' said Mr. Dinwiddie a little pointedly.

'Daisy is a rebel,' said papa.

'No, papa; not *I* surely. I stand by the President and the Country.'

'Then *we* are rebels, Dinwiddie,' said papa half wearily.

'Half the country is playing the fool, that is clear; and the whole must suffer.'

'But the half where the seat of war is, suffers the most.'

‘That will not last,’ said papa. ‘I know the South.’

‘I wonder if we know the North,’ said Mr. Dinwiddie. ‘Farragut has run the gauntlet of the forts at the mouth of the Mississippi and taken New Orleans.’

‘Taken New Orleans!’ my father exclaimed again, rising half up as he lay on the cushions of the divan.

‘It was done in style,’ said Mr. Dinwiddie looking along the columns of his paper. ‘Let me read you this, Mr. Randolph.’

Papa assented, and he read; while I turned my face to the window again, and listened to Farragut’s guns and looked at Lebanon. What a strange hour it was! There was hope at work and rejoicing; but it shook me. And the calmness of the everlasting hills and the mingled sweetnesss of the air, came in upon the fever of my heart with cooling and quieting power. The sea grew a deeper blue as I listened and looked; the mountains—what words can tell the mantle of their own purple that enfolded them as the evening came on; and the snowy heights of Sunnin and Kunisyeh grew rosy. I looked and I drank it in; and I could not fear for the future.

I believe I had fallen into a great reverie, during which Mr. Dinwiddie ended his reading and left the room. It was papa’s touch on my shoulder that roused me. He had come to my side.

‘Are you happy, Daisy?’ was his question.

‘Papa?—’ I said in bewilderment.

‘Your face was as calm as if you had nothing to think about.’

‘I had been thinking, papa. I was thinking, I believe.’

‘Does this strange news make you happy?’

‘O no, papa; not that.’

‘What then?’

‘Something that is no news, and that never can grow

old, papa. The mountains and the sea were just reminding me of it.'

'You mean—what? You speak riddles, Daisy.'

'Papa, you would give me everything good for me, if you could.'

He kissed me fondly.

'I would, my child. Whether I can, or no, that troubles me by its uncertainty.'

'Papa, my Father in heaven can, and will. There is no doubt about his power. And so there is no uncertainty.'

'Daisy!—' said papa, looking at me in a strange way.

'Yes, papa, I mean it. Papa, you know it is true.'

'I know you deserve all I can give you,' he said, taking my face in his two hands and looking into it. 'Daisy—is there anybody in the world that loves you as well as I do?'

That was a little too much, to bring up my heart in words in that manner. In spite of my composure, which I thought so strong, I was very near bursting into tears. I believe my face flushed and then grew pale with the struggle. Papa took me in his arms.

'You shall have no trouble that I can shield you from,' he said tenderly. 'I will put nothing between you and this young man if he is worthy of you, Daisy. I will put nothing. But others may. My power reaches only a certain distance.'

'Papa—' I began, but I could not say what I would.

'Well?—' said he tenderly, stroking my hair, 'what is it? I would keep all trouble from you, my pet, if I could.'

'Papa,' I whispered, 'that may not be best. We must leave that. But papa, if you only knew what

know and were glad as I am glad,—I think I could bear all the rest!’

‘How shall I be glad as you are glad, Daisy?’ he said half sadly.

‘Papa, let Jesus make you happy!’

‘You are talking Hebrew, my child.’

‘No, papa; for if you seek him, he *will* make you happy.’

‘Come! we will seek him from to-day,’ my father said.

And that was my summer on Lebanon. My mother wrote that she would not join us in Syria; she preferred to remain in Paris, where she had my aunt Gary’s company and could receive the American news regularly. Her words were bitter and scornful about the successes of the Northern army and McClellan’s fruitless siege of Yorktown; so bitter, that papa and I passed them over without a word of comment, knowing how they bore on my possible future.

But we, we studied the Bible, and we lived on Lebanon. And when I have said that, I have said all. From one village to another, higher and higher up, we went; pitching our tents under the grand old walnut trees, within sight or hearing of mountain torrents that made witcheries of beauty in the deep ravines; studying sunrises, when the light came over the mountain’s brow and lit our broken hillside by degrees, our walnut tree tops and the thread of the rushing stream; and sunsets, when the sun looked at us from the far-off Mediterranean and touched no spot of Lebanon but to make a glorified place of it. With Mr. Dinwiddie we took rides to different scenes of wonder and beauty; made excursions sometimes of a week or two long; we dreamed at Baalbec and rejoiced under the Cedars. Everywhere papa and I read the Bible. Mr. Dinwiddie left us for

some time during the summer, and returned again a few days before we left Lebanon and Syria.

‘So you are going to-morrow’— he said the last evening, as he and I were watching the sunset from the edge of the ravine which bordered our camping-ground. I made no answer, for my heart was too full.

‘It has been a good summer,’ he said. I bowed my head in assent.

‘And now,’ he said, ‘you push out into the world again. I feel about you as I did when I saw your little craft just starting forth, and knew there were breakers ahead.’

‘You do not know that now, Mr. Dinwiddie?’ I said.

‘I know there are rocks. If the sea should let you pass them in quiet, it would be a wonder.’

That was too true, I knew. I could only be silent.

‘How do you feel?’ he next asked.

‘I know it is as you say, Mr. Dinwiddie.’

‘And in view of it?’

‘What can I do, Mr. Dinwiddie?’

‘Nothing to avoid the rocks. The helm is not in your hand.’

‘But I know in whose hand it is.’

‘And are willing to have it there?’

‘More than willing,’ I said, meeting his eye.

‘Then the boat will go right,’ he said, with a sort of accent of relief. ‘It is the cross pulls with the oar, striving to undo the work of the rudder, that draw the vessel out of her course. The Pilot knows,—if you can only leave it to the Pilot.’

There was a pause again.

‘But he sometimes takes the boat into the breakers,’ Mr. Dinwiddie said.

‘Yes,’ I said. ‘I know it.’

‘What then, Daisy, my friend?’

‘What then, Mr. Dinwiddie?’ I said looking up at him. ‘Then she must be broken to pieces.’

‘And what then? Can you trust the Pilot still?’

His great eyes were flashing and glittering as he looked at me. No careless nor aimless thought had caused such an interrogatory, I knew. I met the eyes which seemed to be blazing and melting at once, but I answered only by the look.

‘You may,’ he went on, without taking his eyes from mine. ‘You may trust safely. Even if the vessel is shaken and broken, trust even then, when all seems gone. There shall be smooth waters yet; and a better voyage than if you had gone a less wearisome way.’

‘Why do you say all this to me, Mr. Dinwiddie?’

‘Not because I am a prophet,’ he said, looking away now,—‘for I am none. And if I saw such trials ahead for you, I should have hardly courage to utter them. I asked, to comfort myself; that I might know of a certainty that you are safe, whatever comes.’

‘Thank you,’ I said, rather faintly.

‘I shall stay here,’ he went on presently, ‘in the land of my work; and you will be gone to-morrow for other scenes. It isn’t likely you will ever see me again. But if ever you need a friend, on the other side of the globe, if you call me, I will come. It is folly to say that, though,’ he said plucking hastily at a spear of grass;—‘you will not need nor think of me. But I suppose you know, Daisy, by this time, that all those who come near you, love you. I am no exception. You must have charity for me.’

‘Dear Mr. Dinwiddie,’ I said reaching out my hand,—‘if I were in trouble and wanted a friend, there is no one in the world that I would sooner, or rather, or as soon or as lief, ask to help me. Except—’ I added, and could not finish my sentence. For I had remem-

bered there was an exception which ought to be implied somewhere.

‘I know,’ he said, wringing my hand. ‘I wish I could heap blessings on the head of the exception. Now let us go in.’

The next day we rode down to Beyrout, and took the steamer that same evening.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A MASKED BATTERY.

MY Palestine holiday lasted, in some measure, all the way of our journey home; and left me at the very moment when we entered our Parisian hotel and met mamma. It left me then. All the air of the place, much more all the style of mamma's dress and manner, said at once that we had come into another world. She was exquisitely dressed; that was usual; it could not have been only that, nor the dainty appointments around her; it was something in her bearing, an indescribable something even as she greeted us, which said, You have played your play—now you will play mine. And it said, I cannot tell how, The cards are in my hands.

Company engaged her that evening. I saw little of her till the next day. At our late breakfast then we discussed many things. Not much of Palestine; mamma did not want to hear much of that. She had had it in our letters, she said. American affairs were gone into largely; with great eagerness and bitterness by both mamma and Aunt Gary; with triumphs over the disasters of the Union army before Richmond, and other lesser affairs in which the North had gained no advantage; invectives against the President's July proclamation, his impudence and his cowardice; and prophecies of ruin to him and his cause. Papa listened and said little. I heard and was silent; with throbbing forebodings of trouble.

‘Daisy is handsomer than ever,’ my aunt remarked, when even politics had exhausted themselves. But I wondered what she was thinking of when she said it. Mamma lifted her eyes and glanced me over.

‘Daisy has a rival, newly appeared,’ she said. ‘She must do her best.’

‘There cannot be rivalry, mamma, where there is no competition,’ I said.

‘Cannot there?’ said mamma. ‘You never told us, Daisy, of *your* successes in the North.’

I do not think I flushed at all in answer to this remark; the blood seemed to me to go all to my heart.

‘Who has been Daisy’s trumpeter?’ papa asked.

‘There is a friend of hers here,’ mamma said, slowly sipping her coffee. I do not know how I sat at the table; things seemed to swim in a maze before my eyes; then mamma went on,—‘What have you done with your victim, Daisy?’

‘Mamma,’ I said, ‘I do not at all know of whom you are speaking.’

‘Left him for dead, I suppose,’ she said. ‘He has met with a good Samaritan, I understand, who carried oil and wine.’

Papa’s eye met mine for a moment.

‘Felicia,’ he said, ‘you are speaking very unintelligibly. I beg you will use clearer language, for all our sakes.’

‘Daisy understands,’ she said.

‘Indeed I do not, mamma.’

‘Not the good Samaritan’s part, of course. That has come since you were away. But you knew once that a Northern Blue-coat had been pierced by the fire of your eyes?’

‘Mamma,’ I said,—‘if you put it so, I have known it of more than one’

‘Imagine it!’ said mamma, with an indescribable gesture of lip, which yet was gracefully slight.

‘Imagine what?’ said papa.

‘One of those canaille venturing to look at Daisy!’

‘My dear,’ said papa, ‘pray do not fail to remember, that we have passed a large portion of our life among those whom you denominate canaille, and who always were permitted the privilege of looking at us all. I do not recollect that we felt it any derogation from anything that belonged to us.’

‘Did you let him look at you, Daisy?’ mamma said, lifting her own eyes up to me. ‘It was cruel of you.’

‘Your friend Miss St. Clair, is here, Daisy,’ my aunt Gary said.

‘My friend!’ I repeated.

‘She is your friend,’ said mamma. ‘She has bound up the wounds you have made, Daisy, and saved you from being in the full sense a destroyer of human life.’

‘When did Faustina come here?’ I asked.

‘She has been here a month. Are you glad?’

‘She was never a particular friend of mine, mamma.’

‘You will love her now,’ said mamma; and the conversation turned. It had only filled me with vague fears. I could not understand it.

I met Faustina soon in company. She was as brilliant a vision as I have often seen; her beauty was perfected in her womanhood, and was of that type which draws all eyes. She was not changed, however; and she was not changed towards me. She met me with the old coldness; with a something besides which I could not fathom. It gave me a secret feeling of uneasiness; I suppose, because that in it I read a meaning of exultation, a secret air of triumph, which, I could not tell how or why, directed itself towards me and gathered about my head.

It grew disagreeable to me to meet her; but I was forced to do this constantly. We never talked together more than a few words; but as we passed each other, as our eyes met and hers went from me, as she smiled at the next opening of her mouth, I felt always something sinister, or at least something hidden, which took the shape of an advantage gained. I tried to meet her with perfect pleasantness, but it grew difficult. In my circumstances I was very open to influences of discouragement or apprehension; indeed the trouble was to fight them off. This intangible evil however presently took shape.

I thought I had observed that for a day or two my father's eyes had lingered on me frequently with a tender or wistful expression, more than usual. I did not know what it meant. Mamma was pushing me into company all this while, and making no allusion to my own private affairs, if she had any clue to them. One morning I had excused myself from an engagement which carried away my aunt and her, that I might have a quiet time to read with papa. Our readings had been much broken in upon lately. With a glad step I went to papa's room; a study, I might call it, where he spent all of the time he did not wish to give to society. He was there, expecting me; a wood-fire was burning on the hearth; the place had the air of comfort and seclusion and intelligent leisure; books and engravings and works of art scattered about, and luxurious easy-chairs standing ready for the accommodation of papa and me.

'This is nice, papa!' I said, as the cushions of one of them received me.

'It is not quite the Mount of Olives,' said papa.

'No indeed!' I answered; and my eyes filled. The bustle of the fashionable world was all around me, the storms of the political world were shaking the very ground where I stood, the air of our little social world

was not as on Lebanon sweet and pure. When would it be again? Papa sat thinking in his easy-chair.

‘How do you like Paris, my child?’

‘Papa, it does not make much difference, Italy or Paris, so long as I am where you are, and we can have a little time together.’

‘Your English friend has followed you from Florence.’

‘Yes, papa. At least he is here.’

‘And your German friend.’

‘He is here, papa.’

There was a silence. I wondered what papa was thinking of, but I did not speak, for I saw he was thinking.

‘You have never heard from your American friend?’

‘No, papa.’

‘Daisy,’ said papa tenderly, and looking at me now,—‘you are strong?’

‘Am I, papa?’

‘I think you are. You can bear the truth, cannot you?’

‘I hope I can,—any truth that you have to tell me,’ I said. One thought of terrible evil chilled my heart for a moment, and passed away. Papa’s tone and manner did not touch anything like that. Though it was serious enough to awake my apprehension. I could not guess what to apprehend.

‘Did you get any clear understanding of what your mother might mean, one day at breakfast, when she was alluding to friends of yours in America?—you remember?’

‘I remember. I did not understand in the least, papa.’

‘It had to do with Miss St. Clair.’

‘Yes.’

‘It seems she spent all the last winter in Washington, where the society was unusually good, it is said, as well

as unusually military. I do not know how that can be true, when all Southerners were of course out of the city—but that's no matter. A girl like this St. Clair girl of course knew all the epaulettes there were.'

'Yes, papa—she is always very much admired. She must be that everywhere.'

'I suppose so, though I don't like her,' said papa. 'Well, Daisy,—I do not know how to tell you. She knew your friend.'

'Yes, papa.'

'And he admired her.'

I was silent, wondering what all this was coming to.

'Do you understand me, Daisy?—She has won him from you.'

A feeling of sickness passed over me; it did not last. One vision of my beautiful enemy, one image of her as Mr. Thorold's friend,—it made me sick for that instant; then, I believe I looked up and smiled.

'Papa, it is not true, I think.'

'It is well attested, Daisy.'

'By whom?'

'By a friend of Miss St. Clair, who was with her in Washington and knew the whole progress of the affair, and testifies to their being engaged.'

'To whose being engaged, papa?'

'Miss St. Clair and your friend,—Col. Somebody. I forget his name, Daisy, though you told me, I believe.'

'He was not a colonel, papa; not at all; not near it.'

'No. He has been promoted, I understand. Promotions are rapid in the Northern army now-a-days; a lieutenant in the regulars is transformed easily into a colonel of volunteers. They want more officers than they have got, I suppose.'

I remained silent, thinking.

'Who told you all this, papa?'

‘Your mother. She has it direct from the friend of your rival.’

‘But, papa, nobody knew about me. It was kept entirely private.’

‘Not after you came away, I suppose. How else should this story be told as of the gentleman *you were engaged to?*’

I waited a little while, to get my voice steady, and then I went on with my reading to papa. Once he interrupted me to say, ‘Daisy, how do you take this that I have been telling you?’—and at the close of our reading he asked again in a perplexed manner, ‘You do not let it trouble you, Daisy?’—and each time I answered him, ‘I do not believe it, papa.’ Neither did I; but at the same time a dreadful shadow of possibility came over my spirit. I could not get from under it, and my soul fainted, as those were said to do who lay down for shelter under the upas tree. A poison as of death seemed to distil upon me from that shadow. Not let it trouble me? It was a man’s question, I suppose, put with a man’s powerlessness to read a woman’s mind; even though the man was my father.

I noticed from that time more than ever his tender lingering looks upon me, wistful, and doubtful. It was hard to bear them, and I would not confess to them. I would not and did not shew by look or word that I put faith in the story my father had brought me, or that I had lost faith in any one who had ever commanded it. Indeed I did not believe the story. I did trust Mr. Thorold. Nevertheless the cold chill of a “What if?”—fell upon me sometimes. Could I say that it was an impossibility, that he should have turned from me, from one whom such a thorn hedge of difficulties encompassed, to another woman so much,—I was going to say, so much more beautiful; but I do not mean that, for I do not

think it. No, but to one whose beauty was so brilliant and whose hand was so attainable? It would not be an impossibility in the case of many men. Yes, I trusted Mr. Thorold; but so had other women trusted. A woman's trust is not a guarantee for the worthiness of its object. I had only my trust and my knowledge. Could I say that both might not be mistaken? And trust as I would, these thoughts would rise.

Now it was very hard for me to meet Faustina St. Clair, and bear the supercilious air of confident triumph with which she regarded me. I think nobody could have observed this or read it but myself only; its tokens were too exceedingly slight and inappreciable for anything but the tension of my own heart to feel. I always felt it, whenever we were in company together; and though I always said at such times, 'Christian cannot love her,'—when I was at home and alone the shadow of doubt and jealousy came over me again. Everything withers in that shadow. A woman must either put it out of her heart, somehow, or grow a diseased and sickly thing, mentally and morally. I found that I was coming to this in my own mind and character; and that brought me to a stand.

I shut myself up one or two nights—I could not command my days—and spent the whole night in thinking and praying. Two things were before me. The story might be somehow untrue. Time would shew. In the meanwhile, nothing but trust would have done honour to Mr. Thorold or to myself. I thought it was untrue. But suppose it were not,—suppose that the joy of my life were gone, passed over to another; who had done it? By whose will was my life stripped? The false faith or the weakness of friend or enemy could not have wrought thus, if it had not been the will of God that his child should be so tried; that she should go through just this

sorrow, for some great end or reason known only to himself. Could I not trust him?

If there is a vulture whose claws are hard to unloose from the vitals of the spirit, I think it is jealousy. I found it had got hold of me, and was tearing the life out of me. I knew it in time. O sing praise to our King, you who know him! he is mightier than our enemies; we need not be the prey of any. But I struggled and prayed, more than one night through, before faith could gain the victory. Then it did. I gave the matter into my Lord's hands. If he had decreed that I was to lose Mr. Thorold, and in this way,—why, I was my Lord's, to do with as he pleased; it would all be wise and glorious, and kind too, whatever he did. I would just leave that. But in the mean time, till I knew that he had taken my joy from me, I would not believe it; but would go on trusting the friend I had believed so deserving of trust. I would believe in Mr. Thorold still and be quiet, till I knew my confidence was misplaced.

It was thoroughly done at last. I gave up myself to God again and my affairs; and the rest that is unknown anywhere else, came to me at his feet. I gave up being jealous of Faustina. If the Lord pleased that she should have what had been so precious to me, why well! I gave it up. But not till I was sure I had cause.

What a lull came upon my harassed and tossed spirit, which had been like a stormy sea under cross winds. Now it lay still, and could catch the reflection of the sun again and the blue of heaven. I could go into society now and please mamma, and read at home to papa and give him the wonted gratification; and I could meet Faustina with an open brow and a free hand.

'Daisy, you are better this day or two,' papa said to me wistfully. 'You are like yourself. What is it, my child?'

‘It is Christ, my Lord, papa.’

‘I do not know what you can mean by that, Daisy,’ said papa, looking grave. ‘You are not an enthusiast or a fanatic.’

‘It is not enthusiasm, papa, to believe God’s promises. It can’t be fanaticism, to be glad of them.’

‘Promises?’ said papa. ‘What are you talking of?’

‘Papa, I am a servant of Christ,’ I said; I remember I was arranging the sticks of wood on the fire as I spoke, and it made pauses between my words;—‘and he has promised to take care of his servants and to let no harm come to them,—no real harm;—how can I be afraid, papa? My Lord knows,—he knows all about it and all about me; I am safe; I have nothing to do to be afraid.’

‘Safe from what?’

‘Not from trouble, papa; I do not mean that. He may see that it is best that trouble should come to me. But it will not come unless he sees that it is best; and I can trust him.’

‘My dear child, is there not a little fanaticism there?’

‘How, papa?’

‘It seems to me to sound like it.’

‘It is nothing but believing God, papa.’

‘I wish I understood you,’ said papa thoughtfully.

So I knelt down beside him and put my arms about him, and told him what I wanted him to understand; much more than I had ever been able to do before. The pain and sorrow of the past few weeks had set me free, and the rest of heart of the last few days too. I told papa all about it. I think, as Philip did to Queen Candace’s servant, I “preached to him Jesus.”

‘So that is what you mean by being a Christian,’ said papa at last. ‘It is not living a good moral life and keeping all one’s engagements.’

“By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified.” Even you, papa, are not good enough for that. God’s law calls for perfection.’

‘Nobody is perfect.’

‘No, papa; and so all have come short of the glory of God.’

‘Well then, I don’t see what you are going to do, Daisy.’

‘Christ has paid our debt, papa.’

‘Then nobody need do anything.’

‘O no, papa; for the free pardon that is made out for you and me—the white robe that Christ counsels us to buy of him—waits for our acceptance and is given only on conditions. It is ready for every one who will trust Christ and obey him; a free pardon, papa; a white robe that will hide all our ugliness. But we must be willing to have it on the conditions.’

‘And how then, Daisy?’

‘Why this way, papa. See,—I am dead with Christ; it is as if I myself had died under the law, instead of my substitute; the penalty is paid, and the law has nothing to say to a dead malefactor, you know, papa. And now, I am dead to the law, and my life is Christ’s. I live because he lives, and by his Spirit living in me; all I am and have belongs to Christ; the life that I live, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me. I am not *trying* to keep the law, to buy my life; but I am *keeping* the law, because Christ has given me life—do you see, papa? and all my life is love to him.’

‘It seems to me, Daisy,’ said papa, ‘that if faith is all, people may lead what lives they choose.’

‘Papa, the faith that believes in Christ, loves and obeys him; or it is just no faith. It is nothing. It is dead.’

‘And faith makes such a change in people’s feelings and lives?’

‘Why yes, papa, for then they live by Christ’s strength and not their own; and in the love of him, and not in the love of themselves any longer.’

‘Daisy,’ said papa, ‘it is something I do not know, and I see that you do know; and I would like to be like you anyhow. Pray for me, my child, that I may have that faith.’

I had never done it in his presence before, but now I knelt down by the table and uttered all my heart to the One who could hear us both. I could not have done it, I think, a few weeks earlier; but this last storm had seemed to shake me free from everything. What mattered, if I could only help to shew papa the way? He was weeping, I think, while I was praying; I thought he sought to hide the traces of it when I rose up; and I went from the room with a gladness in my heart that said, ‘What if, even if Thorold is lost to me! There is something better beyond.’

Papa and I seemed to walk on a new plane from that day. There was a hidden sympathy between us, which had its root in the deepest ground of our nature. We never had been *one* before, as we were one from that time.

It was but a few days, and another thing happened. The mail bag had come in as usual, and I had gathered up my little parcel of letters and gone with it to my room, before I examined what they were. A letter evidently from Mr. Dinwiddie had just made my heart leap with pleasure, when glancing at the addresses of the rest before I broke the seal of this, I saw what made my heart stand still. It was the handwriting of Mr. Thorold. I think my eyes grew dim and dazed for a minute; then I saw clearly enough to open the envelope, which shewed signs

of having been a traveller. There was a letter for me such a letter as I had wanted; such as I had thirsted for; it was not long, for it was written by a busy man, but it was long enough, for it satisfied my thirst. Enclosed with it was another envelope directed to papa.

I waited to get calm again; for the joy which shot through all my veins was a kind of elixir of life; it produced too much exhilaration for me to dare to see anybody. Yet I think I was weeping; but at any rate, I waited till my nerves were quiet and under control, and then I went with the letter to papa. I knew mamma was just gone out and there was no fear of interruption. Papa read the letter, and read it, and looked up at me.

‘Do you know what this is, Daisy?’

‘Papa, I guess. I know what it was meant to be.’

‘It is a cool demand of you,’ said papa.

I was glad, and proud; that was what it ought to be; that was what I knew it suited papa that it should be. I stood by the mantelpiece, waiting.

‘So you knew about it?’

‘Mr. Thorold said he would write to you, papa. I had been afraid, and asked him not. I wanted him to wait till he could see you.’

‘One sees a good deal of a man in his letters,’ said papa; ‘and this is a man’s letter. He thinks enough of himself, Daisy.’

‘Papa,—not too much.’

‘I did not say too much; but enough; and a man who does not think enough of himself is a poor creature. I would not have a man ask me for you, Daisy, who did not in his heart think he was worthy of you.’

‘Papa you draw nice distinctions,’ I said half laughing.

‘That would be simple presumption, not modesty; this is manliness.’

We were both silent upon this; papa considering the

letter, or its proposal; I thinking of Mr. Thorold's manliness, and feeling very much pleased that he had shewn it and papa had discerned it so readily. The silence lasted till I began to be curious.

'What shall we do now, Daisy?' papa said at last.

I left him to answer his own question.

'Hey? What do you wish me to do?'

'Papa,—I hope you will give him a kind answer.'

'How can I get it to him?'

'I can enclose it to an aunt of his, whom I know. She can get it to him. She lives in New York.'

'His aunt? So you know his family?'

'No one of them, papa, but this one; his mother's sister.'

'What sort of a person is she?'

So I sat down and told papa about Miss Cardigan. He listened with a very grave, thoughtful face; asking few questions, but kissing me. And then, without more ado, he turned to the table and wrote a letter, writing very fast, and handed it to me. It was all I could have asked that it might be. My heart filled with grateful rest.

'Will that do?' said papa as I gave it back.

'Papa, only one thing more,—if you are willing, that we should sometimes write to each other?'

'Hm—that sounds moderate,' said papa. 'By the way, why was not this letter written and sent sooner? What is the date?—why, Daisy!—'

'What, papa?'

'My child, this letter,—it is a good year old, and more; written in the beginning of last winter.'

It took me a little while to get the full bearings of this; then I saw that it dated back to a time quite anterior to the circumstances of Faustina St. Clair's story, whatever that amounted to. Papa was all thrown back.

‘This is good for nothing, now, you see, Daisy.’

‘O no, papa.’

– ‘For the purposes of action.’

‘Papa, it does not matter, the date.’

‘Yes, Daisy, it does; for it speaks of a man of last year, and my answer would go to a man of this year.’

‘They are not different men, papa.’

‘I must be assured of that.’ He was folding up his letter, his own, and I saw the next thing would be to throw it into the fire. I laid my hand over his.

‘Papa, don’t do that. Let me have it.’

‘I cannot send it.’

‘Papa, let me have it. I will send it to Miss Cardigan—she loves me almost as well as you do—I will tell her; and if there is any truth in mamma’s story, Miss Cardigan will know and she will burn the letter, just as well as you. And so you would escape doing a great wrong.’

‘You may be mistaken, my child.’

‘Then Miss Cardigan will burn the letter, papa. I can trust her.’

‘Can *I* trust her?’

‘Yes, papa, through me. Please let me have it. There shall come no harm from this, papa.’

‘Daisy, your mother says he is engaged to this girl.’

‘It is a mistake, papa.’

‘You cannot prove it, my child.’

‘Time will.’

‘Then will be soon enough for my action.’

‘But papa, in the mean time?—think of the months he has been waiting already for an answer—’

I suppose the tears were in my eyes, as I pleaded, with my hand still upon papa’s hand, covering the papers. He slowly drew his hand away, leaving the letter under mine.

‘Well!’—said he,—‘do as you will.’

‘You are not unwilling, papa?’

‘I am a little unwilling, Daisy; but I cannot deny you, child. I hope you are right.’

‘Then papa, add that one word about letters, will you?’

‘And if it is all undeserved?’

‘It is not, papa.’

Papa set his teeth for a moment, with a look which however wonted perhaps in his youthful days, I had very rarely seen called up in him. It passed then, and he wrote the brief word I had asked for, of addition to his letter, and gave it to me; and then took me in his arms and kissed me again.

‘You are not very wise in the world, my Daisy,’ he said; ‘and men would say I am not. But I cannot deny you. Guard your letter to Miss Cardigan. And for the present all this matter shall sleep in our own bosoms.’

‘Papa,’ I asked, ‘how much did mamma know—I mean—how much did she hear about me that was true?’

‘It was reported that you had been engaged.’

‘She heard that.’

‘Yes.’

‘She has never spoken about it.’

‘She thinks it not necessary.’

I was silent a moment, pondering, as well I might; but then I kissed papa and thanked him, and went off and wrote and posted my letter with its enclosure. Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof.

CHAPTER XIX.

ONE FALLEN.

I SENT my letter, and waited. I got no answer. The weeks rolled on, and the months. It was palpable, that delays which had kept back one letter for a year might affect the delivery of another letter in the same way; but it is hard, the straining one's eyes into thick darkness with the vain endeavour to see something.

The months were outwardly gay; very full of society life, though not of the kind that I cared for. I went into it to please mamma; and succeeded but partially; for she insisted I was too sober and did not half take the French tone of easy, light, graceful skimming over the surface of things. But mamma could be deep and earnest too on her own subjects of interest. The news of President Lincoln's proclamation, setting free the slaves of the rebel States, roused her as much as she could be roused. There were no terms to her speech or my aunt Gary's; violent and angry against not only the President, but everything and everybody that shared Northern growth and extraction. How bitterly they sneered at "Massachusetts codfish;"—I think nothing would have induced either of them to touch it; and whatsoever belonged to the East or the North, not only meats and drinks but Yankee spirit and manners and courage, were all, figuratively, put under foot and well trampled on. I listened and trembled, sometimes; sometimes I listened and rejoiced. For after all, my own affairs were not the

whole world; and a thrill of inexpressible joy went through me when I remembered that my old Maria, and Pete, and the Jems, and Darry, were all, by law, freed for ever from the oppression of Mr. Edwards and any like him; and that the day of their actual emancipation would come, so soon as the rights of the Government should be established over the South. And of this issue I began to be a little hopeful, beginning to believe that it might be possible. Antietam and Corinth, and Fredricksburg and New Orleans, with varying fortune, had at least proclaimed to my ear that Yankees could fight; there was no doubt of that now; and Southern prowess could not always prevail against theirs. Papa ceased to question it, I noticed; though mamma's sneers grew more intense as the occasion for them grew less and less obvious.

The winter passed, and the spring came; and moved on with its sweet step of peace, as it does even when men's hearts are all at war. The echo of the battlefields of Virginia swept through the Boulevards with me often; and it thundered at home. Mamma had burst into new triumph at the news of Chancellorsville; and uttered with great earnestness her wish that Jefferson Davis might be able to execute the threat of his proclamation and hang Gen. Butler. But for me, I got no letter; and these echoes began to sound in my ear like the distant outside rumblings of the storm to one whose hearthstone it has already swept and laid desolate. I was not desolate; yet I began to listen as one whose ears were dim with listening. I met Faustina St. Clair again with uneasiness. Not the torment of my former jealousy; but a stir of doubt and pain which I could not repress at the sight of her.

When the summer drew on, to my great pleasure we went to Switzerland again. We established ourselves quietly at Lucerne, which papa was very fond of. There

we were much more quiet than we had been the fall before; Ransom having gone home now to take his share in the struggle, and our two Southern friends who had also gone, having no successors like them in our little home circle. We made not so many and not so long excursions. But papa and I had good time for our readings; and I had always a friend with whom I could take counsel, in the grand old Mont Pilatte. What a friend that mountain was to me, to be sure! When I was downhearted, and when anything made me glad; when I was weary and when I was most full of life; its grand head in the skies told me of truth and righteousness and strength; the light and colours that played and rested there, as it held the sun's beams and gave them back to earth, were a sort of promise to me of beauty and life above and beyond this earth; yes, and of its substantial existence now, even when we do not see it. They were a little hint of what we do not see. I do not exactly know what was the language of the wreaths of vapour that robed and shrouded and then revealed the mountain, with the exquisite shiftings and changings of their gracefulness; I believe it was like, to me, the floating veil that hides God's purposes from us, yet now and then parting enough to let us see the eternal truth and unchangeableness behind it. I told all my moods to Mont Pilatte, and I think it told all its moods to me. After a human friend, there is nothing like a big mountain. And when the news of Gettysburg and Vicksburg came; and mamma grew furious; and I saw for the first time that success was truly looming up on the horizon of the North and that my dear coloured people might indeed soon be free; that night Mont Pilatte and I shouted together.

There came no particular light on my own affairs all this time. Indeed mamma began to reproach me for

what she called my disloyal and treacherous sentiments. And then, hints began to break out, very hard to bear, that I had indulged in traitorous alliances and was an unworthy child of my house. It rankled in mamma's mind, that I had not only refused the connection with one of the two powerful Southern families which had sought me the preceding year; but that I had also discouraged and repelled during the past winter several addresses which might have been made very profitable to my country as well as my own interests. For what had I rejected them all? mamma began to ask discontentedly. Papa shielded me a little; but I felt that the sky was growing dark around me with the coming storm.

One never knows, after all, where the first bolt will come from. Mine struck me all unawares, while I was looking in an opposite quarter. It is hard to write it. A day came, that I had a father in the morning, and at night, none.

It was very sudden. He had been feeble, to be sure, more than usual, for several days, but nobody apprehended anything. Towards evening he failed suddenly; sent for me, and died in my arms, blessing me. Yes, we had been walking the same road together for some time. I was only left to go on awhile longer alone.

But Mont Pilatte said to me that night, "There remaineth a rest for the people of God." And while the moon went down and the stars slowly trooped over the head of the mountain, I heard that utterance, and those words of the hymn—

"God liveth ever:

"Wherefore, soul, despair thou never."

I could go no farther. I could think no more. Kneeling at my window-sill, under the starry night, my soul held to those two things and did not loose its moorings. It is a great deal, to hold fast. It was all then I could

do. And even in the remembrance now of the loneliness and desolate feeling that came upon me at that time, there is also a strong sense of the deep sweetness which I was conscious of, rather than able to taste, coming from those words and resting at the bottom of my heart.

I was in some measure drawn out of myself, almost immediately, by the illness of my mother. She fell into a nervous disordered condition, which it taxed all my powers to tend and soothe. I think it was mental rather than bodily, in the origin of it; but body and mind shared in the result, as usual. And when she got better and was able to sit up and even to go about again, she remained under the utmost despondency. Affairs were not looking well for the Southern struggle in America; and besides the mortification of her political affections, mamma was very sure that if the South could not succeed in establishing its independence, we should as a family be ruined.

‘We are ruined now, Daisy,’ she said. ‘There can be nothing coming from our Magnolia estates—and our Virginia property is a mere battle ground, you know; and what have we to live upon?’

‘Mamma, there will be some way,’ I said. ‘I have not thought about it.’

‘No, you do not think but of your own favourite speculations. I wish with all my heart you had never taken to fanatical ways. I have no comfort in you.’

‘What do you mean by fanaticism, mamma?’

‘I will tell you!’ replied mamma with energy. ‘The essence of fanaticism is to have your own way.’

‘I do not think, mamma, that I want to have my own way.’

‘Of course, when you have it. That is what such people always say. They don’t want to have their own way. I do not want to have mine, either.’

‘Is not Dr. Sandford attending to our affairs for us, mamma?’

‘I do not know. Your father trusted him, unaccountably. I do not know what he is doing.’

‘He will certainly do anything that can be done for us, mamma; I am persuaded of that. And he knows how.’

‘Is it for your sake, Daisy?’ mamma said suddenly and with a glitter in her eye which boded confusion to the doctor.

‘I do not know, mamma,’ I said quietly. ‘He was always very good and very kind to me.’

‘I suppose you are not quite a fool,’ she said, calming down a little. ‘And a Yankee doctor would hardly lose his senses enough to fall in love with you. Though I believe the Yankees are the most impudent nation upon the earth. I wish Butler could be hanged! I should like to know that was done before I die.’

I fled from this turn of the talk always.

It was true, however brought about I do not know, that Dr. Sandford had been for some time kindly bestirring himself to look after our interests at home, which the distressed state of the country had of course greatly imperilled. I was not aware that papa had been at any time seriously concerned about them; however, it soon appeared that mamma had reason enough now for being ill at ease. In the South, war and war preparations had so far superseded the usual employments of men, that next to nothing could be looked for in place of the ordinary large crops and ample revenues. And Melbourne had been let, indeed, for a good rent; but there was some trouble about collecting the rent; and if collected, it belonged to Ransom. Ransom was in the Southern army, fighting no doubt his best, and mamma would not have scrupled to use his money; but Dr. Sandford scrupled to

send it without authority. He urged mamma to come home, where he said she could be better taken care of than alone in distant Switzerland. He proposed that she should reoccupy Melbourne, and let him farm the ground for her until Ransom should be able to look after it. Mamma and Aunt Gary had many talks on the subject. I said as little as I could.

‘It is almost as bad with me,’ said my aunt Gary, one of these times. ‘Only I do not want much.’

‘I do,’ said mamma. ‘And if one must live as one has not been accustomed to live, I would rather it should be where I am unknown.’

‘You are not unknown here, my dear sister!’

‘Personally and socially. Not exactly. But I am historically unknown.’

‘Historically!’ echoed my aunt.

‘And living is cheaper here too.’

‘But one must have *some* money, even here, Felicia.’

‘I have jewels,’ said mamma.

‘Your jewels!—Daisy might have prevented all this,’ said Aunt Gary, looking at me.

‘Daisy is one of those whose religion it is to please themselves.’

‘But, my dear, you must be married some time,’ my aunt went on appealingly.

‘I do not think that is certain, Aunt Gary.’

‘You are not waiting for Preston, are you? I hope not; for he is likely to be as poor as you are; if he gets through the battles, poor boy!’ And my aunt put her handkerchief to her eyes.

‘I am not waiting for Preston,’ I said, ‘any more than he is waiting for me.’

‘I don’t know how that is,’ said my aunt. ‘Preston was very dependent on you, Daisy; but I don’t know—since he has heard these stories of you—’

‘Daisy is nothing to Preston!’ my mother broke in with some sharpness. ‘Tell him so, if he ever broaches the question to you. Cut that matter short. I have other views for Daisy, when she returns to her duty. I believe in a religion of obedience—not in a religion of independent self-will. I wish Daisy had been brought up in a convent. She would, if I had had my way. These popular religions throw over all law and order. I hate them!’

‘You see, Daisy my dear, how pleasant it would be, if you could see things as your mother does,’ my aunt remarked.

‘I am indifferent whether Daisy has my eyes or not,’ said mamma; ‘what I desire is, that she should have my will.’

The talks came to nothing, ended in nothing, did nothing. My aunt Gary at the beginning of winter went back to America. My mother did as she had proposed; sold some of her jewels, and so paid her way in Switzerland for some months longer. But this could not last. Dr. Sandford urged her return; she wished also to be nearer to Ransom; and in the spring we once more embarked for home.

The winter had been exceedingly sad to me. No word from America ever reached my hands to give me any comfort; and I was alone with my sorrow. Mamma’s state of mind, too, which was most uncomfortable for her, was extremely trying to me; because it consisted of regrets that I could not soothe, anxieties that I was unable to allay, and reproachful wishes that I could neither meet nor promise to meet. Constant repinings, ceaseless irritations, purposeless discussions; they wearied my heart, but I could bring no salve nor remedy unless I would have agreed to make a marriage for money. I missed all that had brought so much sweetness into even my

Paris life, with my talks with papa, and readings, and sympathy, and mutual confidence. It was a weary winter, my only real earthly friend being Mont Pilatte. Except Mr. Dinwiddie. I had written to him and got one or two good, strong, kind, helpful answers. Ah, what a good thing a good letter is!

So it was great relief to quit Switzerland and find myself on the deck of the steamer, with every revolution of the paddle wheels bringing me nearer home. Nearer what had been home; all was vague and blank in the distance now. I was sure of nothing. Only, "The Lord is my Shepherd," answers all that. It cannot always stop the beating of human hearts, though; and mine beat hard sometimes, on that homeward voyage. Mamma was very dismal. I sat on deck as much as I could and watched the sea. It soothed me, with its living image of God's grand government on earth; its ceaseless majestic flow, of which the successive billows that raise their heads upon its surface are not the interruption, but the continuation. So with our little affairs, so with mine. Not for nothing does any feeblest one's fortunes rise or fall; but to work somewhat of good either to himself or to others, and so to the whole. I was pretty quiet during the voyage, while I knew that no news could reach me; I expected to keep quiet; but I did not know myself.

We had hardly entered the bay of New York, and I had begun to discern familiar objects and to realize that I was in the same land with Mr. Thorold again, when a tormenting anxiety took possession of my heart. Now that I was near him, questions could be put off no longer. What tidings would greet me? and how should I get any tidings at all? A fever began to run along my veins, which I felt was not to be cured by reasoning. Yes, I was not seeking to dispose my own affairs; I was not

trying to take them into my own hands; but I craved to know how they stood, and what it was to which I must submit myself. I was not willing to submit to uncertainty. Yet I remembered I must do just that.

The vessel came to her moorings, and I sat in my muse, only conscious of that devouring impatience which possessed me; and did not see Dr. Sandford till he was close by my side. Then I was glad; but the deck of that bustling steamer was no place to shew how glad. I stood still, with my hand in the doctor's, and felt my face growing cold.

'Sit down!' he said, putting me back in the chair from which I had risen; and still keeping my hand. 'How is Mrs. Randolph?'

'I suppose you know how she is, from her letters.'

'And you?' he said, with a change of tone.

'I do not know. I shall be better, I hope.'

'You will be better, to get ashore. Will you learn your mother's pleasure about it? and I will attend to the rest.'

I thanked him; for the tone of genuine, manly care and protection, was in my ears for the first time in many a day. Mamma was very willing to avail herself of it too, and to my great pleasure received Dr. Sandford and treated him with perfect courtesy. Rooms were provided for us in one of the best hotels, and comforts ready. The doctor saw us established there, and asked what more he could do for us before he left us to rest. He would not stay to dinner.

'The papers, please,' said mamma. 'Will you send me all the papers. What is the news? We have heard nothing for weeks.'

'I will send you the papers. You will see the news there,' said the doctor.

'But what is it?'

'You would not rest if I began upon the subject. It would take a good while to tell it all.'

'But what is the position of affairs?'

'Sherman is in Georgia. Grant is in Virginia. There has been, and there is, some stout fighting on hand.'

'Sherman and Grant,' said mamma. 'Where are my people, doctor?'

'Opposed to them. They do not find the way exactly open,' the doctor answered.

'Hard fighting, you said. How did it result?'

'Nothing is decided yet—except that the Yankees *can* fight,' said the doctor, with a slight smile. And mamma said no more. But I took courage, and she took gloom. The papers came, a bundle of them, reaching back over several dates; giving details of the battles of the Wilderness and of Sherman's operations in the South. Mamma studied and studied, and interrupted her dinner to study. I took the sheets as they fell from her hand and looked—for the lists of the wounded. They were long enough, but they did not hold what I was looking for. Mamma broke out at last with an earnest expression of thanksgiving that Sedgwick was killed.

'Why, mamma?' I said in some horror.

'There is one less!' she answered grimly.

'But *one* less makes very little difference for the cause, mamma.'

'I wish there were a dozen then,' said she. 'I wish *all* were shot, that have the faculty of leading this rabble of numbers and making them worth something.'

But I was getting, I, to have a little pride in Northern blood. I said nothing, of course.

'You are just a traitor, Daisy, I believe,' said mamma. 'You read of all that is going on, and you know that Ransom and Preston Gary are in it, and you do not care; except you care on the wrong side. But I tell you this,—

nothing that calls itself Yankee shall ever have anything to do with me or mine so long as I live. I will see you dead first, Daisy.'

There was no answer to be made to this either. It only sank down into my heart; and I knew I had no help in this world.

The question immediately pressed itself upon our attention, where would we go? Dr. Sandford proposed Melbourne; and urged that in the first place we should avail ourselves of the hospitalities of his sister's house in that neighbourhood, most generously tendered us, till he could be at leisure to make arrangements at our old home. Just now he was under the necessity of returning immediately to Washington, where he had one or more hospitals in charge; indeed he left us that same night of our landing; but before he went he earnestly pressed his sister's invitation upon my mother, and promised that so soon as the settlement of the country's difficulties should set him free, he would devote himself to the care of us and Melbourne till we were satisfactorily established.

'And I am in hopes it will not be very long now,' he said aside to me. 'I think the country has got the right man at last; and that is what we have been waiting for. Grant says he will fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer; and I think the end is coming.'

Mamma would give no positive answer to the doctor's instances; she thanked him and talked round the subject, and he was obliged to go away without any contentment of her giving. Alone with me, she spoke out:

'I will take no Yankee civilities, Daisy. I will be under no obligation to one of them. And I could not endure to be in the house of one of them, if it were conferring instead of receiving obligation.'

'What will you do, then, mamma.'

‘I will wait. You do not suppose that the South can be conquered, Daisy? The idea is absurd!’

‘But, mamma!—’

‘Well?’

‘Why is it absurd?’

‘Because they are not a people to give up. Don’t you know that? They would die first, every man and woman of them.’

‘But mamma, whatever the spirit of the people may be, numbers and means have to tell upon the question at last.’

‘Numbers and means!’ mamma repeated scornfully. ‘I tell you, Daisy, the South *cannot* yield. And as they cannot yield, they must sooner or later succeed. Success always comes at last to those who cannot be conquered.’

‘What is to become of us in the mean time, mamma?’

‘I don’t see that it signifies much,’ she said, relapsing out of the fire with which the former sentences had been pronounced. ‘I would like to live to see the triumph come.’

That was all I could get from mamma that evening. She lay down on a sofa and buried her face in pillows. I sat in the darkening room and mused. The windows were open; a soft warm air blew the curtains gently in and out; from the street below came the murmur of business and voices and clatter of feet and sound of wheels; not with the earnestness of alarm or the droop of depression, but ringing, sharp, clear, cheery. The city did not feel badly. New York had not suffered in its fortunes or prosperity. There was many a battlefield at the South—where the ravages of war had swept all traces and hopes of good fortunes away; never one at the North where the corn had been blasted, or the fruits of the earth untimely ravaged, or the heart of the husbandman disappointed in his ground. Mamma’s conclusions seemed to me without premise. What of my

own fortunes? I thought the wind of the desert had blown upon them and they were dead. I remember, in the trembling of my heart as I sat and listened and mused, and thoughts trooped in and out of my head with little order or volition on my part, one word was a sort of rallying point on which they gathered and fell back from time to time, though they started out again on fresh roamings—"Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations"!—I remember,—it seems to me now as if it had been some time before I was born,—how the muslin curtains floated in on the evening wind, and the hum and stir of the street came up to my ear; the bustle and activity, though it was evening; and how the distant battlefields of Virginia looked in forlorn contrast in the far distance. Yet this was really the desert and that the populous place; for there, somewhere, my world was. I grew very desolate as I thought, or mused, by the window. If it had not been for those words of the refuge, my heart would have failed me utterly. After a long while mamma roused up and we had tea brought.

'Has Dr. Sandford gone?' she asked.

'He bid us good bye, mamma, you know. I suppose he took the evening train, as he said.'

'Then we shall have no more meddling.'

'He means us only kindness, I am sure, mamma.'

'I do not like kindness. I do not know what right Dr. Sandford has to offer me kindness. I gave him none.'

'Mamma, it seems to me that we are in a condition to receive kindness,—and be very glad of it.'

'You are poor-spirited, Daisy; you always were. You never had any right pride of blood or of place. I think it makes no difference to you who people are. If you had done *your* duty to me, we should have been in no condition now to "receive kindness," as you express it. I may thank you.'

‘What do you mean to do, mamma?’

‘Nothing.’

‘Stay here, in this hotel?’

‘Yes.’

‘It will be very expensive, mamma.’

‘I will meet the expense.’

‘But mamma,—without funds?’

‘I have a diamond necklace yet, Daisy.’

‘But mamma, when that is gone?’

‘Do you think,’ she broke out with violence, ‘that this war is going to last for ever? It *cannot* last. The Yankees will find out what they have undertaken. Lee will drive them back. You do not suppose *he* can be overcome?’

‘Mamma—if the others have more men and more means—’

‘They are only Yankees,’—mamma said quietly, but with a concentration of scorn impossible to give in words.

‘They know how to fight,’—I could not help saying.

‘Yes, but *we* do not know how to be overcome! Do you think it, Daisy?’

‘Mamma—there was New Orleans—and Vicksburg—and Gettysburg;—and now in Virginia—’

‘Yes, now; these battles; you will see how they will turn. Do you suppose this Yankee Grant is a match for Robert E. Lee?’

It was best to drop the discussion, and I dropped it; but it had gone too far to be forgotten. Every bit of news from that time was a point of irritation; if good for the South, mamma asserted that I did not sympathize with it; if good for the North, she found that I was glad, though I tried not to shew that I was. She was irritated, and anxious, and unhappy. What I was, I kept to myself.

CHAPTER XX.

THE WOUNDED.

ONE desire possessed me, pressing before every other ; it was to see Miss Cardigan. I thought I should accomplish this very soon after my landing. I found that I must wait for days.

It was very hard to wait. Yet mamma needed me ; she was nervous and low-spirited and unwell and lonely ; she could not endure to have me long out of her sight. She never looked with favour upon any proposal of mine to go out, even for a walk ; and I could hardly get permission. I fancied that some latent suspicion lay beneath all this unwillingness, which did not make it more easy to bear. But I got leave at last, one afternoon early in June ; and took my way up the gay thoroughfares of Broadway and the Avenue.

It was June, June all over. Just like the June of four years ago, when Dr. Sandford took me away from school to go to West Point ; like the June of three years ago, when I had been finishing my school work, before I went to Washington. I was a mere girl then ; now, I seemed to myself at least twenty years older. June sweetness was in all the air ; June sunlight through all the streets ; roses blossomed in courtyards and looked out of windows ; grass was lush and green ; people were in summer dresses. I hurried along, my breath growing shorter as I went. The well-known corner of Mme. Ricard's establishment came into view, and bright school-days with it. Miss

Cardigan's house opposite looked just as I had left it; and as I drew near I saw that this was literally so. The flowers were blossoming in the garden plots and putting their faces out of window, exactly as if I had left them but a day ago. My knees trembled under me then, as I went up the steps and rang the bell. A strange servant opened to me. I went in, to her astonishment I suppose, without asking any questions; which indeed I could not. What if a second time I should find Mr. Thorold here? Such a thought crossed me as I trod the familiar marble floor, after the wild fashion in which our wishes mock our reason; then it left me the next instant, in my gladness to see through the opening door the figure of my dear old friend. Just as I had left her also. Something, in the wreck of my world, had stood still and suffered no change.

I went in and stood before her. She pulled off her spectacles, looked at me, changed colour and started up. I can hardly tell what she said. I think I was in too great a confusion for my senses to do their office perfectly. But her warm arms were about me, and my head found a hiding-place on her shoulder.

'Sit down, my lamb, my lamb!' were the first words I remember. 'Janet, shut the door, and tell anybody I am busy. Sit you down here and rest. My lamb, ye're all shaken. Daisy, my pet, where have you been?'

I sat down, and she did, but I leaned over to the arms that still enfolded me and laid my head on her bosom. She was silent now for a while. And I wished she would speak, but I could not. Her arms pressed me close in the embrace that had so comforted my childhood. She had taken off my bonnet and kissed me and smoothed my hair; and that was all, for what seemed a long while.

'What is it?' she said at last. 'I know you're left,

my darling. I heard of your loss, while you were so far away from home. One is gone from your world.'

'He was happy—he is happy,' I whispered.

'Let us praise the Lord for that!' she said in her broadest Scotch accent, which only came out in moments of feeling.

'But he was nearly all my world, Miss Cardigan.'

'Ay,' she said. 'We hae but one father. And yet, no, my bairn. Ye're not left desolate.'

'I have been very near it.'

'I am glad ye are come home.'

'But I feel as if I had no home anywhere,' I said with a burst of tears which were a great mercy to me at the time. The stricture upon my heart had like to have taken away my breath. Miss Cardigan let me weep, saying sympathy with the tender touch of her soft hand; no otherwise. And then I could lift myself up and face life again.

'You have not forgotten your Lord, Daisy?' she said at length, when she saw me quiet. I looked at her and smiled my answer, though it must have been a sober smile.

'I see,' she said; 'you have not. But how was it, so far away, my bairn? Weren't you tempted?'

'No, dear Miss Cardigan. What could tempt me?'

'The world, child. Its baits of pleasure and pride and power. Did they never take hold on ye, Daisy?'

'My pleasure I had left at home,' I said. 'No, that is not quite true. I had the pleasure of being with papa and mamma; and of seeing a great deal of beauty, too. And I had pleasure in Palestine, Miss Cardigan; but it was not the sort to tempt me to forget anything good.'

'And pride?' said the old lady.

'Why do you ask me?'

'You're so bonny, my darling. You ken you are; and other folks know it.'

'Pride? Yes, it tempted me a little,' I said; 'but it could not for long, Miss Cardigan, when I remembered.'

'Remembered? What was it you remembered?' she said very tenderly; for I believe my eyes had filled again.

'When I remembered what I was heir to.'

'And ye didn't have your inheritance all in the future, I trust?' said my old friend. 'There's crumbs to be gotten even now from that feast; ye didn't go starving, my bairn?'

'I hadn't much to help me, Miss Cardigan, except the Lord's wonderful world which he has made. That helped me.'

'And ye had a crumb of joy now and then?'

'I had more than crumbs sometimes,' I said, with a sober looking back over the years.

'And it is my own living Daisy and not an image of her? You are not spoiled a bit, my bairn?'

'Maybe I am,' I said smiling at her. 'How do I know?'

'There's a look in your eyes which says you are not,' she said with a sort of long breath; 'and I know not how you have escaped it. Child! the forces which have assailed you have beaten down many a one. It's only to be strong in the Lord, to be sure; but we are lured away from our strength, sometimes, and then we fall; and we are lured easily.'

'Perhaps not when the battle is so very hard to fight, dear Miss Cardigan.'

'Maybe no,' she said. 'But had ye never a minister to counsel ye or to help ye, in those parts?'

'Only when I was in Palestine; nowhere else.'

'You must have wanted it sorely.'

'Yes, but, Miss Cardigan, I had better teaching all the

time. The mountains and the sun and the sky and the beauty, all seemed to repeat the Bible to me, all the time. I never saw the top of Mont Blanc rosy in the sunset, nor the other mountains, without thinking of those words, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect."—and, "They shall walk with me in white.—"

Miss Cardigan wiped away a tear or two.

'But you are looking very sober, my love,' she said presently, examining me.

'I have reason,' I said. And I went on to give her in detail the account of the past year's doings in my family, and of our present position and prospects. She listened with the greatest sympathy and the most absorbed attention. The story had taken a good while; it was growing late, and I rose to go. Not till then was her nephew alluded to.

'I'm thinking,' then said Miss Cardigan slowly, 'there's one person you have not asked after, who would ill like to be left out of our mouths.'

I stood still and hesitated and I felt my face grow warm.

'I have not heard from him, Miss Cardigan, since—'

And I did not say since when.

'And what of it?' she asked.

'Nothing—' I said, stammering a little,—'but I wait.'

'He's waiting, poor lad,' she said. 'Have ye not had letters from him?'

'Never; not since that one I sent him through you.'

'He got it, however,' said Miss Cardigan; 'for there was no reason whatever why he should not. Did you think, Daisy, he had forgotten you?'

'No, Miss Cardigan; but it was told of him that—he had forgotten me.'

'How was that done? I thought no one knew about your loving each other, you two children.'

‘So I thought; but—why, Miss Cardigan, it was confidently told in Paris to my mother that he was engaged to a schoolmate of mine.’

‘Did you believe it?’

‘No. But I never heard from him again, and of course papa did believe it. How could I tell, Miss Cardigan?’

‘By your faith, child. I wouldn’t have Christian think you didn’t believe him, not for all the world holds.’

‘I did believe him,’ I said, feeling a rill of joy flowing into some dry places in my heart and changing the wilderness there. ‘But he was silent, and I waited.’

‘He was not silent, I’ll answer for it,’ said his aunt; ‘but the letters might have gone wrong, you know. That is what they have done, somehow.’

‘What could have been the foundation of that story?’ I questioned.

‘I just counsel ye to ask Christian, when ye see him—if these weary wars ever let us see him. I think he’ll answer ye.’

And his aunt’s manner rather intimated that my answer would be decisive. I bade her good bye, and returned along the shadowing streets with such a play of life and hope in my heart, as for the time changed it into a very garden of delight. I was not the same person that had walked those ways a few hours ago.

This jubilation, however, could not quite last. I had no sooner got home, than mamma began to cast in doubts and fears and frettings, till the play of the fountain was well nigh covered over with rubbish. Yet I could feel the waters of joy stirring underneath it all; and she said, rather in a displeased manner, that my walk seemed to have done me a great deal of good! and inquired where I had been. I told her, of course; and then had to explain how I became acquainted with Miss Cardigan; a detail which mamma heard with small edification. Her

only remark, however, made at the end, was, 'I beseech you, Daisy, do not cultivate such associations!'

'She was very good to me, mamma, when I was a schoolgirl.'

'Very well, you are not a schoolgirl now.'

It followed very easily, that I could see little of my dear old friend. Mamma was suspicious of me and rarely allowed me to go out of her sight. We abode still at the hotel, where we had luxurious quarters; how paid for, mamma's jewel-box knew. It made me very uneasy to live so; for jewels, even be they diamonds, cannot last very long after they are once turned into gold pieces; and I knew ours went fast; but nothing could move my mother out of her pleasure. In vain Dr. Sandford wrote and remonstrated; and in vain I sometimes pleaded. 'The war is not going to last for ever,' she would coldly reply; 'you and Dr. Sandford are two fools. The South *cannot* be conquered, Daisy.'

But I with trembling hope was beginning to think otherwise.

So the days passed on, and the weeks. Mamma spent half her time over the newspapers. I consulted them, I could not help it, in my old fashion; and it made them grewsome things to me. But it was a necessity for me, to quiet my nerves with the certainty that no name I loved was to be found there in those lists of sorrow.

And one day that certainty failed. Among the new arrivals of wounded men just come into Washington from Virginia, I saw the name of Capt. Preston Gary.

It was late in the summer, or early in September; I forget which. We were as we had been; nothing in our position changed. Mamma at the moment was busy over other prints, having thrown this down; and feeling my cheeks grow white as I sat there, I held the paper to shield my face and pondered what I should do. The in-

stant thought had been, 'I must go to him.' The second brought difficulties. How to meet the difficulties, I sat thinking; that I must go to Preston I never doubted for a moment. I sat in a maze; till an exclamation from my mother brought my paper shield down.

'Here's a letter from the doctor, Daisy; he says your cousin is in the hospital.'

'*His* hospital?' I asked.

'I suppose so; he does not say that. But he says he is badly wounded. I wonder how he comes to be in Washington?'

'Taken prisoner, mamma.'

'Yes,—wounded,' mamma said bitterly. 'That's the only way he could. Dr. Sandford bids me let his mother know. She can't go to him; even if my letter could reach her in time and she could get to Washington, which I don't believe she could; she is too ill herself. I shall not write to her.'

'Let us go, mamma; you and I.'

'I?' said mamma. '*I* go to that den of thieves? No; I shall not go to Washington, unless I am dragged there.'

'But Preston, mamma; think!'

'I am tired of thinking, Daisy. There is no good in thinking. This is the work of your favourite Northern swords and guns; I hope you enjoy it.'

'I would like to remedy it, mamma; to do something at least. Mamma, do let us go to Preston!'

I spoke very earnestly, and I believe with tears. Mamma looked at me.

'Why, do you care for him?' she asked.

'Very much!' I said weeping.

'I did not know you had any affection for anything South, except the coloured people.'

'Mamma let us go to Preston. He must want us so much!'

‘I cannot go to Washington, Daisy.’

‘Can you spare me, mamma? I will go.’

‘Do you love Preston Gary?’ said mamma, sitting upright to look at me.

‘Mamma, I always loved him. You know I did.’

‘Why did you not say so before?’

‘I did say so, mamma, whenever I was asked. Will you let me go? O mamma, let me go!’

‘What could you do, child? he is in the hospital.’

‘Mamma, he may want so many things; I know he *must* want some things.’

‘It is vain talking. You cannot go alone, Daisy.’

‘No, ma’am; but if I could get a good safe friend to go with me?’

‘I do not know such a person in this place.’

‘I do, mamma,—just the person.’

‘Not a fit person for you to travel with.’

‘Yes, mamma, just the one; safe and wise to take care of me. And if I were once there, Dr. Sandford would do anything for me.’

Mamma pondered my words, but would not yield to them. I wept half the evening, I think, with a strange strain on my heart that said I must go to Preston. Childish memories came thick about me, and later memories; and I could not bear the idea of his dying, perhaps, alone in a hospital, without one near to say a word of truth or help him in any wish or want that went beyond the wants of the body. Would even those be met? My nerves were unstrung.

‘Do stop your tears, Daisy!’ mamma said at length.

‘I can’t bear them. I never saw you do so before.’

‘Mamma, I must go to Preston.’

‘If you could go there properly, child, and had any one to take care of you; as it is, it is impossible.’

I half thought it was; I could not bend mamma.

But while we sat there under the light of the lamp, and I was trying to do some work, which was every now and then wetted by a drop that would fall, a servant brought in a note to me. It was from Mrs. Sandford, in New York, on her way to Washington to look after a friend of her own; and asking if in any matter she could be of service to me or to mamma. I had got my opportunity now, and I managed to get mamma's consent. I answered Mrs. Sandford's note; packed up my things; and by the early train next morning started with her for Washington.

Mrs. Sandford was very kind, very glad to have me with her, very full of questions, of sympathy, of condolence, and of care; I remember all that, and how I took it at the time, feeling that Daisy and Daisy's life had changed since last I was under that same gentle and feeble guidance. And I remember what an undertone of music ran through my heart in the thought that I might perhaps hear of, or see, Mr. Thorold. Our journey was prosperous; and the next person we saw after arriving at our rooms was Dr. Sandford. He shook hands with his sister; and then, his eye lightened and his countenance altered as he turned to the other figure in the room and saw who it was.

'Daisy!' he exclaimed, warmly grasping my hand,—
'Miss Randolph! where is Mrs. Randolph, and what brings you here?'

'Why the train, to be sure, Grant,' answered his sister-in-law. 'What a man you are for business! Do let Daisy rest and breathe and have something to eat, before she is obliged to give an account of herself. See, we are tired to death.'

Perhaps she was, but I was not. However, the doctor and I both yielded. Mrs. Sandford and I withdrew to change our dresses, and then we had supper; but after supper, when she was again out of the room, Dr. Sandford turned to me and took my hand.

‘I must go presently,’ he said. ‘Now, Miss Randolph, what is it?’

I sat down and he sat down beside me, still holding my hand, on a sofa in the room.

‘Dr. Sandford, my cousin Gary is a prisoner and in the hospital. You wrote to mamma.’

‘Yes. I thought his mother might like to know.’

‘She is ill herself, in Georgia, and cannot come to Washington. Dr. Sandford, I want to go in and take care of him.’

‘You!’ said the doctor. But whatever he thought, his countenance was impenetrable.

‘You can manage that for me.’

‘Can I?’ said he. ‘But Daisy, you do not come under the regulations.’

‘That is no matter, Dr. Sandford.’

‘How is it no matter?’

‘Because, I know you can do what you like. You always could manage things for me.’

He smiled a little, but went on in an unchanged tone.

‘You are too young; and—excuse me—you have another disqualification.’

‘I will do just as you tell me,’ I said.

‘If I let you in.’

‘You will let me in.’

‘I do not see that I ought. I think I ought not.’

‘But you *will*, Dr. Sandford. My cousin was very dear to me when I was a child at Melbourne—I love him yet very much—no one would take so good care of him as I would; and it would be a comfort to me for ever. Do let me go in! I have come for that.’

‘You might get sick yourself,’ he said. ‘You do not know what you would be obliged to hear and see. You do not know, Daisy.’

‘I am not a child now,’ I replied.

There was more in my answer than mere words; there was more, I know, in my feeling; and the doctor took the force of it. He looked very sober, though, upon my plan, which it was evident he did not like.

‘Does Mrs. Randolph give her consent to this proceeding?’ he asked.

‘She knows I came that I might look after Preston. I did not tell her my plan any further.’

‘She would not like it.’

‘Mamma and I do not see things with the same eyes, some things, Dr. Sandford. I think I *ought* to do it.’

‘I think she is right,’ he said. ‘You are not fit for it. You have no idea what you would be obliged to encounter.’

‘Try me,’ I said.

‘I believe you are fit for anything,’ he broke out in answer to this last appeal; ‘and I owned myself conquered by you, Daisy, long ago. I find I have not recovered my independence. Well—you will go in. But you cannot be dressed—*so*.’

‘No, I will change my dress. I will do it immediately.’

‘No, not to-night!’ exclaimed the doctor. ‘Not to-night. It is bad enough to-morrow; but I shall not take you in to-night. Rest, and sleep and be refreshed; I need not say, be strong; for that you are always. No, I will not take you with me to-night. You must wait.’

And I could do no more with him for the time. I improved the interval, however. I sent out and got some yards of check to make aprons; and at my aprons I sat sewing all the evening, to Mrs. Sandford’s disgust.

‘My dear child, what *do* you want of those things?’ she said, looking at them and me with an inexpressible disdain of the check.

‘I think they will be useful, ma’am.’

‘But you are not going into the hospital?’

‘Yes; to-morrow morning.’

‘As a visitor. But not to stay.’

‘I am going to stay if I am wanted,’ I said, displaying the dimensions of my apron for my own satisfaction.

‘My dear, if you stay, you will be obliged to see all manner of horrible things.’

‘They must be worse to bear than to see, Mrs. Sandford.’

‘But you cannot endure to see them, Daisy; you never can. Grant will never allow it.’

I sewed in silence, thinking that Dr. Sandford would conform his will to mine in the matter.

‘I will never forgive him if he does!’ said the lady. But that also I thought would have to be borne. My heart was firm for whatever lay before me. In the hospital, by Preston’s side, I was sure my work lay; and to be there, I must have a place at other bedsides as well as his. In the morning Mrs. Sandford renewed her objections and remonstrances as soon as she saw her brother-in-law; and to do him justice, he looked as ill pleased as she did.

‘Daisy wants to go into the hospital as a regular nurse,’ she said.

‘It is a weakness of large-hearted women now-a-days.’

‘Large-hearted! Grant you are not going to permit such a thing?’

‘I am no better than other men,’ said the doctor; ‘and have no more defences.’

‘But it is Daisy that wants the defences,’ Mrs. Sandford cried; ‘it is *she* that is running into danger.’

‘She shall want no defences while she is in my hospital.’

‘It is very well to say; but if you let her in there, you cannot help it. She *must* be in danger, of all sorts of harm.’

‘If you will prevent it, Mrs. Sandford, you will lay me under obligations,’ said the doctor, sitting down and looking up at his sister-in-law somewhat comically. ‘I am helpless, for I have passed my word. Daisy has the command.’

‘But just look at the figure she is, in that dress! Fancy it! That is Miss Randolph.’

The doctor glanced up and down, over my dress, and his eye turned to Mrs. Sandford with provoking unconcern.

‘But you will not let her stay there, Grant?’

The doctor looked up at me now, and I saw an answer ready on his lips. There was but one way left for me, I thought; I do not know how I came to do it, but I was not Daisy that morning; or else my energies were all strung up to a state of tension that made Daisy a different person from her wont. I laid my hand lightly over the doctor’s mouth before he could speak. It silenced him, as I hoped. He rose up with a look that shewed me I had conquered, and asked if I were ready. He must go, he said.

I did not keep him waiting. And once out in the street, with my hand on his arm, I was quite Daisy again; as humble and quiet as ever in my life. I went like a child now, in my guardian’s hand; through the little crowds of men collected here and there, past the sentinels at the hospital door, in through the wide, clean, quiet halls and rooms, where Dr. Sandford’s authority and system made everything work, I afterwards found, as by the perfection of machinery. Through one ward and another at last, where the rows of beds, each containing its special sufferer, the rows of faces, of various expression, that watched us from the beds, the attendants and nurses and the work that was going on by their hands, caused me to draw a little closer to the arm on

which I leaned and to feel yet more like a weak child. Yet even then, even at that moment, the woman within me began to rise and put down the feeling of childish weakness. I began to be strong.

Out of the wards, into his own particular room and office, comfortable enough, Dr. Sandford brought me then. He gave me a chair, and poured me out a glass of wine.

‘No, thank you,’ said I smiling. ‘I do not need it.’

‘You are pale.’

‘That is womanish; but I am not weak or faint, though.’

‘Do you maintain your purpose?’

‘Yes, certainly.’

‘You had better take off your bonnet and shawl then. You would find them in the way.’

I obeyed, and went on to envelope myself in my apron. Dr. Sandford looked on grimly. Very ill pleased he was, I could see. But then I laid my hand on his arm and looked at him.

‘I am so much obliged to you for this,’ I said earnestly. And his face softened.

‘I am afraid it is wrong in me,’ he remarked.

‘If you thought it was, you would not do it,’ I answered; ‘and I hope I should not ask it. I am ready now. But Dr. Sandford, I want teaching, as to what I ought to do. Who will teach me?’

‘I will teach you. But you know how to give a sick man tea or soup, I fancy, without much teaching.’

‘There are other things, Dr. Sandford.’

‘It will not be necessary. There are others to do the other things. Capt. Gary has only some simple wounds to be dressed.’

‘But there are others, Dr. Sandford? And I must know how to do all that the nurses do. I am not here

to be in the way. I am not going to take care of my cousin only.'

'There is enough to do,' said the doctor; 'but, you will not like it, Daisy.'

Something in his wistful look at me, something in the contrast between merely seeing what he was afraid I should see, and the suffering itself which by the sufferers had to be borne, touched me keenly. My eyes filled as I looked at the doctor, but I think the purpose in my heart perhaps came out in my face; for his own suddenly changed, and with a 'Come, then!'—he gave me his arm and led the way upstairs and into another succession of rooms, to the ward and the room where my cousin Preston lay.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE HOSPITAL.

A CLEAN, quiet, airy room, like all the rest; like all the rest filled with rows of beds, the occupants of which had come from the stir of the fight and the bustle of the march, to lie here and be still; from doing to suffering. How much the harder work, I thought; and if it be well done, how much the nobler. And all who know the way in which our boys did it, will bear witness to their great nobleness. Patient, and strong, and brave, where there was no excitement to cheer, nor spectators to applaud; their fortitude and their patience and their generous self-devotion never failed nor faltered, when all adventitious or real helps and stimulants were withdrawn, and patriotism and bravery stood alone.

From the turn of Dr. Sandford's head, I knew on which side I might look to see Preston; and as we slowly passed up the long line of beds, I scanned breathlessly each face. Old and young, grim and fair, gentle and rough; it was a variety. And then I saw, I should hardly have known it, a pale face with a dark moustache and a thick head of dark, glossy hair, which was luxuriant yet, although it had been cropped. His eyes were closed as we came up; opened as we paused by his bedside, and opened very wide indeed as he looked from the doctor to me.

'How do you do, this morning, Gary?' said my conductor.

‘Confoundedly—’ was the somewhat careless answer, made while examining my face.

‘You see who has come to look after you?’

‘It isn’t Daisy!’ he cried.

‘How do you do, Preston?’ I said, taking hold of the hand which lay upon the coverlid. He drew the hand hastily away, half raising himself on his elbow.

‘What have you come here for?’ he asked.

‘I have come to take care of you.’

‘You,’ said Preston. ‘In this place! Where is mamma?’

‘Aunt Gary is far away from here. She could not get to you.’

‘But you, you were in Switzerland.’

‘Not since last May.’

‘Lie down, Gary, and take it quietly,’ said Dr. Sandford putting his hand on his shoulder. Preston scowled and submitted, without taking his eyes from my face.

‘You are not glad to see me?’ I asked, feeling his manner a little awkward.

‘Of course not. You ought not to be in this place. What have you got on that rig for?’

‘What rig?’

‘That! I suppose you don’t dress so at home, do you? You didn’t use it. Hey? what is it for?’

‘It is that I may be properly dressed. Home things would be out of place here.’

‘Yes; so I think,’ said Preston; ‘and you most of all. Where is Aunt Randolph?’

‘You do not seem very grateful, Gary,’ said the doctor, who all this while stood by with an impenetrable countenance.

‘Grateful—for what?’

‘For your cousin’s affection and kindness, which has come here to look after you.’

‘I am not grateful,’ said Preston. ‘I shall not have her stay.’

‘What has brought *you* here, Preston?’ I asked by way of diversion.

‘Me? Powder. It’s an infernal invention. If one could fight with steel, there would be some fun in it. But powder has no respect of persons.’

‘How has it hurt you?’ I asked. I had somehow never chosen to put the question to Dr. Sandford; I can hardly tell why. Now it was time to know. Preston’s eye fell on me with sudden gentleness.

‘Daisy, go away,’ he said. ‘You have no business here. It is of all places no place for you. Go away, and don’t come again.’

‘Dr. Sandford,’ said I, ‘will you take me with you and give me my lesson? That is the first thing. I must earn my right to the place, it seems.’

The doctor looked at me in his turn; I avoided the eye of Preston. He looked at me in a way not hard to read; quite agreeing with Preston in wishing me away, but, I saw also, respecting my qualifications for the work I had come to do. I saw that he gave me a great reverence on account of it; but then, Dr. Sandford always gave me more reverence than belonged to me. I made use of this, and held my advantage. And the doctor seeing that I was calmly in earnest, even took me at my word.

We began a progress through the ward; during which every man’s condition was inquired into; wounds examined and dressed; and course of treatment prescribed. I looked on at first as a mere spectator; bearing the revelation of pain and suffering with all the fortitude I could muster; but I found in a little while that it would overmaster me if I continued an idle looker-on; and putting aside the attendant nurse at last with a whisper to

which she yielded, I offered myself quietly in her place to do her work. Dr. Sandford glanced at me then, but made no remark whatever ; suffering me to do my pleasure, and employing me as if I had been there for a month. He began to give me directions too. It seemed a long age of feeling and experience, the time while we were passing through the ward ; yet Dr. Sandford was extremely quick and quiet in his work, and lost no seconds by unnecessary delay. Even I could see that. He was kind, too ; never harsh, though very firm in his authority and thorough in his business. I could not help an unconscious admiration for him growing as we went on. That steady, strong blue eye ; what a thing it was for doubt and fear to rest on. I saw how doubt and fear rested. I thought I did ; though the bearing of all the sufferers there was calm and self-contained to an admirable degree. It was so, I heard, with all our soldiers everywhere.

We came round, last of all, to Preston's couch again ; and the doctor paused. He glanced at me again for the first time in a long while. I do not know how I trembled inwardly ; outwardly, I am sure, I did not flinch. His eye went to Preston,

‘Do you see, you are to have a better nurse than you deserve?’ he said.

‘It is disgusting !’ Preston muttered.

‘Some things are,’ answered the doctor ; ‘not a brave woman, or a gentle man.’

‘Send Daisy away from this place. You know she ought not to be here ; and you can forbid it.’

‘You overstate my power, my friend,’ said the doctor. ‘Shall we see how you are getting along to-day.’

Preston's eye came to me again, silently, with reluctance and regret in it. I was touched more than I chose to shew, and more than it was safe to think about

‘Does she know?’ he asked.

‘She does not know. Your cousin, Miss Randolph, has given one of his arms for his cherished cause.’

‘And one of my legs too,’ said Preston. ‘If it would do the cause any good, I would not care; but what good does it do? That’s what I don’t like about powder.’

I had much ado to stand this communication. The work of examining and dressing Preston’s wounds, however, immediately began; and in the effort to do my part, as usual, I found the best relief for overstrained nerves. I think some tears fell upon the bandages; but no word of remark was made by either physician or patient, till the whole business was concluded. Dr. Sandford then carried me off to a nice, warm, comfortable apartment, which he told me I might always hold as my own whenever I had time to be there; he seated me in a chair, and a second time poured me out a glass of wine, which he took from a cupboard.

‘I do not drink it,’ I said shaking my head.

‘Yes, you do,—to-day.’

‘I never drink it,’ I said. ‘I cannot touch it, Dr. Sandford.’

‘You must take something. What is the matter with the wine? Is it disagreeable to you?’

‘I will not help anybody else drink it,’ I said, looking at him and forcing a smile; for I was tired and very sick at heart.

‘Nobody will know you take it.’

‘Not if I do not take it. They will if I do.’

‘Are you going upon that old childish plan of yours?’ said the doctor, sitting down beside me and looking with a wistful kind of tenderness into my face. ‘Are you bent still upon living for other people, Daisy?’

‘You know, the Master I follow did so; and his servants must be like him,’ I said, and I felt my smile was

stronger and brighter this time. Dr. Sandford arose, summoned an attendant and sent him off for a cup of tea for me; then saw me take it.

‘Now,’ said he, ‘are you fixed in the plan of devoting yourself to the care of this ungracious cousin?’

‘Of him, and of others,’ I said.

‘He does not deserve it.’

‘Suppose we waited to give people their deserts, Dr. Sandford?’

‘Some people deserve to be allowed to take care of you,’ said the doctor, getting up and beginning to pace up and down the floor. ‘They deserve it; and find it hard work; or denied them altogether.’

‘You do take care of me,’ I said gratefully. ‘You always did, Dr. Sandford. You are doing it now; and I am thanking you all the time in my heart.’

‘Well,’ said he abruptly, standing still before me,—‘you are one of those who are born to command; and in your case I always find I have to obey. This room you will use as you please; no one will share it with you; and you need a retiring-place for a breath of rest when you can get it. I shall see you constantly, as I am going out and in; and anything you want you will tell me. But you will not like it, Daisy. You can stand the sight of blood, like other women, whose tenderness makes them strong; but you will not like some other things. You will not like the way you will have to take your meals in this place.’

I had finished my cup of tea, and now stood up to let the doctor take me back to my place beside Preston; which he did without any more words. And there he left me; and I sat down to consider my work and my surroundings. My cousin had forgotten his impatience in sleep; and there was a sort of lull in the business of the ward at that hour.

I found in a few minutes that it was a great comfort to me to be there. Not since papa's death, had so peaceful a sense of full hands and earnest living crept into my heart. My thoughts flew once or twice to Mr. Thorold, but I called them back as soon; I could not bear that; while at the same time I felt I was nearer to him here than anywhere else. And my thoughts were very soon called effectually home from my own special concerns, by seeing that the tenant of one of the neighbouring beds was restless and suffering from fever. A strong, fine-looking man, flushed and nervous on a fever bed, in helpless inactivity, with the contrast of life energies all at work and effectively used only a little while ago, in the camp and the battlefield. Now lying here. His fever proceeded from his wounds, I knew, for I had seen them dressed. I went to him and laid my hand on his forehead. I wonder what and how much there can be in the touch of a hand. It quieted him, like a charm; and after a while, a fan and a word or two now and then were enough for his comfort. I did not seem to be Daisy Randolph; I was just the hospital nurse; and my use was to minister; and the joy of ministering was very great.

From my fever patient I was called to others, who wanted many various things; it was a good while before I got round to Preston again. Meanwhile, I was secretly glad to find out that I was gaining fast ground in the heart of the other nurse of the ward, who had at first looked upon me with great doubt and mistrust on account of my age and appearance. She was a clever, energetic New England woman; efficient and helpful as it was possible to be; thin and wiry, but quiet, and full of sense and kindness. With a consciousness of her growing favour upon me, I came at last to Preston's bedside again. He looked anything but amicable.

‘Where is Aunt Randolph?’ were his first words, uttered with very much the manner of a growl. I replied that I had left her in New York.

‘I shall write to her,’ said Preston. ‘How came she to do such an absurd thing as to let you come here? and whom did you come with? Did you come alone?’

‘Not at all. I came with proper company.’

‘Proper company wouldn’t have brought you,’ Preston growled.

‘I think you want something to eat, Preston,’ I said. ‘You will feel better when you have had some refreshment.’

It was just the time for a meal and I saw the supplies coming in. And Preston’s refreshment, as well as that of some others, I attended to myself. I think he found it pleasant; for although some growls waited upon me even in the course of my ministering to him, I heard from that time no more remonstrances; and I am sure Preston never wrote his letter. A testimonial of a different sort was conveyed in his whispered request to me, not to let that horrid Yankee spinster come near him again.

But Miss Yates was a good friend to me.

‘You are looking a little pale,’ she said to me at evening. ‘Go and lie down a spell. All’s done up; you ain’t wanted now, and you may be, for anything anybody can tell, before an hour is gone. Just you go away and get some rest. It’s been your first day. And the first day’s rather tough.’

I told her I did not feel tired. But she insisted; and I yielded so far as to go and lie down for a while in the room which Dr. Sandford had given to me. When I came back, I met Miss Yates near the door of the room. I asked her if there were any serious cases in the ward just then.

‘La! half of ’em’s serious,’ said she; ‘if you mean by

that they might take a wrong turn and go off. You never can tell.'

'But are there any in immediate danger, do you think?'

She searched my face before she answered.

'How come you to be so strong, and so young, and so—well, so unlike all this sort of thing? Have you ever, no you never have, seen much of sickness and death, and that?'

'No; not much.'

'But you look as calm as a field of white clover. I beg your pardon, my dear; it's like you. And you ain't one of the India rubber sort, neither. I am glad you ain't, too; I don't think that sort is fit to be nurses or anything else.'

She looked at me inquiringly.

'Miss Yates,' I said, 'I love Jesus. I am a servant of Christ. I like to do whatever my Lord gives me to do.'

'Oh!' said she. 'Well I ain't. I sometimes wish I was. But it comes handy now, for there's a man down there—he ain't a going to live, and he knows it, and he's kind o' worried about it; and I can't say nothing to him. Maybe you can. I've written his letters for him, and all that; but he's just uneasy.'

I asked, and she told me, which bed held this sick man, who would soon be a dying one. I walked slowly down the ward, thinking of this new burden of life-work that was laid upon me and how to meet it. My very heart sank. I was so helpless. And rose too; for I remembered that our Redeemer is strong. What could I do?

I stood by the man's side. He was thirsty and I gave him lemonade. His eye met mine as his lips left the cup; an eye of unrest.

'Are you comfortable?' I asked.

‘As much as I can be.’—It was a restless answer.

‘Can’t you think of Jesus, and rest?’ I asked, bending over him. His eye darted to mine with a strange expression of inquiry and pain; but it was all the answer he made.

‘There is rest at his feet for all who trust in him;—rest in his arms for all who love him.’

‘I am not the one or the other,’ he said shortly.

‘But you may be.’

‘I reckon not,—at this time of day,’ he said.

‘Any time of day will do,’ I said tenderly.

‘I guess not,’ said he. ‘One cannot do anything lying here—and I sha’n’t lie here much longer, either. There’s no time now to do anything.’

‘There is nothing to do, dear friend, but to give your heart and trust to the Lord who died for you—who loves you—who invites you—who will wash away your sins for his own sake, in his own blood, which he shed for you. Jesus has died for you; you shall not die, if you will put your trust in him.’

He looked at me, turned his head away restlessly, turned it back again, and said,

‘That won’t do.’

‘Why?’

‘I don’t believe in wicked people going to heaven.’

‘Jesus came to save wicked people; just them.’

‘They’ve got to be good, though, before they’—he paused,—‘go to his place.’

‘Jesus will make you good, if you will let him.’

‘What chance is there, lying here; and only a few minutes at that?’

He spoke almost bitterly, but I saw the drops of sweat standing on his brow, brought there by the intensity of feeling. I felt as if my heart would have broken.

‘As much chance here as anywhere,’ I answered calmly.

‘The heart is the place for reform ; outward work, without the heart, signifies nothing at all ; and if the heart of love and obedience is in any man, God knows that the life would follow, if there were opportunity.’

‘Yes. I haven’t it,’ he said looking at me.

‘You may have it.’

‘I tell you, you are talking—you don’t know of what,’ he said vehemently.

‘I know all about it,’ I answered softly.

‘There is no love nor obedience in me,’ he repeated, searching my eyes, as if to see whether there were anything to be said to that.

‘No ; you are sick at heart, and dying, unless you can be cured. Can you trust Jesus to cure you ? They that be whole need not a physician, he says, but those that are sick.’

He was silent, gazing at me.

‘Can you lay your heart, just as it is, at Jesus’ feet, and ask him to take it and make it right ? He says, Come.’

‘What must *I* do ?’

Trust him.’

‘But you are mistaken,’ he said. ‘I am not good.’

‘No,’ said I ; and then I know I could not keep back the tears from springing ;—‘Jesus did not come to save the good. He came to save you. He bids you trust him, and your sins shall be forgiven, for he gave his life for yours ; and he bids you come to him, and he will take all that is wrong away, and make you clean.’

‘Come ?’—the sick man repeated.

‘With your heart—to his feet. Give yourself to him. He is here, though you do not see him.’

The man shut his eyes, with a weary sort of expression overspreading his features ; and remained silent. After a little while he said slowly—

‘I think—I have heard—such things—once. It is a great while ago. I don’t think I know—what it means.’

Yet the face looked weary and worn; and for me, I stood beside him and my tears dripped like a summer shower. Like the first of the shower, as somebody says; the pressure at my heart was too great to let them flow. O life, and death! O message of mercy, and deaf ears! O open door of salvation, and feet that stumble at the threshold! After a time his eyes opened.

‘What are you doing there?’ he said vaguely.

‘I am praying for you, dear friend.’

‘Praying?’ said he. ‘Pray so that I can hear you.’

I was well startled at this. I had prayed with papa; with no other, and before no other, in all my life. And here were rows of beds on all sides of me, wide-awake careless eyes in some of their occupants; nurses and attendants moving about; no privacy; no absolute stillness. I thought I could not; then I knew I must; and then all other things faded into insignificance before the work Jesus came to do and had given me to help. I knelt down, not without hands and face growing cold in the effort; but as soon as I was once fairly speaking to my Lord, I ceased to think or care who else was listening to me. There was a deep stillness around; I knew that; the attendants paused in their movements, and words and work I think were suspended during the few minutes when I was on my knees. When I got up, the sick man’s eyes were closed. I sat down with my face in my hands, feeling as if I had received a great wrench; but presently Miss Yates came with a whispered request that I would do something that was required just then for somebody. Work set me all right very soon. But when after a while I came round to Preston again, I found him in a rage.

‘What *has* come over you?’ he said, looking at me

with a complication of frowns. I was at a loss for the reason, and requested him to explain himself.

‘You are not Daisy!’ he said. ‘I do not know you any more. What has happened to you?’

‘What do you mean, Preston?’

‘Mean!’ said he with a fling. ‘What do *you* mean? I don’t know you.’

I thought this paroxysm might as well pass off by itself, like another; and I kept quiet.

‘What were you doing just now,’ said he savagely, ‘by that soldier’s bedside?’

‘That soldier? He is a dying man, Preston.’

‘Let him die!’ he cried. ‘What is that to you? You are Daisy Randolph. Do you remember whose daughter you are? *You* making a spectacle of yourself, for a hundred to look at!’

But this shot quite overreached its mark. Preston saw it had not touched me.

‘You did not use to be so bold,’ he began again. ‘You were delicate to an exquisite fault. I would never have believed that *you* would have done anything unwomanly. What has taken possession of you?’

‘I should like to take possession of you just now, Preston, and keep you quiet,’ I said. ‘Look here,—your tea is coming. Suppose you wait till you understand things a little better; and now—let me give you this. I am sure Dr. Sandford would bid you be quiet; and in his name, I do.’

Preston fumed; but I managed to stop his mouth; and then I left him, to attend to other people. But when all was done, and the ward was quiet, I stood at the foot of the dying man’s bed, thinking, what could I do more for him? His face looked weary and anxious; his eye rested, I saw, on me, but without comfort in it. What could I say, that I had not said? or how could I reach

him? Then, I do not know how the thought struck me, but I knew what to do.

‘My dear,’ said Miss Yates touching my shoulder, ‘hadn’t you better give up for to-night? You are a young hand; you ain’t seasoned to it yet; you’ll give out if you don’t look sharp. Suppose you quit for to-night.’

‘O no!’ I said hastily—‘O no, I cannot. I cannot.’

‘Well sit down, any way, before you can’t stand. It is just as cheap sittin’ as standin.’

I sat down; she passed on her way; the place was quiet; only there were uneasy breaths that came and went near me. Then I opened my mouth and sang—

“There is a fountain filled with blood,
“Drawn from Immanuel’s veins;
“And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
“Lose all their guilty stains.”

“The dying thief rejoiced to see
“That fountain in his day;
“And there may I, as vile as he,
“Wash all my sins away.”

I sang it to a sweet simple air, in which the last lines are repeated and repeated and drawn out in all their sweetness. The ward was as still as death. I never felt such joy that I could sing; for I knew the words went to the furthest corner and distinctly, though I was not raising my voice beyond a very soft pitch. The stillness lasted after I stopped; then some one near spoke out—

‘Oh go on!’

And I thought the silence asked me. But what to sing? that was the difficulty. It had need be something so very simple in the wording, so very comprehensive in

the sense; something to tell the truth, and to tell it quick, and the whole truth; what should it be? Hymns came up to me, loved and sweet, but too partial in their application, or presupposing too much knowledge of religious things. My mind wandered; and then of a sudden floated to me the refrain that I had heard and learned when a child, long ago, from the lips of Mr. Dinwiddie, in the little chapel at Melbourne; and with all the tenderness of the old time and the new it sprung from my heart and lips now—

“In evil long I took delight,
“Unawed by shame or fear;
“Till a new object struck my sight,
“And stopped my wild career.

“O the Lamb—the loving Lamb!
“The Lamb on Calvary!
“The Lamb that was slain, but lives again,
“To intercede for me.”

How grand it was! But for the grandeur and the sweetness of the message I was bringing, I should have broken down a score of times.

As it was, I poured my tears into my song, and wept them into the melody. But other tears, I knew, were not so contained; in intervals I heard low sobbing in more than one part of the room. I had no time to sing another hymn before Dr. Sandford came in. I was very glad he had not been five minutes earlier.

I followed him round the ward, seeking to acquaint myself as fast as possible with whatever might help to make me useful there. Dr. Sandford attended only to business and not to me, till the whole round was gone through. Then he said,

‘You will let me take you home now, I hope.’

‘I am at home,’ I answered.

‘Even so,’ said he smiling. ‘You will let me take you *from* home then, to the place my sister dwells in.’

‘No, Dr. Sandford; and you do not expect it.’

‘I have some reason to know what to expect, by this time. Will you not do it at my earnest request? not for your sake, but for mine? There is presumption for you!’

‘No, Dr. Sandford; it is not presumption, and I thank you; but I cannot. I cannot, Dr. Sandford. I am wanted here.’

‘Yes, so you will be to-morrow.’

‘I will be here to-morrow.’

‘But Daisy, this is unaccustomed work; and you cannot bear it, no one can, without intermission. Let me take you to the hotel to-night. You shall come again in the morning.’

‘I cannot. There is some one here who wants me.’

‘Your cousin, do you mean?’

‘O no. Not he at all. There is one who is, I am afraid, dying.’

‘Morton,’ said the doctor. ‘Yes. You can do nothing for him.’

But I thought of my hymn, and the tears rose to my eyes.

‘I will do what I can, Dr. Sandford. I cannot leave him.’

‘There is a night nurse who will take charge. You must not watch. You must not do that, Daisy. I command here.’

‘All but me,’ I said putting my hand on his arm. ‘Trust me. I will try to do just the right thing.’

There must have been more persuasion in my look than I knew; for Dr. Sandford quitted me without another word, and left me to my own will. I went softly down the room to the poor friend I was watching over. I found his eyes watching me; but for talk there was no

time just then; some services were called for in another part of the ward that drew me away from him; and when I came back he seemed to be asleep. I sat down at the bed foot and thought my hymn all over, then the war, my own life, and lastly the world. Miss Yates came to me and bent down.

‘Are you tired out, dear?’

‘Not at all,’ I said. ‘Not at all tired.’

‘They’d give their eyes if you’d sing again. It’s better than doctors and anodynes; and it’s the first bit of anything un-earthly we’ve had in this place. Will you try?’

I was only too glad. I sang, “Jesus, lover of my soul”—“Rock of Ages”—and then,

“Just as I am, without one plea,

“But that thy blood was shed for me,

“And that thou bidst me come to thee,

“O Lamb of God, I come.”

And stillness, deep and peaceful seeming, brooded over all the place in the pauses between the singing. There were restless and weary and suffering people around me; patient indeed too, and uncomplaining, in the worst of times; but now even sighs seemed to be hushed. I looked at the man who was said to be dying. His wide open eyes were intently fixed upon me; very intently; and I thought, less ruefully than a while ago. Then I sang,

“Come to Jesus just now—”

As I sang, a voice from the further end of the room took it up, and bore me company in a somewhat rough but true and manly chorus, to the end of the singing. It rang sweet round the room; it fell sweet on many ears, I know. And so I gave my Lord’s message.

I sang no more that night. The poor man for whose

sake I had begun the singing, rapidly grew worse. I could not leave him; for ever and again, in the pauses of suffering, his eyes sought mine. I answered the mute appeal as I best could, with a word now and a word then. Towards morning the struggle ceased. He spoke no more to me; but the last look was to my eyes, and in his, it seemed to me, the shadow had cleared away. That was all I could know.

CHAPTER XXII.

ORDERS.

I SLEPT longer than I had meant to do, the next morning; but I rose with a happy feeling of being in my place; where I wanted to be. That is, to be sure, not always the criterion by which to know the place where one ought to be; yet where it is a qualification it is also in some sense a token. The ministry of the hours preceding swept over me while I was dressing, with something of the grand swell and cadence of the notes of a great organ; grand and solemn and sweet. I entered the ward, ready for the day's work, with a glad readiness.

So I felt, as I stepped in and went down the space between the rows of beds. Miss Yates nodded to me.

'Here you are!' she said. 'Fresh as the morning. Well I don't know why we shouldn't have pleasant things in such a place as this, if we can get them; there's enough that ain't pleasant, and folks forget there is anything else in the world. Now you'll be better than breakfast, to some of them; and here's breakfast, my dear. You know how to manage that.'

I knew very well how to manage that; and I knew too, as I went on with my ministrations, that Miss Yates was not altogether wrong. My ministry did give pleasure; and I could not help enjoying the knowledge. This was not the enjoyment of flattering crowds, waiting round me with homage in their eyes and on their

tongues. I had known that too, and felt the foolish flutter of gratified vanity for a moment, to be ashamed of it the next. This was the brightening eye, the relaxing lip, the tone of gratification, from those whose days and hours were a weary struggle with pain and disease; to bring a moment's refreshment to them was a great joy, which gives me no shame now in the remembrance. Even if it was only the refreshment of memory and fancy, that was something; and I gave thanks in my heart, as I went from one sufferer to another, that I had been made pleasant to look at. Preston himself smiled at me this morning, which I thought a great gain.

'Well you do know how to sing!' he said softly, as I was giving him his tea and toast.

'I am glad you think so.'

'Think so! Why Daisy, positively I was inclined to bless gunpowder for the minute, for having brought me here. Now if you would only sing something else—Don't you know anything from *Norma*, or *Il Trovatore*?'

'They would be rather out of place here.'

'Not a bit of it. Create a soul under the ribs—Well, this is vile tea,'

'Hush, Preston; you know the tea is good, like everything else here.'

'I know no such thing. There is nothing good in this place,—except you,—and I suppose that is the reason you have chosen it for your abode. I can't imagine how Aunt Randolph came to let you, though.'

'She let me come to take care of you.'

'I'm not worth it. What's a man good for, when there is only half of him left? I should like just to get into one other field, and let powder take the other half.'

'Hush, Preston! hush; you must not talk so. There's your mother.'

'My mother won't think much of me now. I don't

know why she should. You never did, even when I was myself.'

'I think just as much of you now as ever, Preston. You might be much more than your old self, if you would.'

Preston frowned and rolled his head over on the pillow.

'Confound-ed!' he muttered. 'To be in such a den of Yankees!'

'You are ungrateful.'

'I am not. I owe it to Yankee powder.'

What, perhaps, had Southern powder done? I shivered inwardly, and for a moment forgot Preston.

'What is the matter?' said he. 'You look queer; and it is very queer of you to spill my tea.'

'Drink it then,' I said, 'and don't talk in such a way. I will not have you do it, Preston, to me.'

He glanced at me, a little wickedly; but he had finished his breakfast and I turned from him. As I turned, I saw that the bed opposite, where Morton had died a few hours before, had already received another occupant. It startled me a little; this quick transition; this sudden total passing away; then, as I cast another glance at the newly come, my breath stood still. I saw eyes watching me,—I had never but once known such eyes; I saw an embrowned but very familiar face; as I looked, I saw a flash of light come into the eyes, quick and brilliant as I had seen such flashes come and go a hundred times. I knew what I saw.

It seems to me now in the retrospect, it seemed to me then, as if my life—that which makes life—were that moment suddenly gathered up, held before me, and then dashed under my feet; thrown down to the ground and trampled on. For a moment the sight of my eyes failed me. I think nobody noticed it. I think nothing was to

be seen, except that I stood still for that minute. It passed, and my sight returned; and as one whose life is under foot and who knows it will never rise again, I crossed the floor to Thorold. We were not alone. Eyes and ears were all around us. Remembering this, I put my hand in his and said a simple—

‘How do you do?’

But his look at me was so infinitely glad and sweet, that my senses failed me again. I did not sink down; but I stood without sight or hearing. The clasp of his hand recalled me.

‘It is Daisy!’ he said smiling. ‘Daisy, and not a vision. My Daisy! How is it?’

‘What can I do for you?’ I said hastily.

‘Nothing. Stand there. I have been looking at you; and thought it was long till you would look at me.’

‘I was busy.’

‘Yes, I know, love. How is it, Daisy? When did you come back from Switzerland?’

‘Months ago.’

‘I did not know of it.’

‘Letters failed, I suppose.’

‘Then you wrote?’

‘I wrote,—with papa’s letter.’

‘When?’

‘O long ago—long ago;—I don’t know,—a year or two.’

‘It never reached me,’ he said, a shadow crossing his bright brow.

‘I sent it to your aunt, for her to send it to you; and she sent it; I asked her.’

‘Failed,’ he said. ‘What was it, Daisy?’

The question was put eagerly.

‘Papa was very good,’ I said;—‘and you were very right, Christian, and I was wrong. He liked your letter.’

‘And I should have liked his?’* he said, with one of those brilliant illuminations of eye and face.’

‘I think you would.’

‘Then I have got all I can ask for,’ he said. ‘You are mine; and while we live in this world we belong to each other. Is it not so?’

There was mamma. But I could not speak of her. Even she could not prevent the truth of what Christian said; in one way it must be true. I gave no denial. Thorold clasped my hand very fast, and I stood breathless. Then suddenly I asked if he had had his breakfast? He laughed and said yes, and still clasped my hand in a grasp that said it was better than food and drink to him. I stood like one from under whose feet the ground is slipping away. I longed to know, but dared not ask, what had brought him there; whether he was suffering; the words would not come to my lips. I knew Dr. Sandford would be here by and by; how should I bear it? But I, and nobody but me, must do all that was done for this sufferer at least.

I left Mr. Thorold, to attend to duties that called me on all hands. I did them like one in a dream. Yet my ordinary manner was quiet, and I suppose nobody saw any difference; only I felt it. I was looking all the time for the moment of Dr. Sandford’s appearance, and praying for strength. It came, his visit, as everything does come, when its time was; and I followed him in his round; waiting and helping as there was want of me. I did it coolly, I know, with faculties sharpened by an intense motive and feelings engrossed with one thought. I proved myself a good assistant; I knew Dr. Sandford approved of me; I triumphed, so far, in the consciousness that I had made good my claim to my position, and was in no danger of being shoved away on the score of incompetency.

‘Doctor,’ said Preston when we came round to him, ‘won’t you send away Miss Randolph out of a place that she is not fit for?’

‘I will,’ said Dr. Sandford grimly, ‘when I find such a place.’

‘Out of *this* place, then, where she ought not to be; and you know it.’

‘It would be your loss, my friend. You are exercising great self-denial, or else you speak in ignorance.’

‘She might as well go on the stage at once!’ said Preston bitterly. ‘Singing half the night to sixty soldiers,—and won’t give one a thing from Norma, then!’

The doctor gave one quick glance of his blue eye at me; it was a glance inquiring, recognizing, touched, sympathizing, all in an instant; it surprised me. Then it went coolly back to his work.

‘What does she sing?’

‘Psalms’—said Preston.

‘Feverish tendency?’ said the doctor.

Preston flung himself to one side, with a violent word, almost an oath, that shocked me. We left him and went on.

Or rather, went over; for at the instant Dr. Sandford’s eye caught the new occupant of the opposite bed. I was glad to find that he did not recognize him.

The examination of Mr. Thorold’s wounds followed. They were internal, and had been neglected. I do not know how I went through it; seeing how he went through it partly helped me, for I thought he did not seem to suffer greatly. His face was entirely calm and his eye clear whenever it could catch mine. But the operation was long; and I felt when it was over as if I had been through a battle myself. I was forced to leave him and go on with my attentions to the other sufferers

in the ward; and I could not get back to Mr. Thorold till the dinner hour. I managed to be at his side to serve him then. But he had the use of his arms and hands and did not need feeding, like some of the others.

‘It is worth being here, Daisy,’ said Mr. Thorold, when I came with his dinner; which was, however, a light one.

‘No,’ said I. Speaking in low tones, which I was accustomed to use to all there, we were in little danger of being overheard:

‘Not to you,’ said he with a laughing flash of his eye; ‘I only spoke of my own sense of things. That is as I tell you.’

‘How do you do now?’ I asked tremblingly.

His eye changed, softened, lifted itself to mine with a beautiful glow in it. I half knew what was coming before he spoke.

‘We know in whose hands I am,’ he said. ‘I have earned the “right to my name,” Daisy.’

Ah, that was hard to bear! harder than the surgeon’s probe which had gone before. It was hard at the same time not to fall on my knees to give thanks; or to break out into a shout of glad praise. I suppose I shewed nothing of it, only stood still and pale by the side of the bed; till Mr. Thorold asked me for something, and I knew that I had been neglecting his dinner. And then I knew that I was neglecting others; and flew across to Preston, who needed my services.

‘Who’s that over yonder,’ he grumbled.

‘One newly come in—wounded,’ I replied.

‘Isn’t it somebody you know?’

‘It is one I used to know.’

‘Then you know him yet, I suppose. It is that fellow Thorold, isn’t it?’

‘Yes.’

‘What has brought him here?’

‘He is wounded,’ I whispered.

‘I am glad of it!’ said Preston savagely. ‘Why shouldn’t he be wounded, when his betters are? Is he badly off?’

I simply could not answer at the minute.

‘How’s he wounded?’

‘I do not know.’

‘You don’t know! when you were attending to him. Then he hasn’t lost a leg or an arm, I suppose? You would know that.’

‘No.’

‘D——n him!’ said Preston. ‘That *he* should be whole and sound and only half of me left!’

I was dumb, for want of the power to speak. I think such a passion of indignation and displeasure never found place in my heart, before or since. But I did not wish to say anything angrily, and yet my heart was full of violent feeling that could find but violent words. I fed Preston in silence till his dinner was done, and left him. Then as I passed near him again soon after, I stopped.

‘You are so far from sound, Preston,’ I said, ‘that I shall keep out of the way of your words. You must excuse me—but I cannot hear or allow them; and as you have no control over yourself, my only resource is to keep at a distance.’

I waited for no answer but moved away; and busied myself with all the ward rather than him. It was a hard, hard, afternoon’s work; my heart divided between the temptation to violent anger and violent tears. I kept away from Mr. Thorold too, partly from policy, and partly because I could not command myself, I was afraid, in his presence. But towards evening I found myself by his side, and in the dusk our hands met; while I used a

fan with the other hand, by way of seeming to do something for him.

‘What is the matter?’ he whispered.

‘Matter?’ I repeated.

‘Yes.’

‘There is enough the matter here always, Christian.’

‘Yes. And what more than usual this afternoon?’

‘What makes you ask?’

‘I have been looking at you.’

‘And what did you see?’

‘I saw that you were hiding something, from everybody but me. Tell it now.’

‘Christian, it was not anything good.’

‘Confess your faults one to another, then,’ said he.

‘What is the use of having friends?’

‘You would not be pleased to hear of my faults.’

I could see, even in the dim light, the flash of his eye as it looked into mine.

‘How many, Daisy?’

‘Anger,’ I said;—‘and resentment; and—self-will.’

‘What raised the anger?’ said he; a different tone coming into his own voice.

‘Preston. His way of talking.’

‘About me?’

‘Yes. I cannot get over it.’

And I thought I should have broken down at that minute. My fan-play ceased. Christian held my hand very fast, and after a few minutes began again—

‘Does he know you are angry, Daisy?’

‘Yes he does; for I told him as much.’

‘Did you tell him sharply?’

‘No. I told him coldly.’

‘Go over and say that you have forgiven him.’

‘But I have not forgiven him.’

‘You know you must.’

‘I cannot, just yet, Christian. To-morrow, perhaps I can.’

‘You must do it to-night, Daisy. You do not know what else you may have to do before to-morrow, that you will want the spirit of love for.’

I was silent a little, for I knew that was true.

‘Well?—’ said he.

‘What can I do?’ I said. ‘I suppose it will wear out; but just now I have great displeasure against Preston. I cannot tell him I forgive him. I have not forgiven him.’

‘And do not want to forgive him?’

I was again silent, for the answer would have had to be an affirmative.

‘If I could reach you, I would kiss that away,’ said Thorold. ‘Daisy, must I tell *you*, that there is One who can look it away? You need not wait.’

I knew he spoke truth again; and I had forgotten it. Truth that once by experience I so well knew. I stood silent and self-condemned.

‘Christian, I do not very often get angry; but when I do, I am afraid the feeling is very obstinate.’

‘The case isn’t desperate—unless you are obstinate too,’ he said, with a look which conquered me. I fanned him a little while longer; not long. For I was able very soon to go across to Preston.

‘Are you going to desert me for that fellow?’ he growled.

‘I must desert you, for whoever wants me more than you do; and you must be willing that I should.’

‘If it wasn’t for confounded Yankees!’ he said.

‘Yankees are pretty good to you, Preston, I think, just now. What if they were to desert you? Where is your generosity?’

‘Shot away. Come, Daisy, I had no business to speak as I did. I’ll confess it. Forgive me, won’t you?’

‘Entirely,’ I said. ‘But you gave me great pain, Preston.’

‘You are like the thinnest description of glass manufacture,’ said Preston. ‘What wouldn’t scratch something else, makes a confounded fracture in your feelings. I’ll try and remember what brittle ware I am dealing with.’

So that was over, and I gave him his tea; and then went round to do the same by others. I had to take them in turn; and when I got to Mr. Thorold at last, there was no more time then for talking, which I longed for. After the surgeon’s round, when all was quiet again in the room, I sat at the foot of Mr. Thorold’s bed with a kind of cry in my heart, to which I could give no expression. I could not kneel there, to pray; I could not leave my post; I could not speak nor listen where I wanted a full interchange of heart with heart; the oppression almost choked me. Then I remembered I could sing. And I sang that hour, if I never did before. My sorrow, and my joy, and my cry of heart, I put them all into the notes and poured them forth in my song. I was never so glad I could sing as these days. I knew, all the time, it was medicine and anodynes and strength—and maybe teaching—to many that heard; for me, it was the cry of prayer, and the pleading of faith, and the confession of utmost need. How strong “Rock of Ages” seemed to me again that night; the hymn, “How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,” was to me a very schedule of treasure; my soul mounted on the words, like the angels on Jacob’s ladder; the top of the ladder was in heaven, if the foot of it was on a very rough spot of earth. That night I sang hymns, in the high-wrought state of my feelings, which the next day I could not have sung. I remember that one of them was “What are these in bright array,” with the chorus, “They have clean robes,

white robes." "When I can read my title clear," was another. Sometimes a hymn starts up to me now, with a thrill of knowledge that I sang it that night, which yet at other times I cannot recall. I sang till the hour, and past it, when I must go to my room and give place to the night watchers. I longed to stay, but it was impossible; so I went and bade Preston good-night, who said to me never a word this time; spoke to one or two others; and then went to Mr. Thorold. I laid my hand on his. He grasped it immediately and looked up at me with a clear, sweet, bright look, which did me untold good; pulling me gently down. I bent over him, thinking he wished to speak; then I knew what he wished, and obeying the impulse and the request, our lips met. I don't know if anybody saw it; and I did not care. That kiss sent me to sleep.

The next day I was myself again. Not relieved from the impression which had seized me when I first saw Mr. Thorold; but quietly able to bear it; in a sort raised above it. To do the moment's duty; to gather, and to give, every stray crumb of relief or pleasure that might be possible for either of us; better than that, to do the Lord's will and to bear it, were all I sought for. All at least, of which I was fairly conscious that I sought it; the heart has a way of carrying on underground trains of feeling and action of its own, and so did mine now. As I found afterwards. But I was perfectly able for all my work. When next I had an opportunity for private talk with Mr. Thorold, he asked me with a smile, if the resentment was all gone? I told him, 'O yes.'

'What was the "self-will" about, Daisy?'

'You remember too well,' I said.

'What?'

'Me and my words.'

'Why?'

‘It is not easy to say why, just in this instance.’

‘No. Well, Daisy, say the other thing. About the self-will.’

I hesitated.

‘Are you apt to be self-willed?’ he asked tenderly.

‘I do not know. I believe I did not use to think so. I am afraid it is very difficult to know oneself, Christian.’

‘I think you are self-willed,’ he said smiling.

‘Did you use to see it in me?’

‘I think so. What is the present matter in hand, Daisy?’

I did not want to tell him. But I could not run away. And those bright eyes were going over my face and reading in it, I knew. I did not know what they read. I feared. He waited, smiling a little as he looked.

‘I ought not to be self-willed,—about anything,’ I said at last.

‘No, I suppose not. What has got a grip of your heart then, Daisy?’

‘I am unwilling to see you lying here,’ I said. It was said with great force upon myself, under the stress of necessity.

‘And unwilling that I should get any but one sort of discharge,’—he added.

‘You do not fear it,’ I said hastily.

‘I fear nothing. But a soldier, Daisy,—a soldier ought to be ready for orders; and he must not choose. He does not know where the service will call for him. He knows his Captain does know.’

I stood still, slowly fanning Mr. Thorold; my self-control could go no further than to keep me outwardly quiet.

‘You used to be a soldier,’ he said gently, after a pause. ‘You are yet. Not ready for orders, Daisy?’

‘Christian—you know,—’ I stammered forth.

‘I know, my beloved. And there is another that knows. He knows all. Can’t you leave the matter to him?’

‘I must.’

‘Must is a hard word. Let Jesus appoint, and let you and me obey; because we love him, and are his.’

He was silent, and so was I then; the words trooping in a sort of grand procession through some distant part of my brain—“All things are yours; whether life, or death, or the world, or things present, or things to come; all are yours; and ye are Christ’s; and Christ is God’s.” I knew they swept by there, in their sweetness and their majesty; I could not lay hold of them to make them dwell with me then.

A few days went past, filled with duty as usual; more filled with a consuming desire which had taken possession of me, to know really how Mr. Thorold was and what were the prospects of his recovery. His face always looked clear and well; I thought his wounds were not specially painful; I never saw any sign that they were; the dressing of them was always borne very quietly. *That* was not uncommon, but involuntary tokens of pain were sometimes wrung from the sufferers; a sigh, or a knit brow, or a pale cheek, or a clinched hand, gave one sorrowful knowledge often that the heroism of patient courage was more severely tested in the hospital than on the field. I never saw any of these signs in Mr. Thorold. In spite of myself, a hope began to spring and grow in my heart, which at the first seeing of him in that place I had thought dead altogether. And then I could not rest short of certainty. But how to get any light at all on the subject was a question. The other nurse could not tell me, for she knew no more than myself; not so much, for she rarely nursed Mr. Thorold. Dr. Sandford never

told how his patients were doing or likely to do; if he were asked, he evaded the answer. What *we* were to do, he told explicitly, carefully; the issue of our cares he left it to time and fact to shew. So what was I to do? Moreover, I did not wish to let him see that I had any, the least, solicitude for one case more than the rest. And another thing, I dreaded unspeakably to make the appeal and have my doubts solved. With the one difficulty and the other before me, I let day after day go by; day after day; during which I saw as much of Mr. Thorold as I could, and watched him with intense eyes. But I was able to resolve nothing; only I thought his appetite grew poorer than it had been, while that of many others was improving. We had some chance for talk during those days; by snatches, I told him a good deal of the history of my European life; and he gave me details of his life in camp and field. We lived very close to each other all that time, though outward communication was so restricted. Hearts have their own way of communicating,—and spirits are not wholly shut in by flesh and blood. But as the days went by, my anxiety and suspense began to grow unendurable.

So I followed Dr. Sandford one morning to his den, as he called it.

‘Are you getting tired of hospital life?’ he asked me with a smile. ‘I see you want to speak to me.’

‘You know I am not tired.’

‘I know you are not. There is something in a woman that likes suffering, I think, if only she can lay her hand on it and relieve it.’

‘That is making it a very selfish business, Dr. Sandford.’

‘We are all selfish,’ said the doctor. ‘The difference is, that some are selfish for themselves, and some for other people.’

‘Now you are cynical.’

‘I am nothing of the kind. What do you want with me?’

‘Preston is doing very well, is he not, Dr. Sandford.’

‘Perfectly well. He will be out just as soon as in the nature of things it is possible. I suppose, or am I *not* to suppose, that then you will consider your work done?’

‘I do not think he wants me a quarter as much as other people, now.’

‘He does not want you at all, in the sense of needing. In the other sense, I presume different people might put in a claim to be attended to.’

‘But, Dr. Sandford, I wish I knew who of all these people in the ward need me most.’

‘You are doing all you can for all of them.’

‘If I had that knowledge, though, I might serve them better—or with more judicious service.’

‘No you could not,’ said the doctor. ‘You are twice as judicious as Miss Yates now; though she is twice as old as you. You do the right thing in the right place always.’

‘I wish you would do this thing for me, nevertheless, Dr. Sandford. I wish it very much.’

‘What thing?’

‘Let me know the various states of the patients, and their prospect of recovery.’

‘Most of them have a very fair prospect of recovery,’ said the doctor.

‘Will you do it for me, Dr. Sandford?—I ask it as a great favour.’

‘Gary’s all right,’ he said with a full look at me.

‘Yes, I know; but I would like to know how it is with the others. I could better tell how to minister to them, and what to do.’

‘The thing to be done would not vary at all with your increased knowledge, Daisy.’

‘Not the things in your line, I know; but the things in mine.’

‘You would know better how to sing, to wit?’ said the doctor.

‘And to pray—’ I said half under my breath.

‘Daisy, I haven’t a schedule of the cases here; and if I told you, you might forget, among so many, which was which. Anyhow, I have not the schedule.’

‘No, but you could do this for me. To-night, Dr. Sandford, when you go round, you could indicate to me what I want to know, and nobody else be the wiser. When we come to any case that is serious, but with hope, take hold of your chin, so; if any is serious without hope, just pass your hand through your hair. You do that often.’

‘Not when I am going my rounds, Daisy,’ said the doctor looking amused.

‘Only this time, for me,’ I pleaded.

‘You would not sing as well.’

‘I should—or I might—know better how to sing.’

‘Or you might not be able to sing at all. Though your nerves are good,’ the doctor admitted. ‘Women’s nerves are made of a material altogether differently selected, or tempered, from that of masculine nerves; pure metal, of some ethereal sort.’

‘Are there such things as masculine nerves?’ I asked.

‘Do you doubt it?’ said the doctor, turning a half reproachful look upon me.

‘Dr. Sandford, I do not doubt it. And so, you will, for once, and as an extraordinary kindness, do this thing for me that I have asked you.’

‘The use of it is hidden from me,’ said the doctor; ‘but to admit my ignorance is a thing I have often done before, where you are concerned.’

‘Then I will take care to be with you as soon as you

come in this evening,' I said, 'so as to get all you will tell me.'

'If I do not forget it,' said the doctor.

But I knew there was no danger of his forgetting. There was no taking Dr. Sandford off his guard. In all matters that concerned his professional duties, he was like steel; for strength and truth and temper. Nothing that Dr. Sandford did not see; nothing that he did not remember; nothing that was too much for his skill and energies and executive faculty. Nobody disobeyed Dr. Sandford—unless it were I, now and then.

I walked through the rest of that day in a smothered fever. How I had found courage to make my proposition to the doctor, I do not know; it was the courage of desperate suspense which could bear itself no longer. After the promise had been obtained that I sought, my courage failed. My joints trembled under me, as I went about the ward; my very hands trembled as I ministered to the men. The certainty that I had coveted, I dreaded now. Yet Mr. Thorold looked so well and seemed to suffer so little, I could not but quarrel with myself for folly, in being so fearful. Also I was ready to question myself, whether I had done right in seeking more knowledge of the future than might come to me day by day in the slow course of events. But I had done it; and Dr. Sandford was coming in the evening.

'What is the matter with you Daisy?' Mr. Thorold said.

'Is anything the matter?' I replied.

'Yes. What is it?'

'How can you see it, Christian?'

'I?' said he. 'I see right through your eyes, back into the thought that looks out of them.'

'Yet you ask me for the thought?'

'The root of it. Yes. I see that you are pre-

occupied, and troubled;—and trembling. You, my Daisy?

‘Can I quite help it, Christian?’

‘Can you quite trust the Lord?’

‘But,—not that he will always save me from what I fear.’

‘No; not that. Let him save you from the *fear*.’

‘How have you learned so much about it, so much more than I?’—and my lips were trembling then, I know.

‘I have had time,’ he said gently. ‘All those months and months, when you were at an unimaginable distance from me, actually and morally,—and prospectively,—do you think I had no chance to exercise myself in the lesson of submission? I fought out that problem, Daisy.’

‘Were you in Washington the winter of ’61?’ I asked, changing the subject; for I could not bear it.

‘Part of that winter,’ he said, with a somewhat surprised look at me.

‘Did you meet in society here that winter a Miss St. Clair, who used to be once a schoolmate of mine?—very handsome.’

‘I think I remember her. I knew nothing about her having been at school with you, or I think I should have sought her acquaintance.’

‘She was said to have yours.’

‘A passing, society acquaintance, she had.’

‘Nothing more?’

‘More?’ said he. ‘No. Nothing more.’

‘How came the report that you were her dearest friend?’

‘From the father of lies,’ said Mr. Thorold; ‘if there ever was such a report; which I should doubt.’

‘It came to me in Paris.’

‘Did you believe it?’

‘I could not; but papa did. It came from Miss St.

Clair's own particular friend, and she told mamma, I think, that you were engaged to her.'

'I think particular friends are a nuisance!' said Mr. Thorold. 'Why she was said *here*, to be engaged to somebody,—Major—Major Somebody,—I forget. Major Fairbairn.'

'Major Fairbairn!'

'Yes. Why?'

'That explains it,' I exclaimed.

'Explains what?' said Mr. Thorold. And such a shower of fire as came from his eyes then, fun and intelligence and affection, never came from anybody's eyes beside. I had to tell him all I was thinking about; and then hurry away to my duties.

But at tea time I could touch nothing. The trembling had reached my very heart.

'Why, you ain't going to give out, are you?' said Miss Yates in a concerned voice. 'You've gone a little beyond your tether.'

'Not at all,' said I; 'not at all. I am only not hungry. I will go back, if you please, to something I *can* do.'

I busied myself restlessly about the ward, till one of the men, I forget who, asked me to sing to them. It had become a standing ordinance of the place; and people said, a very beneficial one. But to-night I had not thought I could sing. Yet when he asked me, the power came. I did not sit down as usual; standing at the foot of Mr. Thorold's bed I sang, leaning hard against strength and love out of sight; and my voice was as clear as ever.

The ward was so very still that I should have thought nothing could come in or go out without my being conscious of a stir. However, the absolute hush continued, until it occurred to me that I must have been singing a

great while, and I half turned and glanced down the room. My singing was done; for there stood Dr. Sandford, as still as I had been, with folded arms near the door. I went towards him immediately.

‘Do you have this sort of concert most evenings?’ he inquired as he took my hand.

‘Always, Dr. Sandford.’

‘I never heard you sing so well anywhere else,’ he remarked.

‘I never had such an audience. But now, you remember my request this morning, Dr. Sandford?’

‘I never forget your requests,’ he said gravely. And we went to business.

From one to another, from one to another. Generally with no more but a pleasant or a kind word from the doctor to the patient; but two or three times the doctor’s hand came to his chin for a moment, before such a word was spoken. It did not in those cases tell me much. I had known, or guessed, the truth of them before. I suppose every good nurse must get a power or faculty of reading symptoms and seeing the state of the patient, both actual and probable. I was not shocked nor startled. But the shock and the start were all the greater, when pausing before the one cot which held what I cared for in this world, the doctor’s fingers were thrust suddenly through his thick auburn hair. He went on immediately with the due attention to Mr. Thorold’s wounds; and I waited and stood by, with no outward sign, I think, of the death at my heart. Even through all the round, I kept my place by Dr. Sandford’s side, doing whatever was wanted of me, attending, at least in outward guise, to what was going on. So one can do, while the whole soul and life are concentrated on some point unconnected with it all, outside of it all, in the distance. Towards that point I slowly made my way, as the doctor went

through his rounds; and came up with it at last in the little retiring room which he called his own and where our conversation of the morning had been held.

‘I see how little I know, Dr. Sandford,’ I remarked.

‘Ay?’ said he. ‘I had been thinking rather the other way.’

‘You surprised me very much—with the one touch of your hair.’

The doctor was silent.

‘I should have thought—in my ignorance—several others more likely to have called for it.’

‘Thorold is the only one,’ said the doctor.

‘How is it?’

‘The injuries are internal and complicated; and beyond reach.’

The doctor had been washing his hands, and I was now washing mine; and with my face so turned away from him, I went on.

‘He does not seem to suffer much.’

‘Doesn’t he?’ said the doctor.

‘Should he?’

‘He should, if he has not good power of self-control. No man in the ward suffers as he does. I have noticed, he hides it well.’

I was washing my hands. I remember my wringing the water from them; then I remember no more. When I knew anything again, I was lying on an old sofa that stood in the doctor’s room, and he was putting water or brandy—I hardly know what—on my face. With a face of his own that was pale, I saw even then, without seeing it, as it bent over me. He was speaking my name. I struggled for breath and tried to raise myself. He gently put me back.

‘Lie still,’ he said. ‘Are you better?’

‘I am quite well,’ I answered.

He gave me a few drops of something to swallow. It revived me. I sat up presently on the sofa, pushed back the hair from my face, and thought I would get up and be as though nothing had been. Dr. Sandford's hand followed my hasty fingers and put gently away from my brow the hair I had failed to stroke into order. It was an unlucky touch, for it reached more than my hair and my brow. I turned deadly sick again, and fell back into unconsciousness.

When a second time I recovered sense, I kept still and waited and let Dr. Sandford minister to me as he thought best, with strong waters and sweet waters and ice water; until he saw that I was really restored, and I saw that great concern was sitting upon his features.

'You have overtaken yourself at last,' he said.

'Not at all,' I answered quietly.

'You must do no more, Daisy.'

'I must do all my work,' I said. And I sat up now and put my feet to the floor, and put up my fallen-down hair, taking out my comb and twisting up the hair in some semblance of its wont.

'Your work here is done,' said the doctor.

I finished doing up my hair and took a towel and wiped the drops of water and brandy from my face.

'Daisy, I know your face,' said the doctor anxiously; 'and it has just the determined gentleness I used to see at ten years old. But you would yield to authority then, and you must now. And you will.'

'When it is properly exerted,' I said. 'But it is not now, Dr. Sandford, and it will not be. I am perfectly well; and I am going to do my work.'

'You fainted just now from very exhaustion.'

'I am not exhausted at all. Nor even tired. I am perfectly well.'

'I never knew you faint before.'

'No,' I said. 'It is very disagreeable.'

'Disagreeable!' said the doctor, half laughing, though thoroughly disturbed. 'What made you do it, then?'

I could not answer. I stood still, with cheeks I suppose again growing so white, that the doctor hastily approached me with hartshorn. But I put it away and shook my head.

'I am not going to faint again, thank you.'

'Daisy, Daisy!' said the doctor, 'don't you know that your welfare is very dear to me?'

'I know it,' I said. 'I know you are like a good brother to me, Dr. Sandford.'

'I am not like a brother at all!' said he. 'Cannot you see that?'

'I do not want to see it,' I answered sadly. 'If I have not a brother in you, I have nothing.'

'Why?' he asked shortly.

But I made no answer, and he asked no more. He looked at me, made a step towards the door, turned back, and came close to me, speaking in a husky changed tone,

'You shall command me, Daisy, as you have long done. Let me know what to do to please you.'

He went away then and left me. And I gathered my strength together and went back to Mr. Thorold.

CHAPTER XXIII.

“HERE!”

FROM that time we all were, to all seeming, just as we had been before that day. Dr. Sandford went his rounds, with no change perceptible in his manner towards anybody, or towards me. I think I was not different in the ward from what I had been, except to one pair of eyes. The duties of every day rolled on as they had been accustomed to do; the singing of every night was just as usual. One thing was a little changed. I sought no longer to hide that Mr. Thorold was something to me. The time for that was past. Of the few broken minutes that remained to us, he should lose none, nor I, by unnecessary difficulty. I was by his side now, all I could without neglecting those who also needed me. And we talked, all we could, with his strength and my time. I cared not now, that all the ward should see and know what we were to each other.

Mr. Thorold saw a change in me, and asked the reason. And I gave it. And then we talked no more of our own losses.

‘I am quite ready to go, Daisy,’ he had said to me, with a look both bright and sweet which it breaks my heart, while it gladdens me, to remember. ‘You will come by and by, and I shall be looking for you; and I am ready now, love.’

After that, we spoke no more of our parting. We

talked a very great deal of other things, past and future; talks, that it seems to me now were scarce earthly, for their pure high beauty, and truth, and joy. The strength of them will go with me all my life. Dr. Sandford let us alone; ministered, to Mr. Thorold and me, all he could; and interfered with me no more. Preston took an opportunity to grumble; but that was soon silenced, for I shewed him that I would not bear it.

And the days in the hospital sped away. I do not know how; I did not know at the time. Only as one lives and works and breathes and sleeps in the presence of a single thought, enveloping and enfolding everything else. The life was hardly my own life; it was the life of another; or rather the two lives were for the time so joined that they were almost one. In a sort happy, as long as it was so.

But I knew it could not last; and the utter uncertainty when it would end, oppressed me fearfully. Nothing in Mr. Thorold's looks or manner gave me any help to judge about it. His face was like itself always; his eye yet sometimes flashed and sparkled after its own brilliant fashion, as gayly and freely as ever. It always gave me untold pain; it brought life and death into such close neighbourhood, and seemed to mock at the necessity which hung over us. And then, if Mr. Thorold saw a shadow come over my brow, he would give me such words and looks of comfort and help, that again death was half swallowed up of a better life, before the time. So the days went; and Mr. Thorold said I grew thin; and the nurses and attendants were almost reverentially careful of me; and Dr. Sandford was a silent servant of mine and of Mr. Thorold's too, doing all that was possible for us both. And Preston was fearfully jealous and irritable; and wrote, I knew long afterwards, to my mother; and my mother sent me orders to return home to her at once

and leave everything; and Dr. Sandford never gave me the letters. I missed nothing; knew nothing; asked nothing; until the day came that I was looking for.

It came, and left me. I had done all I had to do; all I wanted to do; I had been able to do it all. Through the hours of the last struggle, no hand but mine had touched him. It was borne, as everything else had been borne, with a clear, brave uncomplainingness; his eye was still bright and quiet when it met mine, and the smile sweet and ready. We did not talk much; we had done that in the days past; our thoughts were known to each other; we were both looking now to the time of next meeting. But his head lay on my shoulder at the very last, and his hand was in mine. I don't think I knew when the moment was; until somebody drew him out of my hands and placed him back on the pillow. It was I then closed the eyes; and then I laid my brow for a few minutes on the one that was growing cold, for the last leave-taking. Nobody meddled with me; I saw and heard nothing; and indeed when I stood up I was blind; I was not faint, but I could see nothing. Some one took my hand, I felt, and drew my arm through his and led me away. I knew, as soon as my hand touched his arm, that it was Dr. Sandford.

I did not go back to the ward that day, and I never went back. I charged Dr. Sandford with all my remaining care, and he accepted the charge. No illness seized me, but my heart failed. That was worse. Better have been sick. Bodily illness is easier to get at.

And there was nobody to minister to mine. Dr. Sandford's presence worried me, somehow. It ought not, but it did. Mrs. Sandford was kind, and of course helpless to do me good. I think the doctor saw I was not doing well, nor likely to be better, and he brought me on to New York, to my mother.

Mamma understood nothing of what had passed, except what Preston's letter had told her. I do not know how much, or what, it was; and I did not care. Mamma, however, was wrought up to a point of discomfort quite beyond the usual chronic unrest of the year past. She exclaimed at my appearance; complained of my change of manner; inveighed against hospitals, lady nurses, Dr Sandford, the war, Yankees and Washington air; and declaimed against the religion which did not make daughters dutiful and attentive to their mothers. It was true, some of it; but my heart was dead, for the time, and powerless to heed. I heard, and did not feel. I could not minister to my mother's happiness now, for I had no spring of strength in my own; and ministry that was not bright and winsome did not content her. Such as I had I gave; I knew it was poor, and she said so.

As the spring drew on, and days grew gentle, and soft weather replaced the strong brace of the winter frost, my condition of health became more and more unsatisfactory. My mother grew seriously uneasy at length and consulted Dr. Sandford. And the next thing was Dr. Sandford's appearance at our hotel.

'What is the matter with you, Daisy?' he asked, very professionally. Mamma was out when he came.

'Nothing—' I answered; 'except what will take its own time.'

'Not like you, that answer,' he said.

'It is like me now,' I replied.

'We must get back to a better condition. It is not good for you to be in this place. Would you like to go into quarters near Melbourne, for the summer?'

'Better than anything!—if you could manage it. Mamma would not like it.'

'I think I can convince her.'

Dr. Sandford I knew had powers of convincing, and I judge they were helped on this occasion by facts in the pecuniary state of our affairs, to which my mother could no longer quite shut her eyes. She had not money to remain where she was. I think she had not been able, properly, to be there, for a good while past; though the bills were paid somehow. But now her resources failed; the war was evidently ending disastrously for the South; her hopes gave way; and she agreed to let Dr. Sandford make arrangements for our going into the country. It was very bitter to her, the whole draught she had to swallow; and the very fact of being under necessity. Dr. Sandford had a deal of trouble, I fancy, to find any house or arrangement that would content her. No board was procurable that could be endured even for a day. The doctor found at last, and hired, and put in order for us, a small cottage on the way between Melbourne and Crum Elbow; and there, early in June, mamma and I found ourselves established; "Buried," she said; "sheltered," I thought.

'I wish I was dead,' mamma said next morning.

'Mamma—why do you speak so? just now.'

'There is no sort of view here—nothing in the world but those grass fields.'

'We have this fine elm tree over the house, mamma, to shade us. That is worth a great deal.'

'If the windows had Italian shades, they would be better. What windows! Who do you suppose lived here before us?'

'Mamma, I do think it is very comfortable.'

'I hope you will shew that you think so, then. I have had no comfort in you for a long time past.'

I thought, *I* should never have comfort in anybody any more.

'What has changed you so?'

‘Changes come to everybody, I suppose, mamma, now and then.’

‘Is that all your boasted religion is good for?’

I could not answer. Was it? What is the boat which can only sail in smooth water? But though feeling reproached, and justly, I was as far from help as ever. Mamma went on—

‘You used to be always bright—with your sort of brightness; there was not much brilliance to it; but you had a kind of steady cheerfulness of your own, from a child. What has become of it?’

‘Mamma, I am sorry it is gone. Perhaps it will wake up one of these days.’

‘I shall die of heartache first. It would be the easiest thing I could do. To live here, is to die a long death. I feel as if I could not get a free breath now.’

‘I think, mamma, when we get accustomed to the place, we shall find pleasantness in it. It is a world pleasanter than New York.’

‘No it is not,’ said mamma vehemently; ‘and it never will be. In a city, you can cover yourself up, as it were, and half hide yourself from even yourself; in such a place as this, there is not a line in your lot but you have leisure to trace it all out; and there is not a rough place in your life but you have time to put your foot on every separate inch of it. Life is *bare*, Daisy; in a city one lives faster, and one is in a crowd, and things are covered up or one passes them over somehow. I shall die here!’

‘Next spring you can have Melbourne again, mamma, you know.’

But mamma burst into tears. I knew not how to comfort.

“Would’st thou go forth to bless? be sure of thine own ground;

“Fix well thy centre first; then draw thy circle round.”

I was silent, while mamma wept.

'I wish you would keep Dr. Sandford from coming here!' she said suddenly.

'I see his curriele at the gate now, mamma.'

'Then I'll go. I don't want to see him. Do give him a dismissal, Daisy!'

Our only faithful kind friend; how could I? It was not possible that I should do such a thing.

'How is all here?' said the doctor coming in.

I told him, as well as usual—or not quite. Mamma had not got accustomed to the change yet.

'And Daisy?'

'I like it.'

The doctor took an ungratified survey of my countenance.

'Don't you want to see some of your old friends?'

'Friends?—*here*? Who, Dr. Sandford?'

'Old Juanita would like to see you.'

'Juanita!' said I. 'Is she alive?'

'You do not seem very glad of it.'

I was not glad of anything. But I did not say so.

'She would like to see you.'

'I suppose she would.'

'Do you not incline to gratify her?'

'Did you tell her of my being here, Dr. Sandford?'

'It was a very natural thing to do. If I had not, somebody else would.'

'I will go over to see her some time,' I said. 'I suppose it is not too far for me to walk.'

'It is not too far for you to ride,' said the doctor. 'I am going that way now. Put on your hat and come. The air will be good for you.'

It was not pleasant to go. Nevertheless I yielded and went. I knew how it would be: Every foot of the way pain. The doctor let me alone. I was thankful for

that. And he left me alone at Juanita's cottage. He drove on, and I walked up the little path where I had first gone for a drink of water almost eleven years ago. Yet eleven years, from ten to twenty-one, is not so much, in most cases, I thought. In mine, it was a whole life-time, and the end of a life-time. So it seemed.

The interview with my old nurse was not satisfactory. Not to me, and I think not to her. I did not seem to her quite the same Daisy Randolph she had known; indeed I was not the same. Juanita had a little awe of me; and I could not be unreserved and remove the awe. I could not tell her my heart's history; and without telling it, in part, I could not but keep at a distance from my old friend. Time might bring something out of our intercourse; but I felt that this first sight of her had done me no good. So Dr. Sandford found that I felt; for he took pains to know.

Juanita was but little changed. The eleven years had just touched her. She was more wrinkled, hardly so firm in her bearing, not quite so upright, as her beautiful presence used to be. There was no deeper change. The brow was as peaceful and as noble as ever. I thought, speculating upon it, that she must have seen storms, too, in her life-time. The clouds were all cleared away, long since. Perhaps it will be so with me, I thought, some day; by and by.

I thought Dr. Sandford would be discouraged in trying to do me good; however, a day or two after this drive I saw his horses stopping again at our gate. My mother uttered an exclamation of impatience.

'Does that man come to see you or me, Daisy?' she asked.

'Mamma, I think he is a kind friend to both of us,' I said.

'I suppose every woman has a tenderness for a man

that is enamoured of her, if he is ever so great a fool!' she remarked.

'Mamma!—nobody ever accused Dr. Sandford before of being a fool.'

'He is a fool to look at you. Do get a little wisdom into his head, Daisy!' And she left the room again as the doctor entered the house.

I knew he and I understood each other; and though he might be a fool after mamma's reckoning, I had a great kindness for him. So I met him with frank kindness now. The doctor walked about the room a while, talking of indifferent things; and then said suddenly,

'Do you remember old Molly Skelton?'

'Certainly. What of her?'

'She is dying, poor creature.'

'Does *she* know I am here?' I asked.

'I have not told her.'

'Would she like to see me, do you think?' I said with an uneasy consciousness that I must go, whatever the answer were.

'If she can recognize you—I presume there is nobody else she would so like to see. As in reason there ought not.'

'Can you take me there, Dr. Sandford?'

'Not at this hour; I am going another way. This afternoon I will take you, if you will go. Will you go?'

'If you will be so good as to take me.'

'I will come for you then at four o'clock.'

That ride I have reason to remember. It was a fair June afternoon, though the month was almost out now; the peculiar brilliance which distinguishes June shone through the air and sparkled on the hills. With clear bright outlines the Catskill range stretched away right and left before us, whenever our road brought us in view of it; fulness of light on the sunny slopes, soft depth

of shadow on the others, proclaiming the clear purity of the atmosphere. The blue of the sky, the fresh sweetness of the air, the life of colour in the fields and trees, all I suppose made their appeal at the doors of my heart; for I felt the pressure. It is the *life* in this June weather, I think, that reproaches what in us is not life; and my spirit was dead. Not really, but practically; and the June beauty gave me pain. I was out of harmony with it. And I heard nature's soft whisper of reproof. Justly given; for when one is out of harmony with nature, there is sure to be some want of harmony with the Author of nature. The doctor drove me silently, letting nature and me have it out together; till we came to the old cottage of Molly Skelton, and he handed me from the curricule. Still the doctor was silent.

He stopped, purposely I think, to speak to his groom; and I went in first. The rows of flowers by the side of the walk were tangled and overgrown and a thicket of weeds; no care had visited them for many a day; but they were there yet. Molly had not forgotten her old tastes. I went on, wondering at myself, and entered the cottage. The sick woman lay on the bed there, alone and seemingly asleep; I turned from her to look at the room. The same old room; little different from what it used to be; even two pots with geraniums in them stood on the window-sill, drooping their heads for want of water. Nobody had watered them for so long. Clearly Molly had not changed. Was it only I? I looked and wondered, as I saw myself again at ten years old in that very room. Here had been those first cups of tea; those first lessons in A B C; and other lessons in the beginnings of a higher knowledge. What had they all come to? Was Molly the better in anything beyond her flowers? What had eleven years wrought for her?

I turned again from the past, as the doctor came in,

to look at the poor creature herself. She did not answer the words he addressed to her; I doubted if she heard them; she was evidently oppressed with disease, which was fast making an end of her. Experience had taught me now to judge somewhat of the looks and condition of sick people. Molly, I saw, was very sick; and I knew soon that it was with a combination of evils, which had taken hold of her, and made her poor existence a wearisome thing. It was near an end now.

'Speak to her,'—said the doctor.

And I did, and he did; but we got no response. None in words; I fancied that the look of the face bore witness to some aroused attention; might it be more? One hand of Molly's lay stretched out upon the coverlid. She was a mass of disease; I should not have thought once that I could touch that hand; but I had had training since then. I put my hand upon that poor hand and clasped it. I fancied, I cannot tell why, that Molly was sensible of my action and that she liked it; yet she did not speak. We sat so, my hand in hers, or hers in mine, and Dr. Sandford watching us. Time went by. I hardly knew how it went.

'How long will you stay?' he asked at length.

'I cannot leave her so, Dr. Sandford.'

'You cannot stay here!'

'Why not?'

'It would be a peculiar proceeding. You would not do it?'

'I cannot do otherwise, Dr. Sandford. I cannot leave her alone in this condition.'

'I cannot leave *you*,' he said.

'There is nothing to be afraid of,' I returned, looking at him. 'And something may need to be done.'

The doctor's look in answer was unguarded; it expressed so much that he did not generally allow himself

to express, it was full of tenderness, of reverence, of affection. Full it was of sorrow too. It was not a look I could meet. I turned from it hastily; the former question was let drop; and we were again still and silent. I had enough to keep me silent, and Dr. Sandford was as mute. All three of us only breathed in company, for a long while more; though I suppose some of Dr. Sandford's meditations and mine came near together. I do not know how time went; but then, the one to break silence was the one I had thought might never speak again. Suddenly she began in a low sort of crooning voice, saying over and over the same words—

‘I am in the valley—in the valley—in the valley—’

Maybe half a dozen times she repeated these words; and forlornly true as they seemed of her, I was in doubt whether she knew of what she was speaking. Could intelligence be awake, in that oppressed condition of the bodily powers? Her speech was a sort of mumbling repetition. But then, with a change of tone, clean and round the words came out—

‘But there’s light in the valley!—’

My heart sprang with such an impulse of joy as quite overleaped all my own sorrows and took me out of them. Then Molly had *not* forgotten; then the seed sown long ago had not perished in the ground or been caught away; it had been growing and springing all these years; life had sprung up in the ungenial soil, even everlasting life; and what were earth’s troubles to that? One vision of unseen things, rushing in, made small all the things that are seen. The poor old cripple, deformed and diseased, whose days must have been long a burden to her, was going even now to drop the slough of her mortality and to take on her the robes of light and the life that is all glory. What if my own life were barren for a while; then comes the end! What if I must be alone in my

journey ; I may do the Master's work all the way. And *this* is his work ; to set the captive free ; light to the blind ; the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound ; riches to the poor ; yes, life to the dead. If I may do this work, shall I complain, because I have not the helper I wanted ; when God is my helper ?

I waited but till Dr. Sandford was gone, for I made him go ; and then I knelt down by Molly's bedside, very, very humbled, to weep out my confession and prayer.

Molly slumbered on, wanting nothing, when I rose to my feet ; and I went to the cottage door and sat down on the step. The sun was going to set in glory beyond the blue misty line of the mountains ; the June evening light was falling, in freshness and sweetness, on every leaf and blade of grass ; and the harmony I had wanted I had got again. Molly's words had made the first rift in my cloud ; the first sunshine had reached me that I had seen for many a long day. I saw it at last, as I sat in the cottage door and looked at the glory of the evening. I saw, that although my life might be in shadow for most of its way, yet the sunshine was on the other side of the cloud, unchanged, and I should come out into it in due time. And others were in its full rays already ;—and my poor Molly was just going to find its brightness. Could I not wait a while?—just for myself?—and meanwhile do my blessed work ?

And now, in the hush of my spirit, nature came home to me with her messages. The sunbeams laid their promise at my feet, of everlasting joy ; the hills told me of unchangeableness and strength, and reminded me of what Mont Pilatte used to say. The air breathed balm, comfort, the earnest of gracious supply ; the beauty around me said that God would not withhold anything that was good for me. I could trust him ; and I thanked

him for the messages of his creatures; and I prayed that I, an intelligent living creature of higher order, might live to carry higher messages, for him, to all within my reach. I gave myself to do his will. And as for the comfort of my life, God would take care of that, and be himself my portion and my exceeding great reward.

The sun went down behind the Catskill leaving the mountains in a bath of glorified mist; and I, strengthened and comforted, left my door-step and went back to Molly. She lay as she had lain, in what I might have supposed stupor; and perhaps it was; but she had said there was light in the valley she was going through. That was enough. She might speak no more; and in effect she never did intelligibly; it did not matter. My heart was full of songs of gladness for her; yes, for a moment I almost stood up yonder, among the harpers harping with their harps. Meanwhile I put the little room to rights; even as I had tried to do when I was a little child. I succeeded better now; and then I sat down to wait; there seemed nothing more to be done. The evening shades closed in; I wondered if I were to spend the night alone with the dying woman; but I was not afraid. I think I have done with fear in this world. Even as the thought passed me, Dr. Sandford came in.

He had not been able to get any help, and he came to take my place, that I might go home. It ended in our watching the night through together; for of course I would not leave the cottage. It was a night of strange and new peace to me; peace that I had not known for many months. Molly was slowly passing away; not seeming to suffer much, needing little care; she was past it; and Dr. Sandford bestowed his attention upon me. He sent for refreshments; had a fire built, for the June night was chill; and watched me and waited upon me. And I let him, for I knew it gave him pleasure.

'How do you do?' he said to me one time when the night was far spent.

'Why do you ask that, Dr. Sandford?'

'Must you know, before you tell me?'

'No, not at all; I was only curious, because I know you always have a reason for your questions.'

'Most people have, I believe.'

'Yes, curiosity; but it is knowledge, not ignorance, that prompts your inquiries, Dr. Sandford.'

He smiled at that; one of the pleasant smiles I used to know so well. I saw them rarely now. It made me a little sad, for I knew Dr. Sandford's life had suffered an eclipse, as well as mine.

'I have not so much knowledge that I do not desire more,' he said.

'Yes, I know. I am very well, thank you.'

'You were not very well when I brought you here.'

'No. I was well in body.'

'You are better?'

'Yes.'

'If it were not impertinent, I would like to ask more.'

'It is not impertinent. You may ask.'

'In pursuit of my old psychological study, you know. What has happened in this poor little place, by this poor creature's bedside, to do any good to Daisy Randolph?'

Now it was not according to my nature to like to tell him. But what had I just been asking, but that I might carry messages? So I spoke, slowly.

'This poor creature is just going to step out of this poor place, into glory. The light of that glory is shining around her now, for she said so. You heard her.'

'Yes,' said the doctor. 'Well?'

'Well, Dr. Sandford, it reminded me how near the glory is, and how little this world's things are in face of it. I have remembered that I am a servant of the King

of that land, and an heir of the glory; and that he loves me now, and has given me work to do for him, and when the work is done will take me home. And I am content.'

'What "work" are you going to do?' the doctor asked rather growlingly.

'I do not know. What he gives me.'

And even as I spoke, there was a rush of tears to my eyes, with the thought that I must do my work alone; but I was content, nevertheless. Dr. Sandford was not. His fingers worked restlessly among the thick locks of his hair; as if he were busy with a thicket of thoughts as well; but he said nothing more.

Towards morning Molly passed away from the scene of her very lonely and loveless life journey. I went to the door again, in time to see the rays of the morning brightening the blue ridge which lay clear and cool over against me.

What light for Molly now! And what new light for me.

I drove home through that new light, outward and inward. I could and did give mamma some pleasure at breakfast; and then slept a quiet, dreamless sleep, to make up for my loss of the night before.

I have got through my story now, I think. In Molly's cottage, life started anew for me, on a new basis. Not my own special gratification, but my Lord's will. And I seeking that, he takes care of the other. I find it so. And he has promised that everybody shall find it so. My only care is to do exactly the work he means I shall do. It is not so easy always to find out and make sure of that. I would like, if I followed my liking, I would like to go South and teach in the Freedmen's schools somewhere. But that is not my work now, for mamma claims me here.

We are at Melbourne again. As soon as the last tenant's term of possession was expired, Dr. Sandford had the house put in order for us, and mamma and I moved in. There is a sort of pleasure in being here, in the old place; but it is a mingled pleasure. I think all places are pleasant to me now. Mamma reigns here queen, as of old; for Ransom will not come North, and leaves all in her hand. All the enjoyment, that is. Dr. Sandford manages the business. I do not know how long this will last; for Ransom may marry, and in that case he may wish to live in the place himself, and mamma and I would have to go; but that day is not yet; and the blue mountains across the river, and the slopes of green turf, and the clumps and groves of trees which stand about the house and adorn the grounds, are all in even greater beauty than when I was ten years old; and I enjoy them even more.

Dr. Sandford takes care of everything that mamma cannot manage. I know why he does it; and I am sorry. He is like a good brother to me and I am very fond of him; he is coming and going in our house continually; he furthers my plans, and ministers to all my pleasure, and looks after my well-being, somewhat as he did when I was ten years old; only with much more of freedom and acknowledged affection and authority. I think he fancies that time will befriend him and bring me to look upon him in a light more kindly for his wishes. He is mistaken. People may love truly and love again, I suppose; I have no doubt *men* may; but I think not women. Not true women, when they have once thoroughly given their hearts. I do not think they can take them back to give again. And mine is Mr. Thorold's.

My writing all this has been a great comfort to me and done me good. Have I accomplished what I said at the beginning I would try to do,—follow out the present truth

of my life to the possible glory? Surely I have found it. Through sorrow and joy, through gain and loss, yes, and I suppose by means of these, I have come to know that all joy, even fulness of joy, is summed up in being wholly the Lord's child. To do his will, and to be filled with the happiness that he can give and he alone, that is enough for anybody. It is enough for me.

THE END

ALL BOOKS MAY BE RECALLED AFTER 7 DAYS

WOJBE DEPMAT2 2A BWO

NOV 02 1991

NOV 0 7 1951

SENT ON 11/1

DEC 8 5 1932

U.C. BERKELEY

RECEIVED

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY
BERKELEY, CA 94720

FORM NO. DB-6

